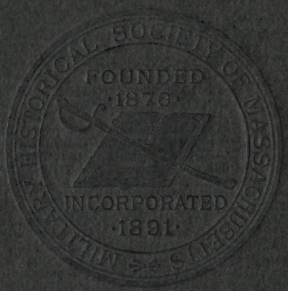
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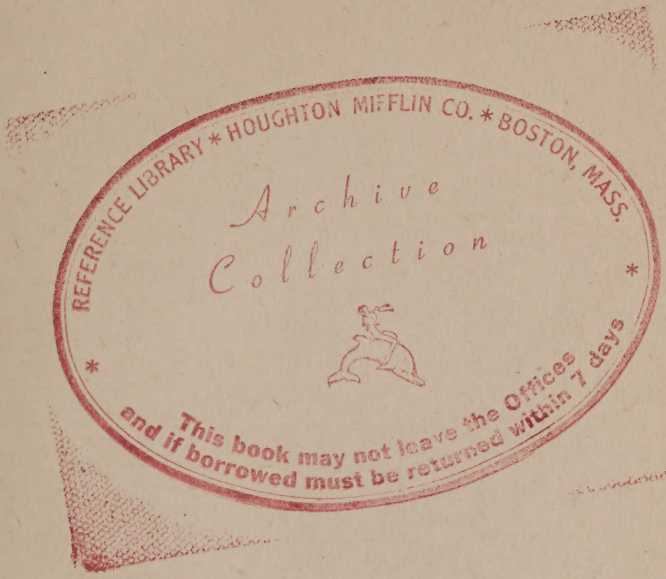
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DAYS AND EVENTS

1860–1866

Thos. L. Livermore

Days and Events

1860–1866

By

THOMAS L. LIVERMORE

Late Colonel of the 18th New Hampshire Volunteers

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

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FOREWORD

This narrative of Colonel Livermore's war experience was commenced immediately after the conclusion of the Civil War, while its events were still fresh in his mind.

Though often urged by the members of his family to publish the work, he always declined, giving as his reason that the events related were often so personal in their nature that they could better be published after his death.

His children have pardonably found interesting the narrative of his experience as well as his comments on persons and events. Accordingly, in the hope that the author's living friends and acquaintances, as well as those who, though not having known him, are interested generally in the Civil War, may find the text profitable, this book is offered to the public, without alteration, and substantially without omission.

If the author's style, at times, may seem unfinished, it must be remembered that he was but twenty-two years of age at the commencement of the work.

Through the courtesy of the Military Historical Society, of which Colonel Livermore was for many years the president, the book is published under the seal of the Society.

Thomas L. Livermore, Jr.
Grace Livermore Wells
Robert Livermore
Harris Livermore

INTRODUCTION

THOMAS LEONARD LIVERMORE was a rare personality. To those who were intimate with him in his later life it seemed as if he had been preordained for distinction.

Nature, to begin with, had been lavish in her gifts to him. Of martial figure, with a face inviting confidence, with a voice sounding sincerity, joined to engaging manners and native joyousness, he disarmed criticism and won men by the mere force of personality. As one got below the surface, he found a rare sense of justice, clean-cut integrity, desire for service, intelligent appreciation of men and events, sobriety of judgment, and measureless patriotism.

It was well said by a great preacher that when you go to buy wheat in open market, you do not ask by what road did it get there, but is the wheat good. In human life, however, when you test good wheat, when you recognize character, which is but another name for destiny, you naturally wish to trace the ways, oftimes the mysterious ways, that have been trodden to produce the particular development that has excited your admiration or your curiosity. It is natural, therefore, to ask, By what paths did the Tom Livermore we loved and honored come to be?

The brief record, he was born in Galena, Illinois, February 7, 1844, and died in Boston, January 9, 1918, measures his span of life. Judged by the words of the Psalmist, he had his allotted term of years.

Judged by the benediction that Buddh asked from Sujâta, "Mayest thou achieve," his was a full life.

Judged by what he gave and by what he received, his was a happy life. What, then, shaped his destiny?

At seven years of age we find him crossing the plains from the outpost town of Galena to the far-away California, a three months' journey across trackless wastes, through deep cañons and over

mountain passes, living in the open, in a riot of health-giving, exhilarating sunshine and breezes, or breasting mountain storms and the thousand perils of flood and field. Young Tom rode all the way on horseback, and saw day after day the vision of an endless horizon, or maybe the grandeur of snow-topped mountains and sunrises and sunsets of overwhelming beauty. He learned to love the grand and beautiful in nature and imbibed that fearless and adventurous spirit so pronounced in after years. He learned, too, something of that masterly horsemanship which ever distinguished him.

The day-by-day and every-day attention to the needs of the hour, to the details of life, to promote the comfort and safety of the men and women of his journey, the meeting with all sorts and conditions of men in outpost towns and mining camps, made a man of the boy faster than books and schools could do. To one who has himself traveled on horseback over the old Mormon trail, over plain and mountain, and camped by broad rivers, among the cottonwoods and near the beaver-dams, and has seen his wagons stalled on ascents, or jumped down arroyos into cañons and mountain passes dark and gloomy, who has breathed the life-giving air, has felt the freedom from all that trammels man, and has shouted in the mere joy of living, young Tom's experience comes with a conviction of results which mere description cannot bring.

Many of the youth of to-day stagnate and morally rot in brokers' offices, watching the ticker, when a boundless land full of opportunity is calling them to be up and doing, to quit themselves like men and play the game for the development of God's own country.

Years rolled by and the still young Tom, with California behind him, entered Lombard University at Galesburg, Illinois, and there remained until the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion. To the first call for troops he answered, "Here am I." He hurried from Galena to Washington so as to be nearest the fighting-line and into the fight before the war ended.

At Poolesville, Maryland, the First New Hampshire Infantry

Regiment was encamped. Tom, stretching his years to eighteen, was enlisted as a private, June 24, 1861, and began then and there that four years of service as a soldier of the Union set forth in the pages of *Days and Events*.

Of this inartificial narrative of day-by-day service, let it be said that in its variety, in its pictures of the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, in its vividness, in its unconscious betrayal of the writer's own thoroughness, cheerfulness, fearlessness, and good-fellowship, it causes the pulse to quicken and the blood to tingle, as if sharing his daily life.

Through all the grades from private to colonel, through all the battles, sieges, fortunes that he passed, you get evidences of these fibrous qualities of the man that culminate in character. Through it all, too, you find the education of the young boy of the plains cropping out in a quickness and resourcefulness born of a bold and adventurous spirit and a knowledge of men, rare in youth, but gained by him through contact with them at life's beginning.

At twenty-one years of age, with plenty of honor, little money, and his way to make, we find Colonel Thomas Livermore at Milford, New Hampshire, out of the Service and inclined to go to South America as a rancher, as his love for out-of-door life, for adventure, and for horsemanship invited him to do; but circumstances prevailed over inclination, and instead he became a lawyer, for which he says he had no predilection. During his practice at the bar in Boston, there always seemed an unexpressed undertone that he had not yet found his real place in life, although he was a good lawyer, with growing practice, devoted friends and clients, and approved by the bench and his associates at the bar.

But the call came to him to assume the agency and management of the Amoskeag Mills in Manchester. Here he found a congenial occupation in enterprises of pith and moment, where he came personally into touch with affairs and men and where his capacity was tested day by day, where the responsibilities assumed and the work done showed in results. He was in essence a business man of

grasp, vision, and enthusiasm, with sobriety of judgment and a compelling thoroughness.

Resuming his practice in Boston after a seven years' absence, he was called once more from the law into his great and final career, as vice-president of the Calumet & Hecla Mining Company, and for twenty-one years he demonstrated his capacity by the same thoroughness and devotion that had always distinguished him. At the expiration of this service, he voluntarily withdrew, with the confidence of his associates unimpaired and with memorable expressions of friendship and affection.

From this time forward he seemed living his whole self more than ever. Never was he richer in service than when he passed to the beyond; never was he held in higher honor; never more beloved. It was reflected in every word written or uttered in his memory.

But "Taps" had sounded, and the brave soldier, the unselfish citizen, the stanch patriot, the loyal friend, "wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to pleasant dreams."

Peace be unto him.

HENRY M. ROGERS

309 BEACON STREET, BOSTON
November 29, 1919

AUTHOR'S NOTE

EVERY day, almost, I am at loss to recall the incidents of certain days and events of the last six years. Nearly two years ago I purchased this book in which to set down the reminiscences of my campaigns, but ever since claims of one kind and another have constantly imposed themselves upon my attention until to-day, when I sit down to fill the first page.

At a day as early as this I find that in my leisure moments I incline to dreams of the past war. I love to recall the forms of my old tent mates and comrades in arms, to hear again the jest and repartee, to see their weather-browned and bearded faces light with the tales they told, to pass in review their demeanor in camp and in fight, their friendly sentiments, their peculiarities, their forms clad in blue, their horses, their equipments, and their valiant deeds; a thousand things which come and go like the shadows around their camp-fires.

I resolve to devote an hour or more each week hereafter to putting down here as nearly in sequence as possible all that I remember of the war. This book will be my talisman in years to come when I am at loss to invoke the spirits of the past. But perchance when I am gone, this will come to the eyes of some who will not understand all there is to excuse some little wanderings from the path of morality on the part of the characters who will appear and of the one who writes, and it may be that over such events as these I shall pass in silence, saying, once for all, that soldiers who appreciated the fact that they wore their lives upon their sleeves generally were inclined to seize the pleasures of the world as old Time winged them on. *Dum vivimus, vivamus.*

For myself I will say that, although I do not regret any of these departures (because regrets are vain), yet there are those which may be recorded and those which may not that I would not make again were I again to shoulder my musket. T. L. L.

MILFORD, N.H., *March* 31, 1867

DAYS AND EVENTS

1860–1866

DAYS AND EVENTS: 1860-1866

CHAPTER I

While I was at Lombard University in Galesburg, Illinois, I became convinced that it would be best for me to accept the offer of an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point by the Honorable M. W. Tappan, then member of Congress from the Second District of New Hampshire, made by Mr. Bainbridge Wadleigh.

At any rate, I wrote to Mr. Wadleigh and accepted the offer if not then too late. The answer came that three days before the appointment had been made, but that the appointee had a bunion on his toe which it was thought would incapacitate him. I wrote to my father that I wanted to come home to get ready, and received permission. I began to get my clothes ready, and was the more sanguine of an appointment when the Honorable E. B. Washburne, of Galena, also promised my father that he would appoint me on the occurring of a vacancy.

The war broke out, and upon the call for seventy-five thousand men, a company was at once raised in Galena. Mr. Chetlaine, who was the most active in raising it and who was elected captain, asked me to join, but so confident was I that I would go to West Point, I told him that I was already enlisted for West Point. (Captain Chetlaine afterwards became a general of negro troops in Tennessee, and I think quite prominent.)

This company was raised in three days, I think, and the citizens were very anxious to aid. The uniforms were made in town — gray pantaloons, blue frock coats with flat brass buttons, blue caps, and shoes, and I recollect that one man was such a giant that there could not be found a pair of shoes to fit him. A meeting was had on

Sunday night when the company was brought in together. There was a large congregation present, for it was understood that it was especially for the soldiers. After the services a subscription and contribution was taken up for the soldiers' families, and it amounted to $1200, of which my father gave $50.

This company was drilled a little before it went off, and among those who aided in this was Mr. U. S. Grant, a leather dealer in Galena, who had been a captain in the army, a quiet, respectable, diligent man who drilled his squad well. I sat by and watched him drill them. Mr. Grant, after going to Springfield to aid in fitting out troops, was made colonel of an Illinois regiment, and in 1864 was given the commission of Lieutenant-General of the United States Armies, and soon after placed in command, and in 1866 the grade of General being created he was appointed to that office. The fortunes of individuals in our army illustrated completely the benefits of our form of government, under which the humblest man may hope to rise by merit to the most exalted eminence.

During my stay in Galena, Mr. Rawlins, a lawyer, delivered a fine oration upon the death of S. A. Douglas. This Mr. Rawlins afterwards went into the army, as major, I think, and is now brigadier-general, U.S.A., and chief of staff with General Grant. The troops gathered around Washington from the East, and at Cairo from the West, and we waited for the storm of war which was expected soon to burst. Information reached me from New Hampshire which convinced me that an appointment from that quarter to West Point was not to be expected, and at that time there was no vacancy in the Galena district. The rumors of war and the gallant aspect of many regiments depicted in the papers began to inflame me toward an inclination to go to the war. I had already heard my father say to some ladies that if I were old enough I should go to the war, and finally, one day, while riding into town from our farm he said to me, "Leonard, if I were you I should like to go to Washington and join some good regiment"; to which I replied that it was just my desire, and we came to the conclusion that it would

be well for me to go out and join some good regiment like the New York 7th, for three months, and then, if in the autumn there should be a chance for West Point, I should have had a little training before entering. I was actuated in preferring Washington to Cairo by the supposition then prevalent that the war would only last two or three months, and would be ended by the battle which was expected at Manassas Junction, and as I wished to be in the battle, Washington seemed to be the place for me.

That was on Friday or Saturday, I think, and to me it seemed the sooner away the better, so I prepared to start on Sunday night. My father thought I had better carry a bowie knife, as times might be troublesome where I should be, before I reached a regiment; he also gave me a pistol, and eighty dollars, the half of which I thought would be enough to defray my expenses, but his generous heart prompted him to insist on my taking all, as he said he knew that soldier's fare was hard without money. Everything ready and good-bye said to the family, I went into town with my father, and then at his office door he said to me "God bless you" and left me. I was aware that my enlistment would bring hazards and that I might never get back to see him, but I did not think, as I watched him departing, that *he* would die before the war had closed. How gladly would I endure toil and pain and privation to bring him back to be repaid the kindness he showed me. I took the cars for Chicago and hurried off for Washington by way of Fort Wayne, Pittsburg, and Harrisburg — from there on the next morning, I think. On the train with me was a company of U.S. Infantry with its three officers and Major Abercrombie and his wife and two daughters. The men were in a forward car and the major and family and three other officers were in the car with me. Their free-and-easy manner somewhat surprised me, or rather was unusual, especially when they (the officers) drew a brandy bottle and took their horns before all. But to-day I can look back and see myself in some instances full as free-and-easy. The captain of the company was named Wright, I think, and I have sometimes wondered if he was identical with Major-

General H. G. Wright, but am almost satisfied that he was not, as the latter appears by the Register to have been graduated into the Engineers.

From Pittsburg to Harrisburg we crossed the Alleghany Mountains. It was breaking day when we started down the farther slope, and standing on the platform at times, and at others looking from the car windows, I watched with wonder the declivities down which we rushed in safety. Close by, the sides of the mountains clad with forests rose at hand, beneath, deep valleys and dark gorges opened to view, and far away could be seen the bases of the mountains, the track of streams, and sometimes farmhouses. Once I can remember a curve so sharp that while we rode down the side of one mountain, directly on our flank we could see the track above us which we had just passed over, strongly suggestive of another road. My impressions of these mountain views arise from another trip over them the other way in December, 1863, as well as from the first one, and may be somewhat confused. At the base of the mountains we entered into the valley of the Juniata, and for miles coursed along by its beautiful waters, where murmuring between verdure-clad banks it fringed the slopes of lofty mountains.

At Harrisburg we were obliged to stop over for some cause, a few hours, and I took the opportunity to visit the State House, and saw what seemed to me then a very handsomely furnished Senate Chamber or Hall of Representatives.

Arrived in Washington (by the way, after having visited in Baltimore my aunt's family where I was received very kindly, and was taken to see the sights and where I left my trunk), I took up quarters at the National Hotel and looked about me for a chance to enlist well. My idea was that the war would close in a campaign, and as Manassas Junction seemed then to be the field on which the war would be decided, it was my intention to get into a regiment which would go there; but I could not very well ascertain what troops would go, and as the 7th New York had left for home the 1st New Hampshire Volunteers was my best resort, for some friends from

Milford were in it. The Honorable M. W. Tappan commanded, and New Hampshire was my second birthplace, so to speak. The regiment was at Poolesville, Maryland. A stage ran to Rockville, and I decided to take that method of conveyance.

While lingering in Washington for two or three days, I satisfied my desire to see the public buildings, and it was while visiting the Senate Chamber that I heard Senator Baker in a part of his reply to John C. Breckinridge, who still sat in his place. The times were very productive of treachery, and every movement of the Southerners was watched, and I shall never forget the words of the noble-looking Baker when he said of Breckinridge's speech, "They are but the polished words of treason!" The streets of Washington resounded with the tramp of battalions, and preparation for war was everywhere apparent. The militia around the city presented a queer medley of costumes: the Highlanders of the 79th New York stalked about the sidewalks in tartan and bare legs; the Garibaldi Guards indulged in a Babylonian confusion of tongues, red shirts, linen trousers, and straw hats; the neat New York City militia regiments were trimly attired in fancy-trimmed blue uniforms; and others exhibited gray swallow-tails, or the green of rifle corps; and the gaudiest of all were the red baggy trousers, sashes, and turbans of the irrepressible Zouaves.

But Washington and its sights and pleasures were not my objects of pursuit, and mounting the stage I reached Rockville in the afternoon or somewhere near it. There conveyance ended, and as I had not learned to march yet, I gave a man five dollars to carry me to Poolesville. We overtook a drunken man on the way on horseback, a friend of my driver's, and as he seemed to like it, I changed seats with him, and we jogged along until we reached the town. The regiment was camped a little beyond, and purchasing a lot of pipes and tobacco as a peace offering for my comrades to be, ere long I approached the camp. One thing which was novel and exhilarating during the latter part of my ride was the sound of cannon ahead, which came from Conrad's Ferry on the Potomac, where the rebels

from the other side were firing at some companies of the 1st on this side, and I could imagine the glory of war about to break upon me. The camp was in a grove beside the water, and the white tents visible through the trees were as welcome a sight as home, when, as twilight approached, I saw the end of my journey of over a thousand miles. I think that this was on or about the 13th of June.

I made my way to the colonel's tent and, gaining admission, made myself and my errand known to him. Colonel Tappan, whom I shall ever remember with the most friendly feelings, received me with great cordiality, and in response to my application to enlist, said, "Certainly, you are of just such men as we want." I had hardly got through when Blanchard, my old schoolmate and friend, came out of the adjutant's office where he was clerk, and we had the most friendly meeting. I at once went to his Company "F" and took up my quarters beside him. The cannon were considered as liable to be the forerunners of an engagement that night, perhaps; so getting a musket and set of accouterments I donned the latter, and asked B. to show me how to charge bayonets with the former, and that done I considered myself all right for any conflict which might call for our services. I think that we slept all accoutered and with our arms in our hands. My sleep was a little disturbed by the unaccustomed tread of the sentry close by, and perhaps a little by the feet of the men who slept on the opposite side, for we slept eight in each of our little tents, and as only four could lie on one side, four more were put on the other, and we were wedged in dovetail fashion. The night passed without an alarm, and morning brought news that the fighting had all been done at long range across the river and now had ceased, and I do not recollect any further collision there while we stayed. It was necessary for me to get a uniform from Washington, or Kalorama Heights, where the regimental baggage was stored, so an opportunity to go with the chaplain, N. W. Parker, was seized, and we started in a carriage, I think, or ambulance. Nothing special occurred on the journey, except a call upon two

handsome young ladies at Darnestown whom the chaplain had scraped acquaintance with before.

Arrived at the old camp, I got my uniform, a blue blouse, gray trousers, and gray cap with a red band, and then we went into Washington and put up at the National Hotel. I have an indistinct recollection of finding at the post-office for me an anonymous note asking me to meet a friend somewhere, and at any rate learning that the 1st Massachusetts Volunteers had just arrived in the city. Either apprised by the note or aware before that Harris Gray was in that regiment, I went to a house where his company was quartered and, after waiting some time, met him, one of the best friends of my boyhood. We had a long and kindly talk, and I slept with him that night at the National. Early in the morning, having deposited my citizen's clothes in the office, I bade farewell to Harris and started away for camp with the chaplain. That was the last time I was to set my eyes on my dear old chum. He afterwards passed a most creditable examination and was appointed a medical cadet. He went to the hospitals in St. Louis, and there contracted the disease which, after reaching home, carried him from this world, having, I am told, happily been attended by her whom he loved most of all the world on his last couch.

Once more in camp at Poolesville, I took upon myself the duties of a soldier. Captain Edgerly, a kind soul and a good soldier, treated me kindly, and under his tuition I learned Scott's Manual of Arms and the company evolutions in a limited manner. Colonel Tappan told me that when there was a vacancy he would promote me, but I do not remember that during my term in the regiment I ever longed for promotion, and as none ever occurred my desires were not tested. I see by one of my father's letters that Colonel Tappan promised me to intercede for me with the President for an appointment to West Point, and he asks me why I did not remind him of it afterwards when in Washington; but I am not able to recall why now.

The camp was full of jollity in the cool parts of the day, and the rest of the time was spent in keeping cool under the trees or drill,

picket, guard, or police duties. There were some comical characters in the regiment with whom we had great fun, and the negroes aided us in that particular with their dancing and singing.

While on guard in the middle of the night, I challenged the surgeon of the regiment, Dr. Crosby, and his answer and my reply were construed by him in such a way as to be a great joke. The next day it went the rounds among the officers as a very funny thing, but the actor was unknown; finally I divulged myself as the actor, and the true state of the case, but the original was adhered to and my reputation for a joker was established in spite of myself. One thing I had nearly forgotten to tell I must record in connection with my enlistment, which is that, being only seventeen years old, I was under the age necessary to become an enlisted man, so I called myself eighteen, and the little fiction passed well if indeed my captain did not well understand it. From our camp at the headquarters of the regiment to Conrad's Ferry, where there were three or four companies stationed to guard the line at the Potomac, it was five miles, and along this road pickets were posted at intervals, partly, I think, to guard the road and partly to warn the camp of any crossing made by the rebels from the Virginia side. Owing to Colonel T.'s favor, I was detailed to conduct the reliefs to the pickets and was given a mount from the team horses. The duty was very pleasant, as I was very fond of riding, and excitement, too, was not wanting in my new employment. I sometimes caught the pickets asleep, and once removed their arms from the sleepers on a post and did not reveal their whereabouts until they were well frightened.

Colonel Tappan also employed me to ride with him on the "grand rounds," and I used to rattle away at a lively gait at his heels. My favorite mount was a great white horse, and no doubt in the night I answered for Death on a pale horse. The passion for fast riding, which never has left me, possessed me, and my evolutions astonished Colonel T., who sent home the doubtful compliment that I feared "neither man nor devil," and he has since related my gallops down hill at my rapid pace.

Colonel W., of our regiment, was a dark little man, as erect as a drill sergeant, terribly profane, a Mexican soldier, and a splendid one when sober, which was perhaps half the time, and I believe that he was a great favorite notwithstanding his drunkenness. One night I had to ride to Conrad's Ferry with the officer who had been or was acting adjutant at that post. We were to ride to Colonel W.'s quarters, and I rode amicably and sociably alongside him and he called me by my name and was very friendly. Now in later days if as an enlisted man I had been detailed to ride with an officer, I should have considered myself an "orderly" and accordingly ridden in my place in the rear, but in those days I was ignorant of military etiquette, as indeed was nearly every one around me, and, too, Colonel T. himself called me "a sort of an amateur aide" afterwards.

This officer, who I am inclined to think was a popinjay, did not know my place, and rode as before related until we got to Colonel W.'s tent. He then came out and mounting his horse rode on with us. He did not know me, I think, and I do not know that if he had he would have done differently, but at any rate he at once instructed me in etiquette in this wise. "Private, your place is on the left of your superior officers," so we ranged ourselves, he on the right, popinjay next, and I next. Now I was in awe of this soldier of Mexican campaigns then, and supposed he was *au fait* in that line, but I can afford to laugh now, as I do not recollect ever since then hearing the greatest "Regular" martinet call an enlisted man "Private," nor do I recall that exhibition of etiquette in which an orderly was allowed to leave his place in the rear and ride beside his commander. To be sure, my position, as a poster of pickets, in an officer's place, before, and at the same time a private, was anomalous, but Colonel W., I think, did not know of it, and if he had intended to treat me otherwise than as an orderly, would hardly have called me a "private." I do not know that I should have recollected this incident had not the exacting adjutant, in a very ridiculous manner, changed his base and, at the first oppor-

tunity, taken up the cue and addressed me as "Private" in a very military tone: the ass in the lion's skin.

We spent a little more than two weeks in this camp and killed time very well. I had ample opportunity to get acquainted with my company. It was of very good material, and out of the number, about eighty, forty or more were officers afterwards. The time came when I was to take my last ride as orderly in this regiment. On the night of the 2d of July, I was ordered to ride with Lieutenant Batchelder, regimental quartermaster, and mounting my steed, I followed him, or rode beside him, far up the Potomac to a picket station, and then, getting on the towpath, we rattled away down the river to Conrad's Ferry. He was a rapid rider, and I did my best to keep up with him. Once a hanging vine, fast at both ends, caught my neck in its loop and nearly hung me or dragged me from the horse, but I managed to haul him up and disengage myself. This was the nearest I ever came to being hung. I think that Mr. Batchelder carried orders to pack up; at any rate, when we arrived at Conrad's Ferry the companies there began to pack up, and relinquishing now my horse I got a cup of coffee and something to eat and started off before light with them on the towpath for the Monocacy River, where we were to meet the rest. I got along very well until the last, when I began to grow sick, and upon arriving I was very ill. The regiment was paraded for the 4th of July in a hollow square, and although ready to sink I stood it out. During the day I went with some fellows to a lane lined with cherry trees and ate my fill. I then got some milk, and also was treated to some whiskey which was procured at the riverside from an old store, and my diarrhœa was cured by this novel treatment.

The rebels were reputed to be upon the other bank of the Potomac, and some of the men swam across, but orders were issued to stop it. Desiring, however, to perform some achievement to commemorate this day I got permission from Colonel Tappan to swim across, and did so; that is to say, I swam the little distance necessary and waded the rest. I got an ear or two of wheat from the

opposite shore, which I have now, and came back without seeing a rebel. I recall very well the circumstance that our sentinels called the hour of the night and "All is well" here. (Some of the men were said to have conversed with the rebel pickets on the other shore and two of our men were taken prisoners by them, but, as I have said, I saw none when I went across, although I looked for them.)

CHAPTER II

On the morning of the 5th we marched on the towpath to Point of Rocks, so named, I suppose, from the lofty cliff which rises on the Maryland side here. We camped, and I took a swim in the Ohio–Chesapeake Canal. On the 6th, I think, my company was among those which took cars under Colonel T. for Sandy Hook, and having arrived we were informed that the enemy were ahead at Harper's Ferry and we braced ourselves for a fight, but upon arriving at the end of the destroyed railroad bridge, we discovered none and bivouacked until evening. We saw some ironclad railroad cars on the track and the marks of bullets, fired from the other side evidently. Everything on the other side but the dwelling-houses looked black and charred, for the whole of the government buildings had been burned by Lieutenant Jones upon the approach or rumored approach of the rebel army. The bridge had been destroyed afterwards by the rebels upon evacuation.

At 7 P.M. the rest had joined us and we started up the towpath, and climbing the heights we marched nearly all night, and crossing a bridge over Antietam Creek, we bivouacked near Sharpsburg, as tired as we could well be. The morning sun awoke us by throwing his rays in our faces. The people came out and viewed us curiously. We got our breakfast, and at nine o'clock were moving on the turnpike for Williamsport. The day was very hot and our feet began to blister; many fell exhausted, but I managed to keep up, and at night was refreshed in the cool waters of the Potomac, which we forded at Williamsport. On Monday morning we started again and passed through the field of a skirmish which had taken place the day before, it was said between the 1st Wisconsin and others and a part of the rebel army under Johnston. A house beside the road was rent by a cannon shot, a wheatfield was trampled down in ragged lanes, some cartridge coverings lay in the road, and on the right there were

some new graves from which projected the hands or feet, as we supposed, of rebels. This was my first sight at a battle-field. It was called "Falling Waters" — I suppose from a beautiful and rapid stream two or three yards wide which ran across the road near by, the waters of which were perfectly clear and as cold it seemed as ice.

Martinsburg was reached about noon, and we there saw assembled Patterson's army of 20,000 or more. We thought that our marches had been pretty hard ones, and for new men they were so, but if in later days, as then, I could have had my knapsack carried in a wagon and made twelve miles a day, I should not have considered it very hard.

We halted here five days. We spent the time in repairing clothes, in doing picket duty, and in trading our pistols off to new regiments which came and had not learned, as we had, that however handy a pistol might be in a fight, it was a nuisance to carry. The 2d Massachusetts Volunteers, a three-years regiment, came to us here and I for the first time saw a well-disciplined volunteer regiment. They were dressed and equipped in Regular Army fashion and were a splendid-looking set of men. Some of our men were foolish enough to groan at the officers of this regiment on account of their rigid discipline, but I trow that many of these very ones have seen the benefits of such since then. There was a beautiful spring which threw out great quantities of pure cold water here in a hollow near our camp. I recollect it, perhaps, because it was my duty to help the cooks once while we were here, when it became my duty to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, to build fires, heat the water, and wash the dishes. Blanchard and I made a successful foray and bought a hen from a woman for a quarter. We put it in a pan to make a stew, and while B. sat on a fence watching it, I went after flour to thicken the broth. When I returned, not understanding the manner of cooks, I tipped the whole in (a pint) without preliminary fixing, and the result was a broth in which swam numerous little pellets of flour, wet upon the outside and dry as dust on the inside, and I got laughed at well.

The rebels were said to be in our vicinity, and I recollect once going out as a volunteer with Captain Bell (afterwards colonel of the 4th and killed at Fort Fisher, North Carolina, January, 1865) to scout a little, and once was on picket when we were cautioned extremely about the rebels. On the 15th we marched away toward Winchester with all the army. Once on the road we went into line of battle with a battery in front of us. No rebels came, and some went to playing cards. I sharpened my bayonet with a stone. By and by we marched again, and once the gray-headed old General Patterson rode up the road to the head of the column. We opened ranks to let him through, faced inwards, and presented arms. (I wish it could have been bayonets to make him prisoner.) We came to Bunker Hill in the afternoon and some cavalry in front of us chased some rebels away from there, and we went into bivouac. We expected to meet the rebels soon, and Blanchard says our field officers made us speeches, to raise our courage, I suppose, which there was no need of, for we thirsted for battle. We stayed here all the next day, and on the fatal morning of the 17th we marched away toward Charleston. We privates knew nothing of the position of affairs then, but have read since that it was thus, letting the following outlines represent the country.

Johnston, the rebel commander, had retreated to Winchester, and there he was on the 16th when we were lying still. He had 17,000 men and we 20,000 or more. Two courses lay open to Patterson; one was to move on and attack him, the other to get onto the fords of the Shenandoah and keep him from crossing; and according to General Sanford's testimony before the Committee of Congress on the Conduct of the War, General Scott sent orders to General P. to attack Johnston if strong enough, but if not, to place himself so as to prevent his junction with Beauregard. General Sanford, whom I saw at Bunker Hill, a white-haired, handsome man, was in advance and was about to place himself on the Opequan Creek within five miles of Winchester, from whence he could easily move to the Shenandoah and bar Johnston's way. But old Patterson was frightened, or pretended to be, by an alleged report that Johnston had been reinforced by 20,000 from Beauregard, and marched us to Charleston; and as for his story about the unwillingness of certain regiments to stay and fight because their time was out, we heard nothing of it, and I believe it was only another specimen of the mendacity exhibited in his letter to Colonel E. D. Townsend, July 18, 1861, wherein he said the enemy had stolen no march on him, etc.[1]

Well, Johnston marched on the same morning for the Shenandoah with 8000 men, crossed it, on the next day reached the Manassas Gap Railroad, mounted the cars, and was at Bull Run before the fight opened on the 21st. The rest of his army followed him the day after and arrived during the battle of Bull Run and turned the scale. The probability is that if Patterson had attacked, he would have at least prevented that junction. Bull Run would have been ours and mayhap the war would have been closed. Some may say that it was better to have it because it produced Emancipation. But although I can never cease to be thankful that slavery is dead, yet 500,000 lives have fled beyond the confines of this world, more suffering has been caused than slavery would have entailed for

[1] See Greeley's *American Conflict*, vol. 1, p. 539, *n.* 10.

a hundred years (longer than it would have lasted even in peace), and a debt weighs us down which would have purchased all the slaves for freedom twice over. Such, however, is the fortune of war; there are constantly recurring turning-points, where, had but a feather burdened the other side of the scale, nations would have perished or countries been saved.

Charleston was a place of interest to us for the reason that there John Brown was hung. It proved a town of rather more cleanliness than Virginia towns in general, and had nice shade trees on some of the streets. We camped in a wheatfield on the road to Winchester, just outside, and from thence we wandered through the town to see the sights and get some eatables. The tree by which John Brown's gallows stood and the jail where he was confined were visited, but I got hold of a memento which I could carry home, a tangible reminder of old John Brown. I found the man who (as he averred) made the coffin, and he took, from a drawer I think, a piece of what he said was one of its boards. I accepted it as a veracity and took it away to New Hampshire and gave it to Aunt Lizzie for her cabinet of curiosities. I cannot recollect now whether the man sold or gave it to me; if I could I might be able to become skeptical, perhaps.

A pouring rain rendered it very uncomfortable one day, and I can see now the men of my company standing around the cook's fire, each one receiving his rations of soup and coffee with the rain dripping down our backs. I do not think that good humor was prevalent, for I can recollect one man, who, in getting his coffee, somehow let some of it drop on a comrade, who, enraged and evidently burned, threw his plate of soup in number one's face, and the roars of pain from the combatants, their ludicrous oaths, and the shouts of the lookers-on were sufficient to set us all in good humor. I went on picket once while here, I think on the turnpike to Winchester.

On Sunday the 21st we marched to Bolivar Heights and there camped. We went on picket on the side of the steep hill, where Blanchard and I found difficulty in restraining ourselves from sliding down feet foremost. We heard of the battle of Bull Run either on

Sunday, 21st, when it was fought, or the next day. My own feeling was that of deep chagrin at not having been present, although now I can say that if it would still have been defeat of the same kind, then I am glad I was not one of the runaways. The regiment remained some time in camp here, and we roamed all around seeing the sights, bathing in the Potomac, and trading with other regiments. We found a cave on the cliff beside the Potomac near the railroad which ran to Martinsburg. It perhaps would be considered a rent in the interior of the mountain rather than a cave, for it cleft the rock up and down for many feet and ran far into the hill. I explored it partly once, and found cool water running from springs, sinuous passages, narrow apertures, steep acclivities, and now and then a widening, but never a great room.

We were paid off here in gold, and afterwards I got leave of Colonel Tappan to go to Washington ahead of the regiment, which was to go home in two or three days, with permission to rejoin it at Baltimore. He told me to write my own furlough, which I did with a pencil on a scrap of paper, which, with his signature, passed me wherever I wanted to go. I found at Sandy Hook a regiment from New York on a train about starting for Washington, so I jumped aboard and went with them to the Relay House and then took a car for Washington. Arrived at the National Hotel, I walked in, ragged, sunburned, and dirty, with my knapsack and other fixings slung on, and halting at the clerk's counter, brought my musket to an "order" or "rest," and called boldly for a room. The landlord, no doubt, thought I was a pretty hard-looking specimen and a private soldier at that, so he looked dubious, upon which I presented the check for the clothes I had left there, and he became reassured. I went up to quarters, deposited arms, put on a clean face, and went out to see the sights. On the next day Colonel Tappan arrived and publicly in the office shook my hand and treated me like an officer, rather than a private, which I imagined rather made the hotel people's eyes stick out. In later days such a thing probably would not have transpired, for soldiers did not take their arms on furlough

nor did they do as I did. For the purpose of seeing what chance there was for West Point, I went up to the House of Representatives and called out Mr. Washburne, of Galena. He told me that he saw none, and my hopes for West Point grew very faint if they were not entirely extinguished at that time. Taking the train for Baltimore, I arrived in the evening and walked up to Aunt Manning's. On the way I heard one of a party of ladies and gentlemen say, as I passed them, "The last of the Mohicans." Arrived at the door, the folks scarcely knew me, and Skip, the little dog, regarded me as an enemy; but a bath, a pair of trousers whose seat was whole, and a white shirt made me a passable being, and I sat down among my ever-hospitable and kind relatives to talk over my campaign and eat some supper. In a day or two the regiment came along, and filling my arms and pockets with boiled crabs and other eatables I joined them and gladdened the hearts of my messmates with good cheer. I got my trunk among the baggage of the "field and staff," and getting into a box car bade good-bye to my cousins and started for home with a jolly crew around me.

Arrived at Philadelphia, we were treated to a nice supper at the Cooper Refreshment Saloon and rolled on to New York. We marched up Broadway with colors flying from our standards and the seats of our trousers, with trophies on our bayonets, laughter on our faces, and shouts on our tongues. The regiment when it came out, with its neat gray swallow-tailed coats and trousers trimmed with red, attracted universal admiration, but now the well-earned title of "Tappan's Ragged Zouaves" was a complete chapter on our appearance. The one glory of our regiment which dimmed all others must, I think, however, have remained as resplendent as ever, and that was "Saxy" Pike, our drum major, and his uniform. The former clad in the latter, which consisted of brilliant light-blue trousers well striped, a double-breasted blue broadcloth coat with broad "fishbones" of gold slashed from button to button in front, a black skin shako towering, with its peacock's feather, two feet or more above the six

of the wearer, would march down the parade, now swinging his silver-headed baton four or five feet in length, now whirling it like a cavalryman in the moulinet, now balancing it in the air, and now throwing it perpendicularly up ten or fifteen feet seemingly, and present a truly inspiring sight entirely eclipsing "field and staff."[1]

One night I recollect, in Poolesville, there were some ladies down to witness our parade. "Saxy" was out in full glory and went down the line whirling his baton and planting his feet with the pride of a war horse. Just in the center of the line, in full view, an envious branch took "Saxy's" shako off and necessitated the ignominy of reaching down to raise his plumed crest.

We lay on a wharf in New York waiting to be shipped one night, and one or more of the men rolled over into the water to be drowned. One of the great "Sound steamers" took us aboard and sailed away, for Norwich, I think, and there we took cars for New Hampshire. We reached Nashua as the light was dawning and proceeded on to Concord immediately. I was glad to see New Hampshire once more. At Concord we were received by a great crowd and were escorted by the Governor's Horse Guards, a body which, clad in brilliant hussar uniform, contrasted very strongly with our dirty and ragged gray. The regiment was granted a furlough of a day or two while the discharges were being made out, but as Captain Edgerly desired me to aid in making them out for our company I stayed. He gave me quarters in his own room at the Phœnix and treated me very well. A newspaper entitled "The Democratic Standard" published an article in which we soldiers were vilified in such terms as "Lincoln's hirelings," and what few of us were there became considerably enraged that such insults should be put upon us by a rebel sympathizer and there was considerable talk on the streets. The publishers, evidently frightened

[1] On Thursday, June 6, 1867, at Concord I again saw "Saxy" clad in the inevitable shako and coat, and assisting with his baton at the inauguration ceremonies of Governor Harriman.

at the unlooked-for resentment, then began to issue only half-sheets of that edition and refused to let the others with the rebel article go out of the office. I went up into the office, I think with one or two others, and demanded a paper; they proffered the wrong half-sheet. I then gave them an expression of my opinion and scared them into unlocking a safe, and from a large pile taking the half-sheet with the article in it and giving it to me. On the street I showed it to some soldiers and we made our comments upon it, and I went back to my work. Shortly afterwards I heard a tumult up street, and looking out discovered a party of our fellows trying to get into the office of the "Standard." I rushed up as soon as I could. The inmates had fastened the doors and were threatening to shoot. Some, I think, mounted the piazza and effected an entrance through a window; one of the editors fired a pistol without hurting any one, I believe, and then they retreated up garret. Our fellows began to pile out the forms and type, etc., and to build a bonfire of it in the street. To make myself useful, and to allay the fears of the citizens that the fire would spread, I piled up the fuel as it came neatly and soon had a roaring fire as well-behaved as Vulcan's, no doubt. This finished the "Standard," and now they have a suit pending in court against Concord for damages. Bad luck to them!

CHAPTER III

Our discharges granted August 12, 1861, our company went to Nashua, where we were kindly entertained at a banquet under the trees, given by the citizens. Blanchard and I hurried away for the evening train, and I once more approached, with feelings of happiness, Milford, although my absence had been only a little over a year.

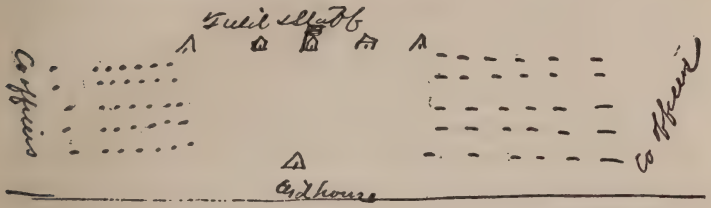
Good friends received me and I laid down my knapsack, haversack, and canteen, doffed my cap and blouse, and told my stories of the first campaign while I rested. That I should have drifted back to Milford through such a course of events is strange enough, or would have been in a prediction, but it and the whole of my subsequent career would not have been had I not made two friends; and to this I may ascribe it all, and another event which I can look to with as many thanks as to all the rest. Mr. Wadleigh had evinced friendship for me when a schoolboy, and had, just before I went out West, offered me the appointment to West Point which the Honorable M. W. Tappan had referred to him if he desired. I had refused as before related and afterwards repented. This giving me a quasi-acquaintance with Colonel Tappan and my friendship for Blanchard had induced me to join the 1st. With the 1st I necessarily came to New Hampshire to be discharged. *Hinc omnes illæ res quas scribam.*

The old haunts and old friends engaged my attention for three or four weeks, but in the meantime I was looking around me for another way to leap. The prospects for an appointment for West Point, East and West, were very slight if not entirely gone, and I had written to my father that I was willing to enter the army again, and as I had been recommended in Galena, before I went to the 1st, to try for a second lieutenancy in a company there, I had asked him if I had better come out there and enter the army. Always patriotic, he wrote me by all means to enter the army, as

the Government needed all the men it could get; that companies were raised with difficulty in Galena, and that he could see no advantage for me in coming out there; and finally to raise a company if I could, and to go as a cook even, if I could no other way. I believe that I needed no urging to go into the army again, but my beardless cheek was not hard enough to answer for a recruiting officer; so as Mr. Stanyan, of Milford, was enlisting a company for the 5th, I put my name down once more with Blanchard's on the 14th of September, 1861. It was an understanding between Mr. Stanyan and myself that he should use his influence to get me the second lieutenancy of his company. But the companies of the 5th were made up before he could get in, and his company was then recruited for some other regiment. I do not think that there were many at that time who believed that the war would last six months, and I certainly became fearful lest I should lose a chance to fight at all. I wrote to Colonel Cross, who was raising the 5th, that I wanted to go into his regiment, and inquired if I could get a commission on the warrant of sergeant major, to which he replied that all were appointed, and I was only relieved by Lieutenant J. B. David, of Amherst, who one day offered me the place of first sergeant in Company "K" of the 5th, of which he was first lieutenant. I accepted, and obtaining my enlistment papers of Captain Stanyan started for Concord. Blanchard concluded to stay with Captain S. and we parted, reluctantly, on my part certainly.

Arrived at Concord I went over into the camp with Lieutenant David and was presented to Captain ——, a man of medium height with a decidedly Roman, perhaps Israelitish nose, black whiskers, owing part of their color to dye, a face wrinkled very much at the corners of his eyes, which twinkled in a manner half common to rogues and half to good-natured numskulls. He accepted me as his first sergeant and my name was placed on the roll of the company. A leisure space gave me a chance to look around. The camp was laid out in what the colonel called the Spanish style. There were five rows of tents, each ending on a square of which

they made one side. On the other side were an equal number, on the third were the tents of the field and staff, and in the center of the fourth side the guardhouse was the only obstacle between the square and the parade grounds. The company officers' tents were at the end of their men's farthest from the square, and between them and the company quarters were the cook tents. The following diagram will show the form of the camp.



The sides of the parade square should be represented as equal. Our tents were cones nineteen feet in a diameter at the base, supported by a pole set on a metal tripod which would close up when taken down. The top of the tent was open but protected by a cap which could be drawn tightly around it by cords which reached down on the outside. Under the tripod sheet-iron stoves with open bottoms were set on the ground, the pipes reaching up through the cap or sometimes stopping short, when the smoke escaped through the top after blacking the tent on its passage.

The colonel, whose reputation had excited my curiosity, was seen busily engaged around the camp in every department, now directing the quartermaster, now receiving new detachments, now superintending drill, and now trying a horse. It was in the latter operation that I saw the first display of his peculiar "roughing." A lot of the men, with the greenness of New Hampshire farmers, crowded round him watching his novel equestrianism while the horse plunged and curveted in great style. Evidently disliking their freedom, he rode his horse at them in such a reckless way that they suddenly dispersed. He was a man six feet tall or more, had red hair which curled in a silken fringe around his bald head, his whiskers

were of the same color, full and beautiful, his carriage was erect, his shoulders broad, and waist small. His features were rather soft, but his eyes were brilliant and blue, and could flash well, and withal he had a fair skin and rosy cheeks. He was a handsome man. He had been a printer and had set up type with the famous Artemus Ward in Lancaster. He had traveled over a great part of the country as a correspondent of, I think, the "Cincinnati Times" and was editor of the same afterwards, I think. He told me that he had traveled over every railroad and steamboat line in the country, and had attended the sessions of nearly if not all the legislatures in his capacity as correspondent. He wandered away to Mexico and engaged himself in the service of the Mexican Government in the civil wars. He was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and was at Huermante and Guadalajara. He was also in Arizona, and in the Mounted Rifles in our service as a lieutenant, where he was intimate with Longstreet and Ewell, afterwards generals in the rebel army, and owned a silver mine with one or both of them. He fought a duel with Monry, the editor of the "Arizona Gazette," and was shot once by a Mexican *caballero* when getting on his horse, and he showed me the wound, or rather scar, on his ankle which the ball made. I did not know much of this when I went into the regiment, but learned it from his own lips afterwards when I had been promoted and had a share of his confidence. He told me then, too, poor man, that he had been very intimate with the Governor of one of the Mexican States or cities, Jesus Inigo, by name, that he was near marrying his daughter, and that if ever he married, he should go back and marry her as her father wanted him to in bygone days. The colonel was apt to talk a great deal, and, as has been said, it is possible that he did not always confine himself to the truth, but I never had occasion when I discovered an untruth, and shall not say now that I disbelieved one of those stories he told me.

The companies arrived in camp ununiformed and were put to drill at once. The company to which I was assigned, or rather to which I went, was made up of a squad from Plaistow and vicinity,

one from Bennington and vicinity and some from other parts of this State. George Farnham the bugler, Thomas Law, and Samuel Dolbear were all I knew, I think. The former I had known in Mount Vernon, as an opponent, if anything, in our school imbroglios; the next was a good-natured boy below me in school in Milford, and the latter I had not known. The squad from Bennington came under Second Lieutenant F. W. Butler and wanted German Breed, one of their number, for first sergeant. The one from Plaistow desired a fellow by the name of Frost, and Lieutenant David supported me. At any rate, I went to drilling the company and soon was made first sergeant, Breed having received the grade of fifth sergeant, and Frost having joined another regiment, I think, or left to join one.

Our company was given the letter "K," and a uniform consisting of brogans, light-blue trousers and overcoat with cape, and dark-blue blouse and frock coat, and to cap us a helmet-like structure of dark-gray or blue-mixed "waterproof" cloth, with a vizor before and behind, the top resembling a squash, and the whole lined and padded, I think. This was a New Hampshire cap, and although it would do in a row to keep blows from the head and was good to protect the neck from rain, yet in summer it was a sweltering concern. I got a furlough of three or four days in which to come home and say good-bye, and then, returning to camp, waited with impatience the departure of the regiment for the seat of war, still fearing that I should lose the chance of participating in a battle.

Governor Berry came over to Camp Jackson one day and presented us our colors. We were drawn up in hollow square to receive them, and after they were presented Colonel Cross stepped out, and in a clear voice which all could hear made a speech considerably different in tone from those of roseate hue which recruits were accustomed to hear. It has ever been in my memory because it proved so true, and was in the manly tone of a soldier who knew whereof he spoke. I do not recall his words, but the import was that we took those colors to fight under; that it was not to be play and glitter of glory altogether, but that we might expect to leave many

of our number on the fields where we were to uphold them; and that we should brace ourselves with the resolution to maintain their glory and our honor even at the cost of life and limb to all or any. It was a grand speech; it did not excite the greatest enthusiasm, I think, because it predicted what finally came, death, hardship, and peril, but it was grand truth; and its sincerity was attested on every field by the wounds of the speaker, until at last he laid his lofty form down to die.

On the 28th of October, when the frosts already whitened the herbage around our camp, we struck our tents at the sound of "The General" on the bugles, when the pins having been pulled up, as the last note ceased, every tent fell in one direction, as if an invisible and unfelt tempest had swept for an instant through the camp. Everything loaded in our wagons, and our Enfield rifles in hand, accouterments, canteens, knapsacks, and haversacks on our shoulders, we marched to Concord, where we slept in halls overnight (my company and others in the Phœnix), and away we started on the 29th by rail for Fall River, I think, and thence by boat for New York. I had almost forgotten to mention that my uniform gave me considerable pleasure (barring the cap), for in addition to the rest, as first sergeant a pair of brilliant "scales" adorned my shoulders, a worsted sash lent crimson to my waist, and a pair of blue chevrons adorned my arms to tell what dignitary possessed them, and two stripes of dark blue an inch wide carried my rank from my hips to my shoes. Our steamer landed at Jersey City, where we took cars for Philadelphia. Some mulatto stewards aboard the steamer had sold liquor to some of the men, and Colonel Cross, finding it out, put them under guards and in handcuffs, and when we boarded the cars, took them with us, and carrying them some miles into New Jersey, stopped the train in an uninhabited place and put them off. We got to Philadelphia on the evening of the 30th and were treated at the Cooper Refreshment Saloon in a splendid manner. The hospitality of the Union citizens of this place was unbounded through the whole war. They had a great hall fitted up at

the landing where troops disembarked, filled it with tables and seats, attached great kitchens and ample washrooms, and here every soldier who passed could wash, eat, and drink in the most cleanly, bountiful, and satisfactory manner, and be waited on, I think, by the fair ladies themselves, at times, who contributed to keep it up, though my memory or information is not clear on this point. I say three cheers for the City of Brotherly Love.

Arrived at Baltimore on the 31st, I had just time to see Cousin Harry at the depot when we moved on toward Washington. But when we had almost begun to look for the environs of that city of magnificent distances, the train halted in the vicinity of a camp on one hand and a deserted camping-ground and another camp on the other, and we disembarked at Bladensburg and stacked our arms on a gentle slope bare of verdure, close to where the 2d New Hampshire had struck its tents that very day, I think.

The regiment over the railroad I am pretty sure was the 26th Michigan. The 4th Rhode Island Volunteers was in the other camp and shared their supper with us in a very kind way, for our own rations and tents failed to reach us that night; and rolling ourselves in our blankets we made our first bivouac.

Tents were pitched on the next day and we went at our duties. We were at first under the command of General Casey, who came out from Washington one day to review us, and took us on a march, part-way back to Washington. We were marching by sections, when we halted and attempted a countermarch, but were so green that we made a sad blunder. We were soon put in a brigade under the command of Brigadier-General O. O. Howard with the 4th Rhode Island and 45th and 81st Pennsylvania Regiments. One of the first things the general did was to take us all before his quarters, and conduct religious services himself. We drilled vigorously, and I soon found that I knew as much, if not more, than my company officers about it, certainly more than the captain, and was more than once placed in charge of the company on drill while they were elsewhere. And indeed I studied the tactics hard.

CHAPTER IV

On the 3d of November we marched without tents for Marlborough, Maryland, as I suppose, to see that the elections were carried on free from rebel interference. The distance was fifty miles, and the rain falling in our road made it muddy and slippery. We made the march in two days and, resting one, marched back in two more, and it was a severe trial for new soldiers. Drill and parades again occupied our attention for three weeks, and we began to do very well, and to smell for a fight still more earnestly.

Our major was a very savage-looking man. He had a dark complexion, stern eyes, and flowing black beard. His favorite horse was a large bobtailed bay, as impetuous as his master, and he used, on drill, to ride him at full speed to place guides and fix lines, and sometimes rode rudely against the sergeants who were on the flanks of the companies, apparently regardless of their safety, and we began to think it was rather cowardly, or at any rate overbearing, but of course were dumb. But a master came for the major, and gave us the privilege of laughing at him in our sleeves when he came out in his master's chains. One day we were on the field with all our sashes and scales on, drawn up in array for review (by General Howard, I think), and waiting for the reviewing officer to appear and receive our salute, when Major —— came out of his quarters, and staggered down the rear of our line, and just as we were ready for the salute, he appeared in front of the brigade, and roared out in stentorian tones, "Shoulder! Arms!" As everything and everybody was silent, and no one expecting such a *contretemps*, he made a sensation, and finally, after some confusion around him, he was got away and we could once more keep our eyes to the front. There was some fuss about this, but an apology or something of the kind fixed it, and the major retained his commission, and I was rather glad of it, for he proved himself a brave officer in his one fight. Day

and night while we lay here, heavy trains thundered by our camp, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, drawn by the double-decker engines often, which were new to our eyes, and which were laden down with troops and munitions of war; and I do not think that it is exaggeration to say that no hour passed without one or more trains. The supplies and troops which poured in convinced us of the magnitude of the strife expected, and we longed for the day when our dreams should no longer be disturbed by those who passed us in advance.

Thanksgiving Day in New Hampshire approached, and we prepared to celebrate by a dinner and games, but on the night before an order came to march on the next morning. We then took occasion to grumble a little, but it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and ours blew us a sight at Washington and the passage of the Potomac. A march of five or six miles brought us to the Capitol, and then, forming column by company, we gratified our curiosity and our pride by marching down Pennsylvania Avenue and showing the spectators what a strapping regiment the 5th New Hampshire was.

We crossed Long Bridge, passed through Alexandria, and camped for the night near Fairfax Seminary, and on the next morning marched for a spot on the side of a hill at the base of that on which stood Fort Worth, and here we made a camp. It was a forbidding spot, for running from the rear to the front were a succession of small hills and ravines on and in which our streets were to lie; the ground, too, was filled with roots and stumps, but when we got our axes and shovels we speedily made the ground clear, and then we began to elevate our tents on "stockades" after this fashion: We dug a circular trench in the ground of the shape and size of the bottom of our tents; in this we set split pine logs on end, with the smooth side in, and firmly fastened them in with dirt, and piled it up around them. The logs were from three to five feet above the ground, and on top we set our tents, and fastened them down; we then plastered the cracks with mud and put little stoves in the

center with pipe projecting from the top of the tents. And in these habitations we went into winter quarters.

The 61st New York Volunteers had replaced the 45th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the 64th New York came finally to replace the 4th Rhode Island, which went to join Burnside's expedition. On our right as far as we could see there were hills; in our front there were scattered houses, hills, clearings, woods, the stumps and limbs of the trees which had furnished us with timber in the distance; the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, which came from the latter place, passed along on our left and into our front until it was hid behind the hills; and the turnpike which led out to Fairfax Court House. On our left in our own brigade came in order the 64th New York, 61st New York, and 81st Pennsylvania; across the road beyond were two other brigades, which with ourselves composed a division under Brigadier-General E. V. Sumner. Beyond them other troops lay around Fort Lyon, and behind us was Fort Worth. And now that order had assumed its place, the scene was martial and inspiring. White tents covered the hills; brilliant flags went up and fluttered out in the morning breezes only to be taken in when the sun went down. Blue-clad soldiers were exercising on every open spot, orderlies came and went from different headquarters, and to aid the scene the pleasing clangor of bugles and roll of drums, with the screaming of fifes, rolled over the hills and kept alive the listeners, while the flash of the glistening guns of batteries as they wheeled in the sun, and the occasional roar of a gun from the forts assured us of an attempt to keep the Lord on our side.

A regular routine of duty was established and was as follows: Before daylight in the morning the bugles sounded the réveillé and were immediately followed by the drums and fifes playing a series of tunes—always the same order. At the first sound the men routed out of their bunks, hurried on their clothes and buckled on their accouterments, and then as rapidly as possible assumed their places under arms on the color line in front of the camp, where, such was their familiarity with it, they each one arrived in his place,

although it was dark, and the line was only marked by being worn, and was perhaps six hundred feet long. This practice we understood to be for the purpose of drilling the men to take their place in case of night alarms, and the line was generally formed with such regularity that firing or the march might have commenced at once. The roll at first was called by each first sergeant in his own company as soon as possible, and the men dismissed; and it became a race to rouse out the men, get on the line, call the roll, and get into quarters first. I used to be up before réveillé and get my men roused, and as I had my roll of ninety-eight names in memory I used to be the first generally. The adjutant inquired how I managed to call my roll in the dark, and upon informing him he doubted my ability to do it by memory correctly, and I think directed me to call from paper, but I think I continued to do nearly the same, although perhaps "on the sly." Finally, the slow sergeants were so eclipsed that some of us used to get our companies back to quarters before they began to call their rolls, and the adjutant and other officers who were slow in getting out were uncertain whether we had been out at all; so the order was issued that we should not begin to call our rolls until the drums had played, and then we were to report at the center to the adjutant and dismiss our companies on our return.

The company officers were compelled to come out also and report to a field officer. I recollect one joke that occurred among them. A first lieutenant who had been educated at Norwich Military Academy, and who had a system of tactics by which he used to wind his company up like a tape measure, used to come out with an old short pipe in his mouth, the fire in which would light up his nose in the darkness. This was not a very soldierly habit, and there was great fun one morning among the officers when Major —— addressed him with, "Well, Mr. ——, how does your meerschaum color?"

Immediately after roll call first sergeants made out their morning reports, in which every man was accounted for and his condition as to fitness and availability for duty noted. A bugle call and "Peas on a trencher" by the drums and fifes announced breakfast, when

the companies fell in and were conducted by the first sergeants to the cook-houses, where the cook dished out the coffee and bread and meat. After breakfast came sick call, when at the sound of the bugle the lame, sick, and lazy turned out to march up to the surgeon under a sergeant, when that terrible functionary would give the former liniment, the sick pills or quinine or powders, and the latter an admonition to go to their duty, and would send those too sick to stay in quarters to the hospital. An interval of an hour would bring the call for guard mount, when each first sergeant would turn out his detail for guard, inspect them, and march them out on the parade when the band began to play. This ceremony over, a half-hour, perhaps, would bring drill call, when we would turn to drill by company, and exercise in the manual of arms in "facings" and "the step" company movements, skirmish drill, and bayonet exercise.

Captain —— was as inefficient as ever in drill and used to make some laughable movements. On one occasion he had rallied the company deployed as skirmishers, by company, and then, being unable to give the necessary order to form platoons, he said, "Get out there as skirmishers, every one of you, or I'll put you all in the guardhouse." When he was where he could, he did not hesitate to ask me what to do, but in this case the men were too close around us. In two hours the recall would sound, when we would have an hour to rest before dinner, which was called at noon. At one o'clock the non-commissioned officers were sent out under Lieutenant Cross, who had been in the U.S. Engineers as an enlisted man, and the company officers under Lieutenant Rice to drill as skirmishers and in the bayonet exercise; and many of us became efficient in drill in the latter at the cost of aching arms and legs, for Lieutenant Cross was a tough master at it.

We would get in a little before two o'clock, when drill call would again sound and the regiment would form for battalion drill; this continued two hours, and then, upon being dismissed, we proceeded to prepare for inspection and dress parade. The companies were

subjected to inspection of arms and dress by the officers, and at retreat, between five and six o'clock, we marched out for dress parade, which sometimes was had by battalion and sometimes by brigade, and this, when every one was in dress uniform, when the bands played beautifully, and everything was done in a dignified and deliberate way, was a pleasant duty.

After parade (which, by the way, was preceded by roll call) came supper call; at eight or eight-thirty the bugles sounded "tattoo" and the roll was called, and eight-thirty or nine the call to "extinguish lights" was obeyed throughout the men's quarters or if not the officer of the day on his rounds speedily caused it to be, when we all slept the sleep of men who had labored pretty well. This was a regular day's duty during six days, but on Sunday we were inspected in the morning, were excused from drill, and were subjected to religious services, under arms, in a hollow square. On extra days we went through brigade drill, when General Howard drilled us in laborious movements or marched us a few miles with knapsacks on. But this routine was not all of my duties, for I had to see that the men were kept clean, that they served regularly on detail, that they preserved order in camp, that they got their full rations, that they turned out for drill, and too numerous other matters.

With Captain Cross, who afterwards assumed command, I had to be subjected to more rigid discipline, to perform more numerous duties, perhaps, and to exercise more discipline over the men; but I did not suffer the contemptible little vexations which harassed me under such a weak captain as ——, such as having a man run to him to complain of the legitimate exercise of my authority, when he would pretend that he would correct *me*, and I would have to go to him and tell him how incompatible with discipline such conduct was, and that I could not stay first sergeant if I was to be balked in such ways. Generally I could manage the old fellow pretty well, and indeed he could afford to aid me in the performance of my duty, for in addition to that I used to aid him by writing love letters for him.

He would say, "Orderly, you can write a better hand than I can, so just sit down here and write what I tell you." Seated I would write at his dictation. "My dear Mrs. ——" (for the wicked old man wrote to married ladies sometimes), "I have not heard from you for a long time"; a little more of the same sort and he would pause, and with that I, too, would pause. He would say, "Go on." "What shall I say?" "Oh, anything, damn it! write a good letter"; and I then would indite an Oriental epistle which he would pronounce first-rate and send off.

The company was divided into five squads, and each squad put under a duty sergeant, except the fifth, which was made up of the smallest men and, as they proved, the most unruly, for the corporal I put over them was unable to manage them, and at last I went down from my quarters in the first to sleep among them, taking Corporal Tom Law with me. Their tricks consisted principally in making noises and smoking after "taps." The corporal and myself commenced a vigorous warfare in this way: At the forbidden time some one would light his pipe, and the fumes would arouse the others who did n't smoke, who would swear that they could n't sleep, and demand a cessation. This would make a racket, but a speedy cure for this was found by throwing a stick or other missile across the tent at the glowing pipe. And if the racket from this or any other little discomfort grew too loud, I would go over and put the contestants down not very gently, and finally I got the squad to be quite peaceable. Some of the men would keep dirty until I obviated it by details to scrub dirty faces with soap and sand, and once by taking three men down to the ice-fringed brooks in front of camp and requiring them to strip and go in, doing the same myself to show them that it was not cruel. There were some attempts at shirking duty, but I got along generally without severe punishment and on the whole had a good company. When I was among the first squad, I used to lie after "taps" and tell the most wondrous stories to amuse my comrades, and then finish by announcing the fabrication.

Once I got into difficulty. An order was read at parade one eve-

ning, to the effect that morning reports should be handed in earlier. On the next morning I forgot it, and was placed under arrest by the adjutant for being twenty minutes late, but was released within an hour or so. The dinner which we were to have had on Thanksgiving was enjoyed on Christmas, when we participated in wrestling, running, leaping, and chasing a greased pig, the latter operation being a contest between a certain number to grasp and hold a pig well smeared with grease, the victor to have the pig.

The 1st New Hampshire Battery came over once to join us in a drill and sham fight *ex parte*. The latter was made by the battery assuming position firing and then retreating from an imaginary foe, through our ranks, which were broken by companies to the front, and when the battery had passed, the companies moved forward simultaneously into line and opened fire on the enemy. This reversed, and other changes of position, all in quick and double-quick time, was quite a lively scene. Captain —— and Lieutenant —— seemed to dislike Second Lieutenant ——, and finally treated him contemptuously and insultingly. I did not know him very well and had neither like nor dislike for him; he was, however, a rather green and boyish fellow to my eyes, and in his six feet six or thereabouts, awkward as well, and possibly the dislike of my superiors somewhat infected me. However, Lieutenant —— soon was selected, as an educated man, to join the Signal Corps of the army, and we then saw little of him. I think that this treatment prejudiced the colonel against the two superiors, and finally, by trading watches with their men as ill became officers, they in my opinion confirmed his dislike and drew a catastrophe upon them, though I think —— was also marked because he was too ignorant and indolent for a good captain. One day an order came from somewhere above directing that the officers of the 5th should be examined as to their competency to hold their commissions. A brigade board examined them, and in a few days an order from the War Department, dated February 15, 1862, directed the discharge of Captains —— and —— and First Lieutenants —— and ——.

Now ——, ——, and —— were all of the same genus as to inefficiency, but —— had attended the Norwich Military Academy, and —— was a man of good appearance and intelligence, and I do not believe that some of the officers who were retained could pass a better examination than either of these two. And these facts lead me to believe that who should be sent and who retained was pretty much as the colonel recommended and that he took occasion to recommend. As to the first three, his judgment did not fail him, and as to Lieutenant ——, although his conduct certainly was unsoldierly, yet it was venial, and he would have been a better and braver officer than some who were retained.

The consternation of our two officers was exceeding, and their calamity must have weighed very heavily. Although I was alive to ——'s incapacity, yet I saw him go with some sorrow, and with more bade good-bye to Lieutenant —— who had been my good friend.

Lieutenant R. E. Cross, the colonel's brother, was made our captain and Second Lieutenant C. O. Ballou, our first lieutenant. Captain Cross had been a soldier in the U.S. Engineers and a sergeant major of cavalry, and had obtained very severe ideas of discipline; he was not illiterate, and although erratic was a good officer, and could bring a company up as well as any officer in that regiment.

Lieutenant Ballou was a man of more culture and information than the most of our officers; was short, fat, a bachelor of thirty-five maybe; was rather testy, quiet, and a good soul, and he had at some time been a Californian.

The new reign in Company "K" brought new institutions and ideas. The captain at once made it known that he expected the best discipline and that the first sergeant was his instrument to effect it. At inspections now every button must be in place and buttoned, every bit of metal polished bright, every gun as clean clear to the bottom of the bore as it could be made, every stitch sewed, every particle of dust absent, every strap in place, every man clean, every one's hair short and combed, every shoe blacked clear around the heels, every knapsack packed with a clean change of under-

clothes, and every cartridge, cap, and primer in its place; and if any of these were found wrong, a scowl or reprimand cast at the first sergeant let him know that *he* had been remiss. When it is considered that the aforesaid sergeant had to keep *himself* a model soldier and had numerous other duties to perform, it will not be surprising to hear him say that he now had little peace. But to recompense all this I had a captain who could appreciate soldierly bearing and neatness, and who left me to be sole autocrat in my own province and supported my orders with unvarying consistency.

A Sunday morning now was one of anxiety and labor to me. As soon as morning duties were over, I set the men at cleaning up; in an hour or so, I had the corporals inspect the sub-squads and suggest improvements; in a little while the sergeants were required to inspect their squads and detect omissions not noticed by the corporals or not amended at their suggestion or order. In a short time after this, I inspected the whole company and administered right and left reprimand, order, encouragement, and suggestion to ugly, lazy, weak, and orderly; and then, after an interval to admit of improvements, the company was ready for the captain, who would come out and search out all sorts of shortcomings and make the delinquents' and my ears tingle with reproach. After this we were ready for the grand inspection by the colonel or brigade or other officer, and it may not excite suspicion of conceit if I say that after all this it was very seldom that any fault could be found with Company "K."

The lieutenant-colonel held an evening school for the company officers in which they recited and were instructed concerning tactics and Regulations, but the colonel took the first sergeants and heard their lessons in tactics and Army Regulations, and questioned and discussed with them two evenings every week, with a view, no doubt, to making good officers of them in the future. Out of the ten, Ricker, Little, Randall, George Cummings, and myself were afterwards promoted to commissions, while the rest never advanced. Promotion looked far enough away while we lay here until —— and the rest were discharged, and even then, although I believed myself

more competent than some who were promoted, yet I was passed unnoticed, and the Sergeant Major Cross, First Sergeant Ricker, and Sergeants Lawrence of "D" and Parks of "E" were promoted. I never knew whether my merit was not sufficient in the colonel's estimation or whether it was a dislike to —— which caused me to be passed. First Sergeant Cummings, who was private in my company in the 1st Regiment, and who used to be regarded as a stupid fellow, was made sergeant major, and in May following was made second lieutenant, and a man by the name of —— was made second lieutenant of Company "E" in the same month.

The following circumstances make for the supposition that merit was not entirely the cause of promotion. Parks and Lawrence had been promised promotion if they would join the regiment, and although the former made a good and brave officer, the latter proved otherwise and slunk out of the service in October, 1862. Cross was probably promised a commission also, and at any rate his position entitled him to the first notice. Ricker had been taken into his captain's tent long before he was promoted and treated like an officer, as one officer was detached from his company. Cummings was a favorite of the ranking captain, Sturtevant, and —— was a relative, I think, of Captain Barton, into whose company he was promoted and proved a drunken good-for-nothing. These make me think that had Captain —— been a favorite I should have fared better. Just as soon as Sergeant Major Cummings was promoted, Captain Cross told me I could have his place, but I did not care for it enough to leave my company, which I loved, and so waited until a vacancy came in it, which I think came in thirty days afterwards as will be related. Mine was a stern chase and a long one, but Parks went out disabled by wounds and First Lieutenant Lawrence resigned on account of disability apparently. Cross accepted the position of aide to General Howard and went out as captain. —— was promoted over in his own company, and Cummings and Ricker were passed when I was promoted to major, which I relate, however, rather as remarkable than exultingly.

CHAPTER V

December 6 we marched five miles to the front and went on picket at Edsall's Hill. Here we bivouacked four days, and holding a part in reserve the rest were posted along a line of a mile or two, to keep the rebels off, who were probably engaged in the same thing five miles away. We repeated this several times in the winter. Once we went out when the rain and sleet froze on the twigs and leaves as they fell, which, besides making things uncomfortable, rendered fire-building difficult. But we camped in a large oak forest and the ringing axes soon leveled enough to make us comfortable, and we used to pile up great piles of logs six or eight feet in length, and as the flames leaped up and lapped around them we took great comfort, whether it was rainy or dry, night or day. We built sheds of rails and sticks covered with rubber blankets which opened to the fire and were quite cozy. We played cards, slept, ate, and drank when not on duty.

One night here a captain saw a rebel near one of his posts, who, challenged, gave no answer; the captain collected a squad and approached the immovable enemy, a shot was fired, I think, and it was demonstrated to be a stump.

There came to us reports of the encounters of ours and the rebel cavalry in the contested country, or rather vacant country, between our lines, and once or twice parties of us crept out in the night and once in the day listening anxiously for the barking of dogs, which our book told us was a sign of moving men, or the noises of a camp, or straining our eyes to see the light of the enemy's camp-fires; but with no result but emptiness or an encounter with adventurous New Jersey soldiers who held the line to the right of us.

Once, however, we ventured farther out. Some officers had been out exploring near Burke's Station on the Orange & Alexandria

Railroad, who were invited to sup at a house occupied by one Marshal there; this they agreed to do, but suspected that something lay concealed, and were rewarded by the sight of a squadron of rebel cavalry who rode in just at the hour appointed for tea. At any rate, this was the story which came to us, and accordingly an expedition of a hundred men or so started out under Captain —— to look up this house. I was one of the party. We cautiously marched along the railroad until we approached a cut beyond which the station was supposed to lie. Here a halt was called, and the commanding officer seemed rather loath to approach his invisible enemy, so two or three of us volunteered to go ahead, which we did until we came to the station, where we found Marshal and his family, in which were two good-looking daughters. They seemed desirous to know who we were, and we said we were Confederate soldiers, and they inquired why we had "U.S." on our belts, to which I made reply that we belonged to a Georgia regiment entitled the "Under Sun" regiment; whether this convinced them or not I am unable to say, but we returned and guided our main body up without meeting any rebels. Old Marshal was brought away, with all his poultry and cattle which were found about the house, and just as we were leaving a rifle shot was heard up the railroad which was interpreted to be a signal; but we met no rebels nor did any follow us in sight. We were welcomed quite heartily with our booty, and were considered to have done a smart thing; a paper or more at home published an account of it, and we who went ahead were considered to have been bold and quite strategic in our replies. At the time, and long after, I rather felt proud of it; but experience in war on a large scale since then has caused me to ask myself whether it was a thing to be proud of, to which a reply comes, If the people did furnish information to the rebels as supposed, then to capture Marshal and his stock was a justifiable matter; and there was danger in going ahead as we did, and possibly we averted an encounter by our strategy, and this may be if the gun *was* a signal. But being one of the rank and file, I did

not know certainly the truth nor our orders, and do not know now whether the one justifies the capture or the other made it imperative.

We heard, too, while we were out here that a party of our cavalry went out into this country and laid an ambuscade for a party of rebel cavalry who were expected along the road. They twined wire across the road at the height of a man's neck on horseback, and when the rebel cavalry rode into it many were unhorsed and our people attacked with success. On one occasion we had marched from Camp California to Edsall's Hill, and had there stacked arms, and the pickets were sent out. Colonel Cross deemed it prudent for the reserve to lie in rear of the arms until the posts were manned, and he sent the sergeant major out to order a lot of the men in who had besieged the sutler's wagon upon its arrival. The men did not move, and the colonel went out and laid onto them right and left with his saber, and to all appearances did not distinguish between the back and the edge of it. The men scampered and began to learn that his orders were to be obeyed immediately. The duty on post was not very hard. A squad of ten or more perhaps was posted at a convenient place under a commissioned officer or sergeant, and from this reliefs were sent out at intervals of two hours, which arrangement with three reliefs, as was generally the way, made us stand on two and off four hours. Our business was to keep a sharp lookout for the enemy and to fire if he attempted to pass or approach too near the line. The army was instructed in signals, and a friend must make himself known at a distance by waving the arms or musket in a peculiar manner. Once while commanding a small post I saw Major —— riding down the line on horseback, and I turned out my men and received him at the "present." He stopped and in a maudlin way commanded, "Sergeant, bring your men to a sholler," which I did; but he repeated his command, and I was unable to do as he wished, as they were already at the "shoulder." He insisted, and fearing to provoke his drunken wrath I caused them to execute a part of the manual; but no matter what move-

ment they executed, he always gave the same mumbled command. I began to grow mad to be so imposed upon by a drunken superior, and was relieved to see him move after a little darky who, standing near by, seemed to excite his anger. He raced after him, shouting, "Stop him! Sergeant!" The little darky ran like mad over the hill in front to a squad of videttes of the 8th Illinois Cavalry, and the major stopped. I sent my men to quarters and did not turn them out again for him. He rode along the line, and just as he had departed, the 8th Illinois fellows came striding over the hill to meet the man who was chasing their darky, and I was quite relieved to have him away.

It happened once at Camp California that an alarm was raised of the enemy's approach, and just after we had returned from Edsall's Hill the long roll was beat in the watches of the night, and we all hurried to arms and the color line, while the echoing drums thundered over the hills and valleys. We marched back to Edsall's Hill, but met no enemy, however, so the regiment stayed there, while Company "K" was detailed to escort General Sumner back to camp. Before daylight an order came over to Captain —— to furnish "an orderly who could ride to General Sumner at once." I hardly knew whether it meant an "orderly sergeant" or not, but suspected that it might be a messenger only he wanted; and at any rate, as the men were tired, and I was certain that *I* could ride, while not sure of the others, I went myself with no delay. I reported to General Sumner in his room, and had time to see in the candlelight a grave-looking old man, with stern countenance, white hair, and iron-tinged white beard. He said, "You are late, Sergeant!" in a quick tone. I made known that I came immediately on receipt of the order, and he gave me a written order to carry to General Howard, and, furnished with a good horse, I sallied out as proud as a peacock to be mounted. I met the troops after daylight part-way back, marching, and handing the order to General Howard, whom I soon met, I finished my duty. He turned to an aide and directed him to cause the column to halt, and I rode back to camp.

However, the enemy were not reached and the old routine was resumed. The mumps got hold of the regiment, and I was a victim. I went to a house in front of the line and lay in a room with three or four others, one of whom lay on a bed unable, as he said, to move on account of rheumatism. I stayed there three days, and managed to squeeze a little fun out of the rheumatic man, by conspiring with the rest to be asleep when he wanted some service. The plan was successful, and as we were like the seven sleepers he had to get up and walk himself, and he then rapidly got well. Something or other caused the brigade to march out beyond Burke's Station, and while bivouacking near the latter place, Captain Cross went down and breakfasted with the Marshals, and in consequence invited me down or ordered me to guard them. I went and sat at their table. I never knew whether they recognized me or not as the partial author of their troubles, but hoped they did n't. I cannot recall at this time whether this expedition ensued immediately after the alarm last mentioned or not.

Once General Sackett, the Inspector General of the Army, came round to inspect us. We turned out with the rest of the brigade in the most excellent order, and the preliminary inspection went off finely. Just as we started to march in review a furious storm of wind and rain broke upon us, and a part of the brigade ran for quarters, but the 5th, as afterwards in storms of a worse kind, did not falter, but marched squarely around and finished the review. We went into camp to find every tent but three or four prostrated by the wind. The inspection was finished in company streets when the rain ceased.

Once during the winter a pass was sent to me by the colonel, and availing myself of it I went to Alexandria. As the commissary sergeant had to draw bread in the city, he commissioned me to do it for him and gave me his horse to ride, and mounted on him, with my sergeant's sword hanging stiffly by my side, and spurs, sash, and scales on, no doubt I presented an inspiriting spectacle. I tasted some of the dissipation of that dissolute city and came

to camp on time a wiser and a poorer man. It was an idea of Captain Cross that I should have separate quarters from the men, and accordingly he gave me an "A" tent which had before been used by the company clerk, and permission to stockade it, which I did, and took little Jim Roberts, our drummer boy of fourteen or fifteen, in with me. I had no stove or fireplace and slept cold for a night or two, but was relieved from doing so any more by an order which reached us in the night of March 8, 1862, to march. The noise of preparation filled the camp, rations were cooked, ammunition was distributed, clothing was issued, superfluous baggage was packed for storage, and in short everything was made ready for the march.

The news of the victories of our armies in the West had called out many a round cheer to echo along the hills of Camp California, and while admiring the deeds of our Western comrades we had grown fearful lest the work should all be finished without us. But Colonel Cross had assured us that there would be enough for all, and so we had waited for the order to move on the vaunted stronghold, Manassas Junction, in front of us; now it had come, and cheerily we set out early on the morning of the 10th armed and equipped *cap-à-pie;* and yet it was like leaving home to forsake the white tents which had sheltered us over three months, and likely enough there were looks of regret cast back as we marched away. As we passed through the Irish Brigade, which stood at rest, a first sergeant spoke to Captain Cross, who then told me that the sergeant was a deserter from the Engineer Corps to which they both had formerly belonged. I mark this because he will appear again in this record and at last I shall set down his death.

Skirmishers were soon thrown out, and that, and the absence of blue coats and tents beside the road, indicated to us that we moved toward the enemy. It rained, the roads grew slippery and heavy, and our legs weary and knapsacks heavy. One incident occurred to break the monotony. A man in "B" Company, who once before

had displayed a fit of idiotic stubbornness by lying down, screaming, and refusing to march, and was nearly sabered by Colonel Cross, lay down again and repeated his old tricks. The provost or rear guard punched him with their bayonets with no effect, for he still lay right in the road and roared and kicked. General Howard came along, and endeavored to get him to arise and march by kind words, when the incorrigible threw stones at him. I do not know how the affair terminated, but ——, after having been punched and cut full of holes in numerous contests with guards and officers, was finally sentenced to imprisonment or death, but going to the hospital, through mistake, was then discharged from the service, thereby saving his worthless life and ridding the regiment of a pest.

Just as twilight approached, we turned out of the road and bivouacked, my company went on picket, and I had a small post in charge. As soon as posts were manned, we had a fire going and looked around for eatables. Through some neglect or mistake we had marched with scant rations, and we were overjoyed to find some sheep, of which one was speedily slain and partly cooked. Just after I had lain down to sleep, one of my men made his kindness everlasting with me by bringing me a nice cup of coffee in which he had put a piece of precious butter, and it was as good as any cream. We marched away in better weather on the next morning, and without any extraordinary events, camped that night at a station on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad called Sangster's, I think. I never shall forget the beauty of that bivouac. The sky was clear and the stars shone brightly overhead. Two hills on either side of the railroad were covered with the troops; the busy hum of the men preparing their evening meals, the tramping of horses, and the braying of mules cheerily filled the air; camp-fires blazed and twinkled on the hillsides to the very summits, and dark forms flitted before them or replenished the blazes until the bugles' mellow peals warned all to bed, and sent us to our dreams with sweet notes lingering in our ears.

Our march toward Manassas Junction was resumed in the morning. A rumor had spread through the ranks that that stronghold had been evacuated, which was confirmed on our arrival at Bull Run where the railroad crosses it. We marched back to Fairfax Court House on the same day or soon after, and pitched our camp just at night; we had not been here more than two hours when we were called upon to fall in and march, and we did not stop until we came to our camp of the morning. It was one of the most vexatious marches I ever knew, for the reason that it seemed to be the result of somebody's blunder. Sergeant Breed, poor fellow, marched that night until he began growing crazy, and was finally persuaded to go back to the Court House, and there he lay down and died in a few days. He was a noble soldier, perfectly free from vice and as faithful as man could be, and his endeavor to keep his place on that night march, even when his mind was distracted, was touching in the extreme. His malady was fever, I think.

We camped at first on the bank of Bull Run at the railroad, and while here I went up to see Sergeant Cook of the 8th Illinois Cavalry, camped near by. An order was read to us announcing the formation of *Corps d'Armée*, in which it was directed that Sedgwick's and Richardson's divisions, some batteries, and the 8th Illinois Cavalry, I believe, should make up the Second Corps, which was to be commanded by General Sumner, while General Richardson was assigned to the command of our division, which was to be the First. There was a line of not very formidable earthworks on the hills east of Bull Run which looked very insignificant, and when we marched over onto the plain at Manassas Junction in a day or two, some scattered redoubts did not impress us with the boasted strength of this place; and to-day, having seen the works on other fields and campaigned in two winters, I can say that neither weather nor works were sufficient to oppose us while we lay around Washington, and the latter was proven by the evacuation of the rebels at our first move. But this would

hardly be worth complaining of did I not have for many pages hence to record the succeeding blunders of General McClellan and the sacrifice of thousands of brave men for nothing. We camped on Manassas Plain among the log cabins of the rebels with which the country was covered for miles, and we aided our store of hard bread by the flour which we found abandoned in many spots. This camp was a dreary one for me, for a cold which I had caught in my new tent in Camp California hung onto me until I was so hoarse as to be unable to speak aloud, when some of the rogues in my company would refuse to answer at roll call, pretending not to hear my whisper. We could not drink the water of the brooks in safety, for unless we went to the very sources we ran in danger of drinking the juice of the carcasses of horses lying in the water and even sometimes in the spring itself. I was thankful when we marched away, but even then I met new miseries, for we forded creeks with our shoes on and sometimes did not dry them until after dark when we lay down by the camp-fires to rest our weary bodies, and in the morning my legs would sometimes be so cramped that they would refuse to be straightened for a moment. My cold grew worse and worse, and the men, as I learned afterwards, considered me as ticketed for the next world. We arrived at Warrenton Junction and lay down in the mud, where I recollect gladly picking a blanket, abandoned by the artillery, out of the mud to aid our scanty shelter of rubber blankets against the wind and rain.

On the 28th the 5th took the advance of the infantry of Howard's brigade in a reconnoissance to the Rappahannock River, and deploying skirmishers, with 8th Illinois horsemen hovering in our front, we marched away. The enemy's videttes were encountered at once, but the cavalry kept well in advance and we followed for nearly nine miles, hearing their shots in the distance once in a while, and seeing the flames of the houses or stacks which they fired. The country was quite fresh and there were some nice-looking houses now and then. I recollect that my chief

desire was to be able to enter one in which I might find an abundance of sugar to ease my throat with, but such was not my fortune. We marched in line of battle for a long distance, and at length heard the shots of our skirmishers, which now were unaided by the cavalry apparently. Presently we marched by the flank down a slope, and had nearly reached a wood when a strange whirring, a loud explosion, and a humming noise greeted us, and the pieces of shell from a puff of smoke in the air just in front fell near us. The column turned to the right, moved behind the wood and up a hill, which we had hardly mounted when a shot whirled over our heads and struck the earth beyond, followed, I think, by two or three more, none of which hit any one. Some of my men dodged, for which I administered reprimand, and I heartily wish that ever afterwards I had held my head up as well as I did then. But this the first fire I think I encountered without any fear.

The rebels fired the bridge over the Rappahannock and strove to keep us away from it until it was burned. Our skirmishers pressed them pretty hard, but the bridge went up. Our column moved up to the bank of the river, and after a change or two we formed just in rear of one of our batteries, which opened on the rebel batteries on the other side or their troops whom we could plainly see moving up toward the river.

I believe that the rebels replied from an earthwork which we could see around a house, and their shots flew over our heads; but no damage was done, and the night fell to close a very pleasant sort of an engagement, for I think there were but one or two men, and those on the skirmish line, who were hurt. The regiment was steady and received great praise from General Howard. Very weary, hungry, and thirsty, we moved back from the Rappahannock bridge to a piece of woods beside the railroad and threw ourselves down to rest.

CHAPTER VI

The retreat was resumed early on the next morning, and for one I was glad to march toward our supplies, for my rations had given out and I began to grow hungry. However, as we marched along we perceived a numerous drove of cattle and other eatable beasts which had been collected, accompanying us, and it was said that with acquisitions from the various farms on our way back we arrived in camp with twelve hundred head. As we halted. a few minutes to rest, I observed a soldier shoot a pig, to the fallen carcass of which several ran to get a slice of pork, and I among the rest. The most eligible piece I could see was the liver, with which I ran to the fire kindled of rails near by, and then impaling it on a stick I turned it a few times over the blaze and ate it quickly, as the halt was brief and hunger was pressing; and it was good. We got to Warrenton Junction that day and soon after started back along the railroad, and as we went out passed Blenker's division of Dutchmen, who came up to hold that country. On the 2d of April we marched onto the red and dreary plain at Manassas Junction, again lay down amid putrid carcasses and ran in peril of drinking their essence in the streams; but on the 3d, blessed event! we mounted some open platform cars, sat down packed like herring between each other's knees, and were pulled away by a puffing locomotive to Alexandria. I never left a place with such feelings of pleasure at the leaving, as I did then, I think, and it seemed to me, as we sped away from the sight of the dirty cabins, arid fields, earthworks, and débris of burned railroad trains, that I breathed a new air and health in at once. The hills of Camp California were denuded of tents when we passed them, and it seemed like passing a deserted home. We dismounted and bivouacked on a vacant lot in Alexandria, and then luxuriated until tattoo in fresh water from the hydrants and eatables.

On the 4th the regiment embarked on two steamers, the bulk under Colonel Cross in a large steamer, the name of which has escaped me, and three or four companies, of which "K" was one, on the Croton, a small steamer, which probably had been used for small water parties before and offered covered passage to only half of us. The rest, and I of those unfortunates, occupied the decks. The novelty of water transportation was very agreeable, and as we steamed away past the wharves at Alexandria and the shipping, we felt the exhilaration, no doubt, of fair parties on those decks before. It was my first trip down the Potomac, and I watched with the greatest interest the bold bluffs on either side and the green hills beyond. The river was broad and winding, and we often passed close to the base of the bluffs, while the flowing stream put half a mile or more between us and the opposite shore. A few miles down we passed on our left Fort Washington, a noble structure of granite, built on an eminence which commands the channel. The Stars and Stripes floated at the staff, and I believe that we responded to cheers from the garrison, and we left swiftly the rows of frowning guns and yawning embrasures.

We came soon to Mount Vernon, and as I looked on its fair grounds and hospitable-looking mansion, recollections of its former beloved inmate, and of the scenes with whose history his name is linked, crowded into my mind. During all the preceding winter the rebels had succeeded in greatly obstructing navigation on the Potomac by their batteries on the right bank, and indeed so far that it became an extremely hazardous enterprise for a vessel to run down. The reason for allowing this never became apparent to any of us, but Mr. Greeley, in his history of the civil conflict, says that the naval officers protested against it and got McClellan to agree twice to send troops to coöperate in the prevention of this blockade; that he failed to keep his word at both times, and then Captain Claren threw up the command of the Potomac rather than be responsible for such a disgrace. How-

ever, when the rebels retreated from their works at Manassas, I presume they abandoned these river batteries, for when we passed by no shot or shell greeted us. We hove to at Port Tobacco, I think, for the night, and resumed our way in the morning. We reached Point Lookout and found so stiff a gale on Chesapeake Bay that the captain of the boat did not dare to put out, saying that he might as well be in the Atlantic; however, the next day brought us to Fort Monroe. Here the James and other minor rivers empty into broad Hampton Roads. At this season the rebels occupied the farther shore toward Norfolk, and I believe that we fancied we could see the rebel batteries at Sewell's Point. In midstream the Ripraps rose, a pile of ragged rocks a few feet out of water, from which the first row of embrasures of a fort rose. On the right the vast walls of Fort Monroe covered the point for acres, and rows of bristling guns pointed from the embrasures and over the parapets. The sandy peninsula around the fort was covered with houses. The blue waters of the Roads were covered with craft of almost every description. Out in the stream lay the noble Minnesota, which so lately had nearly immolated herself upon the Merrimack, and near by, as grimy and as terrible as Vulcan, rode a rarrow raft of iron on top of which a turret of the same metal was displayed, and from a narrow slit an ugly gun poked its muzzle; this was the famous Monitor, which had beaten the Merrimack a few days before. We strained our eyes to see a speck and thin column of smoke far away in the Elizabeth River which was said to be the Merrimack.

We cast anchor close by the shore, and then a storm set in, the wind whistled around our decks and drove the searching rain through our clothes; we could have no fire for fear of conflagration, and the only warmth we could find was that of the smokestack, which we huddled around. We had the privilege of cooking our coffee in the steamer's galley, but further cooking facilities were not to be had, and we held our ham against the smokestack until it assumed upon the outside the semblance of fried ham. The

water washed the decks, and our rubber blankets were the only protection when we lay down; however, as I had charge of three or four boxes of hard bread, I put them side by side and rolled myself up with my bunkmate, Corporal Harrington, upon them, and as he was a large man and the bed not more than thirty inches wide, it took steady nerves and skillful balancing to preserve our positions.

Once we moved up the Roads to Hampton to disembark, but were ordered back and gladly kept our wet decks in preference to muddy roads. We drew up alongside a wharf, and some of us got into a lumber yard near by and made a hut of boards, which kept the wind away and part of the rain, and huddled around a grateful blaze, but we were soon ordered aboard and the vessel lay out again. All this did not aid my debility, but I kept up pretty well, and Harrington was a good bedfellow, being large and healthy. He was a tall, straight, rosy-cheeked Irishman, a model soldier and as clean as could be, but could not write. He had been made a corporal for soldierly conduct, and I had taken him as a bunkmate, he being a willing helper about my duties and a good comrade. His ambition for promotion was excited by his corporal's chevrons, and I recollect that one night when we lay in bivouac, our blankets rolled around us, and the stars twinkling in our faces, he roused me with "Orderly!" "What?" "Did ye iver know a sarjint that could n't write?" "Yes, corporal"; and with a word or two of encouragement I went to sleep.

The rough weather detained us at our anchorage until Friday the 11th, and there we lay watching the tides, the waves, and driving rain, and the craft around us. Near by lay the Naugatuck, a new-fashioned gunboat for the revenue service, I believe; she was a low craft, in shape something like a tug, and carried a great gun amidships which appeared to move up in time of action in a way sunk in the deck and to fire through a hole in the bow. The monotony was somewhat relieved also by the calls of the boatswains, which were novel to us landsmen, being prolonged

whistles followed by something like this in a singing, stentorian voice, "Away! — gigs! — away!" At four in the morning of the 11th we moved out past the guns, the walls, and the Ripraps into the blue bay. The weather had turned pleasant, and we ploughed along finely until in three or four hours we passed some rebel huts or works at the mouth of an inlet and immediately arrived at Ship Point, where we disembarked over the decks of some barges, and shortly moved into the camp of the six companies which had preceded us on the steamer Donaldson (as Adjutant Dodd's "wall-eyed boy's" diary, furnished me by D., informs me); our delay had prevented our wading ashore as the rest had done.

I knew nothing of the movements of the army except of that portion about us immediately, but I was put in hopes of an advance by the details of three hundred men a day which were sent from our regiment to corduroy the roads in front, and we settled down on a sandy point shaded by pines where the salt water gently lapped the shore, and shook ourselves like dogs just out of water. We washed and those of us not on detail rested, and some pursued the succulent oyster in his native beds off our shore.

We had now been over a month without tents and had braved many a rain beneath our rubber blankets, and we welcomed a supply of tents, which enabled us (under our little canvas) to use the rubbers to lie on. The new tents were of French pattern and originally called "*tentes d'abri*"; they were, however, christened "shelter tents" by our officials, whether on account of the extreme sparsity of shelter they afforded or not, I am unable to say. At any rate, the piece supplied to each soldier was about six feet six inches square, and on three edges there were rows of buttonholes, and beyond them, two or three inches, rows of buttons to correspond, so that by buttoning two together they might be stretched over two guns upright, or in a tauter fashion over a pole supported by two upright crotches, and make a tent open at each end four feet or thereabouts high, six feet six inches long,

and six feet wide, or with four pieces a tent twice as long could be made in which four men could lie comfortably crosswise.

Sergeant Walker and I soon learned to stretch a rubber blanket over one of the little ropes which steadied the poles, and in the triangular space thus made to raise a little platform of earth, on which we placed our knapsacks and traps, and thereby made a pillow and lengthened our tent, and when we had ditched nicely around and tightened ropes and pins, we felt ready for any storm. Such quarters, however, are not tempting enough to keep one in in pleasant weather. On the 15th, says the "wall-eyed boy Ned," we marched. We moved slowly, and once were reviewed by General Sumner, who expressed dissatisfaction that Lieutenant —— was detached, seeming to dislike the idea of taking me to act as second lieutenant, an idea of Captain Cross's, though I do not see that it weakened us any, as I still did most of the duties of first sergeant and carried my gun; and in fact I think I only marched as second lieutenant, which was a very doubtful privilege, too, as when I was in my own place I had the pick of the road in front of the company, but there I must march on the flank of the company. The guns at the works around Yorktown thundered away daily, and we lingered for days at a safe distance. We went into camp on a flat in front of which ran a stream of pure *soft* water, along the edge of a wood; this was a prize in that country of lime water, and we enjoyed it very much.

An order named the camp of the army "Winfield Scott," and we settled down for a stay. Our company built an oven of mud, by erecting an arch or angle of sticks, piling mud mortar on top hard, and then burning out the arch, which left the mud baked. This answered to bake beans in, but anything which was exposed suffered an adulteration by the particles of clay which persisted in dropping from the walls. The rain, too, threatened to wash it down, but we covered it with an improvised roof of such materials as the woods afforded.

The captain insisted on my coming into an "A" tent to sleep,

where the second lieutenant belonged; I did so reluctantly, and he then illustrated the equality in which he held Lieutenant Ballou and myself as follows: When the tents were arranged nicely on the street, he directed Lieutenant B. and myself to see that the men put ditches in front and rear of them to carry off the water of the rains, and then went off on some visit. He returned in the midst of a drenching shower and immediately went out to see if the ditches were complete. On some flat ground he discovered a tent or two in danger of being wet inside from insufficient ditches, and returning in a rage, he ordered the first and second lieutenants out to see that they were ditched, and the aforesaid gentlemen went out and stood in the pouring rain until the work was done. It seemed a little harsh then, but if the work was poorly done it was right as far as I was concerned, but I think that Lieutenant Ballou should have been punished in a manner which would not lower him in the eyes of the men.

We moved up on the 27th, so near to the works that we were among those whom General McClellan would not permit to have fires by night for fear (shades of Petersburg!) that they would draw the enemy's missiles, and were attached to the engineer corps or brigade. In the duties assigned to us a part of the regiment went to work to build a tower or observatory near the works, while the rest, including "K" Company, were set to making gabions, fascines, saprollers, and hurdles, and in this new employment we found some sport and agreeable novelty. The principal materials required for our besiegers seemed to be gabions which were used to line parapets and embrasures, etc. Captain Cross sent me out into the woods, where material was plenty, with the company, there to stay all day and make gabions. A part of the men were set to cutting long lumber twigs and stiff poles and the rest to building, which was as follows: A round wooden board, about two feet in diameter, scarred with eight notches on the edge, was placed inside eight poles of from two inches to an inch and a half in diameter, which were set in the ground and the notches;

then the twigs were woven in and out around the sticks until a cylindrical basket, two or three feet high, was made, and these neatly trimmed were the gabions. To make thirty of these with about fifty men was considered a good day's work. We were paid by a paymaster on the 29th, and the sergeants' mess luxuriated in English Club sauce, which we found made salt-horse quite palatable. (I had again taken quarters with the company.)

I shall always recollect one day when we were making gabions. It rained and we all probably felt a little dismal. A sutler's wagon came along laden with provisions for which doubtless some regiment longed ahead; but my men took the characters of "knights of the road" and commanded the sutler to stand and deliver, which he did, and hats, pockets, and hands were filled with cakes, cheese, and bottles of gin in a twinkling; but unlike Robin Hood's men we paid him, and at such rates as three dollars for a pint bottle of gin. Then we worked merrily. Old Gove, third sergeant, put his cakes in his cap and that beside a stump, and then, much to our amusement, stalked bareheaded in the drizzle from gabion to stump and stump to gabion as gravely as if on a funeral. That night, as we marched in a single file, each couple with a gabion slung on a pole between them, there was a suspicious wavering from side to side, but we passed the captain as he inspected our work with commendable precision of step, much to my relief. But I think it was that night at inspection that I was immensely amused with one man, who was so tight he could hardly stand steady, putting on his most rigid air and casting a stony glance fifteen paces in front, just as though he was transfixed; and well he might, for the captain discovered one who could n't keep straight, and taking him out in front of the company, said, " ——, you're drunk," etc., in such a cutting way that it was a relief when it was over; and I was glad of it, for the fool did n't know when he had had enough.

The 1st of May came, and with it a letter which, while my life lasts, will fix that day in my memory. I had not heard from

home, I think, for some time, and this letter from my stepmother brought the overwhelming news that my father had died on his way down the Mississippi at Burlington, Iowa. When I had quite comprehended my calamity, I pursued my duties as usual, though doubtless with a slow step. But the trade which I pursued now taught me to bear everything without complaint, and I bore my sorrow pretty much alone, I think, and the many duties pressing upon me left little time for sad reflection.

News came that Yorktown had been evacuated, and we marched to the front. We dallied about awhile, and at the end of one or two days' marching through our works, on the day of the battle at Williamsburg (May 5), bivouacked on the same day. We were close to the York River, and while halted I took the opportunity to visit our works; they were quite enormous, and just behind us was a great battery of Rodman guns not yet opened. The siege in those days seemed to us the embodiment of war on a grand scale, but history says that Magruder, with 15,000 or 20,000 men, kept us at bay with over a hundred thousand men, and why we could not have passed upon the other side of the York River and crossed is more than I can comprehend.

The rain set in to make us miserable and we pitched our tents thankfully on a piece of grass. We lay down for a while, and while reposing on my rubber blanket I felt a queer movement under me, as if an animal were lifting me up in its peregrinations. I pulled the blanket away hastily, and found the earth to be lifted by a mole which worked away so fast that if you attempted to catch him, as the Irishman said, when you put your finger on him he was n't there.

I heard the heavy detonations of artillery for a long time to the north of us, and just before twilight we were ordered to pack up and march. Our route lay through Yorktown, and before we reached the town we passed through several old embankments which our fancy deemed the works made at the siege in the Revolution, but how truly I know not. Little white tags upon sticks up-

right on each side of us, it was said, denoted the spots where lay buried torpedoes which were to have blown us up, and we were told that the prisoners had been set to finding them for us. As darkness fell, our steps grew more uncertain, and now and then a shout warned some one of a torpedo, real or imaginary, and of course to shout "Torpedo!" became a good practical joke. It was quite dark when we passed through the rebel works, and we could just distinguish by occasional lights their massive proportions. The floor of the sallyport through which we marched was a sea of soft mud, and concealed in the depths of it a root or some other obstacle impeded my advancing foot, and down I went flat on my belly into the liquid mess. I saved my rifle and face from immersion, but oh! what a plaster covered me in front. I felt badly enough, but my misery was doubled when the captain called out through the darkness, "Was that Burleigh?" — well knowing it was not; which sarcasm was cruel because Burleigh was the lame, deformed man of the company who shuffled along in the most awkward manner. I never forgot it in the captain, and it fairly rankled within me in a jocose sense, until afterwards, one day on drill, he was marching backwards in front of the company intently observing its march, while I with pleasure watched his approach to a ditch until he marched over the edge; then, although discipline forbade speaking, I shouted mentally, "Was that Burleigh?"

The road grew worse and the rain poured harder, and it was with difficulty that we kept our ranks closed. To cap my misery my usual surefootedness deserted me, and I went down two or three times, but as mud was no terror to me in my condition then, it was not so bad as it might have been. The march was but seven or eight miles, but seemed a dozen, and it was with unspeakable gratification that in a ploughed field at an hour after midnight, I lay down with some sharp-cornered rails under me and a fire at my feet, and regardless of rain and mud slept. The next morning saw us on the road again, but to hear shortly after our start that Williamsburg had been fought and now in our front, and that

the 2d New Hampshire had lost heavily. We bivouacked near a ravine in which, in the sandy bed of a stream, some cool springs bubbled up, and we enjoyed their waters internally and externally.

We marched back to Yorktown on the next day on a dry and much easier road, and seemingly much shorter, although the same. We camped one day or so on the side of a dreary hill, and then moved up near the bank of the river and put our tents down in a peach orchard; and here for two or three days we luxuriated amid green leaves, pure water, and the breezes from the York which swept by, a broad and beautiful river. While we lay here it was said that some of our men were in bathing, and one stepped up to a stranger in the water and requested him to rub his back, which he agreed to do for a similar favor, after which they went out and our volunteer was astonished to see the stranger put on a general's coat and walk away, saying nothing. It was General Richardson, our division commander.

CHAPTER VII

We were ordered down to the wharf to embark, and after considerable fussing were marched aboard the C. Vanderbilt, a large river steamer, and then we steamed up the York. The boat was large and sailed finely and I greatly enjoyed the river scenery and breezes. We disembarked at West Point, and then marched a little way and camped, and then by stages, sometimes slow and sometimes swift, we marched up the Peninsula; upon second thought I recollect that the review mentioned and General Sumner's dissatisfaction, related a few pages back, occurred during this march. We moved close by New Kent Court House, and passed a small church in which it was said Washington was married, but Irving says he was married at White House, which I suppose may be the one from which the landing on the Pamunkey is named.

On the 21st, or a day or two sooner, we found ourselves camped close to the Chickahominy River, though not where we could see it. The atmosphere seemed to teem with miasma from the swamp through which the river ran, and these with the heat prostrated a large number of our men. The malaria worked in a singular manner. Men would be on duty up to the day they must lie down, and then all at once give up, and go to hospital or tent and to bed, some never to rise again. I had not yet recovered fully from my miserable weakness of the spring and seemed to be a fit subject for the disease, and it was not more than a week before the most debilitating diarrhœa seized me. Whiskey was issued to us at this time, but after the first few issues it was rather new and raw, and did not help me any. We used to get a gill a day, and when rations were issued nearly every man in the company, and the little drummer fifteen years old, marched up with a tin cup to take his grog.

On the 28th Colonel Cross was ordered to construct a bridge over the Chickahominy capable of bearing up artillery and wagons. Colonel C.'s report in the first volume of the New Hampshire Report of the Adjutant-General says on the 25th; through mistake, I think, though I may be wrong. We marched to the river where the 1st Minnesota Regiment, I think, had commenced the construction of a bridge, and went to work. Large details were sent into the water, and there up the stream they cut logs and floated them down to the bridge, where parties built great log piers and laid stringers from one to another, and across these laid logs corduroy fashion. The work was mainly done in the water, sometimes waist-deep, and amid mud and tangled underbrush. The men worked away with spirit, and did not let anything dismay them, and as we were composed largely of men who could wield the axe we got along finely. Details from the 64th and 69th New York were sent to aid us, and the colonel had a barrel of whiskey broached, at which the soaked soldiers could slake their thirst and fan up their fires *ad libitum*, and such was the effect of this generosity that the Irishmen of the 69th cheered Colonel Cross as the best of men. By the evening of the 30th, whether three or five days, the bridge was completed seventy rods in length, and it has been considered a remarkably difficult task to perform. General Sumner, I believe, christened it the "Grapevine Bridge," whether from the surrounding vines or its sinuosity, if it had such, I do not know. General McClellan says that it was the only bridge available above Bottom's Bridge to cross on, when Sumner's corps crossed the next day, as the rains had swelled the current so high that the rest were rendered useless.

On the second day of our bridge-building or thereabouts the surgeon informed me that unless I lay down and kept still I should be attacked with the fever, and as death was not far from that, I complied with his directions and lay down in my shelter tent, a sick man. I could eat nothing which would do me any good, and it seemed as though my viscera were dissolving and passing away;

I believe that such was partly the case. The surgeon tried three medicines on three days, with no effect, and he, I think, knew that my condition was critical. Sergeant George F. Goodwin, ordinarily a strong and lusty man, lay near me sick also. Time flew slowly with me unused to such pains and inactivity, and if our camp had remained stationary a week longer I might have been rolled up in my blanket and covered with earth. But before I leave this dreary spot I must note that here First Lieutenant ——, an officer of whom more hereafter, was detected in lending money at very high usury to his men, and for this very unofficerlike conduct he was placed under arrest, and then on parade, while he stood disarmed in the center of a hollow square, he was reprimanded in general orders in the most cutting terms, after which he took his sword and went on duty. If I had subjected myself to such disgrace, I think I should have tried hard to leave my bones on the next battle-field.

All this time I, as one of the line, was in ignorance of what was transpiring, but the fact was that two corps had been pushed over the river and lay in imminent danger of an attack by the rebels in full force, and on the 31st it came. The enemy attacked the Fourth Corps, and, driving in Casey's division, bade fair to drive the whole back into the river. Orders were sent to General Sumner to move across. He hurried away with the 2d Division, and as soon as they had crossed we were ordered to follow. Of all this I was ignorant, but on the afternoon of the 31st I heard the firing across the river, and presently the regiment was ordered to move. The men began to pack up, and I was under the surgeon's directions to lie still, but I thought that it might be my only battle; that my promotion might depend on this chance; and I already had declined the place of sergeant major when Cummings was promoted in May that I might take a second lieutenancy when I was promoted and in my own company if I could; in short, I could not bear the idea of marching so far and enduring so much only to lose the first battle. So I got up, and packed my knapsack, buckled on my equipments, and rifle in hand took my place.

We marched along up the river until we came to the bridge, and then crossed its length in safety, though the swollen current already hid some of the timbers and threatened to lift them from their places. On the flat on the other side a battery struggled in a morass, but we halted not, and soon the muddy waters, horses, and guns were out of sight. The sounds of musketry were very distinct, sometimes rolling in prolonged volleys; but as we neared and the shades of evening fell, they seemed to be of platoons and companies and fitful. We hurried along anxious to reach the field before it was done, and to our unpracticed ears the volleys seemed to denote the close of the battle. It was a weary march to me, so weak that body and soul did not seem to care for each other's companionship. I sometimes fell down or lagged a little behind in difficult places, but I would not have feared death in my struggle to reach the front, and I kept with my company.

Night closed around us still marching, and the sounds of battle ceased. Our men feared it was over, and some grumbled; one, Watson, said, "This regiment never *will* get into a fight"; another, Howard, hoped we should; and I cared for nothing but battle, I think. We drew near the field and silence fell on the ranks, and as we marched naught was heard but an occasional low-spoken word, the fall of many feet, and the tinkling of canteens. Once we heard General Meagher bawling for the Irish Brigade, and then we passed him and moved into what seemed a large field with woods around it. Some lights flashed in the distance, and the unaccustomed groans of a wounded man reached our ears, and as the column moved on a movement of the men in front and a word warned us to avoid a human form right in our track. One wounded man, dimly perceived in the darkness, moaned that he was cold. I think I smelled here the damp, mouldy odor which I have attributed to blood on other battle-fields; it might have been only the smell of the torn soil. We filed down silently across the field, and near the railroad went into line of battle, and then lay down on our arms. Some dark forms lay around which might have been the dead, but I chose to lie down

and not search. Gove and I lay together, I think, and every little while a whisper would steal along, "Rise up!" "The rebels are coming!" but every time we lay down again.

We were within three hundred yards of the enemy's lines and we heard them shout, and a speech from one afterwards said to be Longstreet. On our right were woods, in our front the railroad parallel with our line, running along the edge of a deep wood, and on our left were woods and bush. The darkness was almost impenetrable around us, and the eye saw only a black wall where the trees commenced. Colonel Cross in the night, maybe toward morning, walked to the right of our line and entered a tent there standing a little way removed from us. He asked what regiment was there, and was informed by the inmates that the tent was the headquarters of a Texan regiment, or some other rebel regiment, and then he quietly walked back.

As it grew light, we stood to arms, and a party was dispatched into the woods on our right, where they stirred up and drove away a whole nest of rebels, though the regiment the colonel had stumbled on had discovered its proximity and stolen away before light. At some time early we had changed our position, I think, to the rear and stood in line of battle, and there we waited to give or receive.

A rebel courier rode up in front of us and inquired, through the twilight, if any one could direct him to General Pryor (a rebel). "Yes," said Colonel Cross, "this way, sir"; and stepping briskly out to him caught his rein and with drawn revolver made him his prisoner. The man had dispatches said to be important and rode a valuable horse; the former the colonel forwarded to headquarters and the latter to New Hampshire, confiscated to his own use, which last, though conflicting with the rule that captured property belongs to the Government, was doubtless a tempting thing to do under the circumstances. (Perhaps, though, the colonel paid for the animal.)

The light of the day of June 1, Sunday, had hardly crept around

the shadows of the woods, when over the railroad, a little to the left of our front in the woods, a thundering roll of musketry broke forth, and increased in noise until it was almost deafening; and if there were shouts and loud commands they were drowned in that awful noise. Bullets commenced to whiz over our heads in piping tones; sometimes they sounded like a very small circular saw cutting through thin strips of wood, and sometimes like great blue flies; some flew high, and some low, but none hit any one that I observed. Presently old General Sumner rode up to our colonel, and said in his deep voice, plain enough for us in the ranks to hear, "If they come out here, give 'em the bayonet; give 'em the bayonet, they can't stand that"; and rode away. The feelings of that first half-hour, while listening to our comrades in front, are indescribable. I can remember, though, that I waited with the most harrowing (if I may use the word) curiosity. The time was now come to shoot for country and liberty; we stood on our first field with the bullets whizzing around us. When *would* the time come? We did not see, that I recollect, any wounded men, and no horror abated the enthusiasm which the thunders of the fusillade excited; and yet we were all grave, and I for one was patient to rest or go, only the suspense was dreadful.

At length we moved forward in line of battle over the railroad. On the way some of the men in my company, poor fellows, marched into a pit full of water up to their chins, but they kept on. We lay down in the bushes at the edge of the woods and waited again. Up the railroad to our right the rebels we had driven out commenced to fire scattering shots at us, and I think our skirmishers replied. I do not know how near our troops connected on our right, but I believe that if the rebels could have known our exposed flank to be so near they could have made hot work for us. Some frightened, fleeing rebels came from the front right into our ranks, and were captured and told or shown how their lines must have been broken. In half an hour the musketry commenced subsiding, and suddenly our time came and we were commanded to rise up and march to the

left on the railroad. The colonel was near our company on foot when he met General French on the railroad, his usual red face all afire and his eyes winking harder than ever; he was without a staff. The colonel asked him something about the fight, and he stammered out in the most excited way that his brigade (the 3d of our division) had met the enemy in the woods and were all cut to pieces. But the colonel, marching gallantly at our head, marched on, and when he had got just in rear of where the fight had been hottest, halted us. I think it was then that we saw two regiments of the Irish Brigade a little farther down the railroad, huddled into masses with their colors flying, trying to charge across the railroad, but as long as we saw them they only lost men and were unable to advance; they yelled, cheered, and swore, but somebody had got them into such an inextricable confusion they could do nothing.

Colonel Cross hurriedly strove to get orders from some one as to where to go in. General Howard had been wounded, and no one in command was near by, but time was not to be lost, so the gallant man ordered his line right forward. Firing had ceased in our front, and we knew not where we should meet our friends or our foes, but we plunged down the embankment into the dense woods and marched boldly ahead. My company struck an old road which lay right in our course, but those on the right penetrated through a jungle thick and swampy. We soon came to some of our dead men, and saw their blood in our path, and then I saw a man sitting up against a tree with his face toward us; he bore a ghastly wound upon his head, if my memory serves me right, and the poor fellow could not speak, for he motioned with his hand over his shoulder constantly, evidently, gallant fellow, telling us that our enemy were there. It was said that we drove in a rebel skirmish line, but this man was the only living creature I saw, and we had gone but a few rods farther, when we were quickly ordered to lie down and to fire by file.

We had eight hundred rifles, and I never shall forget how we made those woods ring with our firing. The rebels opened at once,

and the bullets flew in myriads around us, humming deadly songs, hitting our men, and splintering the trees around us so that I thought the fine pieces of wood flew in my face. I, acting as a file closer, had to help keep the men at work, so I kept my eyes on them, and I do not recollect seeing many hit. Whether it was apathy from my sickness or ignorance of battle, or both, that kept my apprehension down, I do not know, but I lay there careless of bullets and death, noting my men and the splintering of the trees. The bushes were thick, and I did not see the rebels, and though perhaps the smell of the burning powder inspirited me a little, yet I was far more indifferent to everything than I could have supposed before. Orders had been issued for file closers to reserve their fire until they could aim at officers, and as I saw none I fired not at all, but presently Lieutenant Ballou turned to me and asked if I had fired. I said, "No," and he said I'd better, so I aimed in front low and where I supposed the rebels to be in the smoke, and loaded again. I fired perhaps once, maybe twice more, when we were ordered to cease firing and rise up. No bullets came then from the rebels, and we moved back a few feet and halted to re-form our line.

The rebels had gone, and we marched back over the railroad. Our dead lay in some places within three rods of the enemy's. Just as the fight was closing as I have related, Colonel Cross received a shot in the thigh and fell. He said afterwards that he was just about to order a charge when he was shot, but that then he told Lieutenant-Colonel Langley to do as he pleased, and he was carried off by some men (whom he sent back as soon as he reached another regiment, risking himself with strangers that they might help fight). Colonel Langley alleged that so many men had fallen he thought it best to fall back a little way to re-form, but whether he formed this determination before the rebel fire slacked or not I am ignorant. But it was lucky for him that the rebels left upon our rising or before as they did, for otherwise he would have had hard work to reconcile a necessity to re-form with our straight line and undaunted

courage. It was said, and probably truly, that the 69th New York, or some other Irish regiment behind our backs, fired wildly into us and killed some of the men in the right companies, and they were reported in the newspapers as having charged and pinned the rebels to the trees with their bayonets. We moved into the open field whence we had moved at light and then counted our killed and wounded. The regiment had lost 186 all told, and among them were Colonel Cross and Major Cook, both wounded in their legs. As we stood there, old "Fighting Dick" came out of the scene of action with his coat off, looking very much exhausted. There were but few more shots on the field, if any, after our fusillade, and we moved into the adjoining bushes and lay down to rest and watch for the reappearance of the enemy.

Old Davis, a queer old fellow of our company, as he related, stopped when the regiment moved out of the woods, to ease himself, and while there one solitary rebel came through the dead and wounded toward him with the evident intent of capturing him. Old Davis said it made him mad to be subjected to such treatment at such a time, and he rose up, leveled his rifle at his enemy, fired, and killed him, and when he got ready he went up to him, ascertained that he was dead, and took his rifle, which he had carried until he told me the story many a long month afterwards, and I presume he did until he was mustered out in October, 1864.

A singular feeling came over me when we stood counting our losses. Out of my company there were thirteen or more gone. They were here but an hour ago, and now they are dead or prostrate with wounds! How lavish of life, the most sacred of blessings, we have been! But it is a glorious record to have lost a fifth or more in so short a time and to have beaten. And so went my thoughts. What occurred to us as singular was that —— and ——, the malcontent and hopeful speakers of the night before, were the only two in our company killed. The fight had waked me up a little. Peter Brennan, a jolly, faithful Irishman in my company, found some fresh biscuit in a dead rebel's haversack and brought them to me, and he or some

one else provided me with tea, and our second lieutenant, Butler, came over to visit us, and, kind soul, gave me a swig of whiskey from his canteen, and presto! I was a new man, my sickness began fleeing, and I missed no duty from it henceforth. And there was another antidote given me. First Lieutenant Somes, of "I" Company, resigned after "Fair Oaks" (the action just described), and then Frank Butler was promoted to his place and I to be second lieutenant of my own company in place of Butler.

We lay in the bushes all day June 1, and the night following, when all the bivouac was still, somewhere in the middle of the night, we were startled from our slumbers by a most hideous yell, which rang through the bush and roused us to arms in a twinkling, where we stood with beating hearts, to receive the enemy, until word was passed along that a private in a nightmare had encountered a rebel who gained hold of his throat, when he vented the yell which woke us. A grumbling chuckle stole along the ranks, which then sank down to slumber again.

When the retreat of the rebels was certain in a day or so, we moved up the railroad track two or three hundred yards toward Richmond, and then to the right two hundred more. How we got there, and how many times we moved, I do not remember, but we got there and pitched our tents and threw up a long line of works breast high, and near our position there was a fort or redoubt into which a battery went. I went down to the house where our wounded were treated, and saw our fellows. The surgeons were at work cutting off legs and arms with the most businesslike air, and near by the rebel dead, to the number of hundreds, perhaps, were being buried in a long trench, where they were laid without mark or distinction, side by side, and covered with four or five feet of earth decently and without injury. The surgeons gave chloroform to a wounded rebel and amputated a limb, and while under the effects of the vapors, the poor fellow burst out with "I wish I had a cabbage," which was comic, notwithstanding the circumstances; but reflection might invest this homely wish with the garden, the cot-

tage, and the loved ones who haunted his wandering imagination then, and one might wonder if he ever saw them again, but wonder in vain.

Colonel Cross did not forget his duty in caring for his wound, but directed a lot of arms to be collected from the field and turned in to his credit, which I think I assisted in doing. I could find no shoulder straps for sale, but I discarded my gun and knapsack, and put as good a blouse on as I could find, and with a sword and belt felt, if I did not look, the officer at last. Captain Cross had obtained a tent from the camp in which Casey's men had been surprised, and it was full of bullet holes, but was a very acceptable shelter; and apropos of this Butler had told us that he saw upon his way through that camp dead men lying in their tents where they had been killed by bullets or bayonets. Captain Cross still persecuted Ballou, and one day instituted a mess into which he drew me and then made Ballou mess alone. It was very uncomfortable for me to be a party to any such treatment, and I was very glad when it ended, which it did shortly.

The pickets raised alarms quite often, and we would rouse to arms at once night or day, and sometimes lie upon them, and once in this month of June, while we lay in the night on our arms. I saw an annular eclipse of the moon.

CHAPTER VIII

I MUST not omit to mention that some new regiments joined our division after Fair Oaks; one was the 2d Delaware and the other the 7th New York Volunteers. I think it was the former regiment which was standing at rest where it arrived, when the men saw a slouchy fellow, wearing an old blouse, pantaloons torn on one leg from the knee down, and an old black hat, walking in front of their line; they commenced laughing at him, but were checked when their colonel saluted him, and it appeared that he was General Richardson. I heard them cheer him, and he answered, saying, "You must not cheer me; it's the men who do the fighting you must cheer." The 8th Illinois Cavalry was in our vicinity, and one of their men met old "Dick" on the railroad and accosted him with "Halloa, old fellow; can you tell me where there 's a sutler?" Upon which the dear old general answered that he could, and conducted him to where he could see one, pointed it out to him with pains, and left him without disclosing his rank. The 7th New York was a regiment of Dutchmen and Germans, commanded by a handsome man with light complexion, blue eyes, light side whiskers and hair, named Von Schaack, said to be a captain in the Household Guards of Prussia, who, traveling in this country when the war broke out, got leave of absence and came out as major of the regiment and by the casualties of the service had risen to colonel. The regiment had been stationed in barracks at Newport News, and was a very trim battalion with clean clothes and changes in their knapsacks. Their drill was exact, but they had been taught a few changes on the Prussian plan in the manual, such as coming from the "right shoulder shift" to "order," and *vice versa ;* at least it was supposed to be Prussian, and that movement was so commended to us we adopted it afterwards. This regiment came into our brigade. The men of the 7th were heard to complain that they had had no soft

bread for *three days*, at which our men laughed greatly. Finally we went into camp along the line of breastworks within a few feet of them and devoted ourselves to what we were pleased to call the siege of Richmond.

The woods in front of us were cleared away to the depth of a hundred or more yards, and this space our batteries and ourselves overlooked; beyond this in the woods we maintained a continuous picket line which was opposed by the rebels' picket line at a distance from it of two hundred yards, more or less. While the lines were in the woods the men were posted where practicable behind the trees, but when it ran into the open ground they hid behind the bushes and stumps. Each regiment took its turn at doing picket duty, and did it well or indifferently as the regiment differed from the rest. We soon found out which were reliable on this duty from the number of alarms, for the poor picket line would become alarmed at a single shot sometimes, and imagining that the rebels were advancing would rattle away along the whole front until the whole camp was in arms and somebody would stop them. This did not trouble us much except in standing to arms at first, and we took a deal of grim comfort in doing our own duty without such alarms. But at length our reliability proved our bane, for when one of these regiments would run in we would have to march out and take their places and thus do double duty. The 7th New York occasioned the most of these alarms, but once I recollect marching out to relieve the 81st Pennsylvania, a portion of which had run in, though the attack was not all fancied, for we found the blood of one of their officers who had been killed in the woods.

When we went out, each man took his tree and there watched intently in his front until relieved. It was the duty of the officers to go to their posts occasionally and see that all of them were awake and alive; this was dangerous in a greater or less degree, as the rebels chose to fire more or less, and at two hundred yards they sometimes made it quite lively work to get from one tree to the other. On occasions this duty was tremendous, as, for instance, once

my company was on duty, each man behind his tree, for thirty-six hours, and for some reason unknown to us we had no reliefs. It was excessively hard to keep awake, and I think it was at this time that we found —— asleep lying under a bush as he had been stationed. It was a hard case to punish a man for sleeping who was obliged to lie so long on the ground, but his fault might imperil the army, and the captain ordered him to take post behind the roots of an upturned stump which barely sheltered him, while the rebels could fire right down a road at him if he showed a hand's-breadth. He moved once and a bullet struck just above him; again, and another came, when he got mad, and then with great care got his rifle up over the stump, aimed and fired at the fellow who abused him; but at the instant he fired, Johnny fired, too, and the bullet struck close by him, and then he kept quiet. The captain sent him there with the remark that he thought he would n't sleep much there, and he did n't, I think, for his life depended on vigilance. Poor —— in six months, though, slept his last sleep from wounds received at Fredericksburg.

Once on a rainy day we were cold and cross, and for fear of alarm or with a view to cease hostilities between pickets, we were ordered not to fire unless the enemy advanced; but there was a rebel behind a tree who would fire at our men, and I went to Russell, who stood opposite him, to see if he could n't still him. Russell raised his piece, but his hand trembled so that he could n't aim. I got him a drink of whiskey and quinine which warmed him, when he fired, but Johnny reported himself surviving with a rifle ball. Russell tried again, but Johnny lived, and at length Captain Cross came up and took the rifle and fired. We could see the bark fly from the tree, and Johnny kept still thereafter, but whether from lead or caution I knew not. Soon after an officer came down the line to see who was disobeying orders. He inquired of me where the firing was, and I told him that a rebel had been firing, and I am not certain but my sense of justice led me to tell him that I knew of no other, for it seemed inequitable that we might not save our own lives in that way.

At another time Charles Bailey reported that he had seen a rebel in the bushes very carefully pull down a tall stem, tie a handkerchief filled with leaves to it, let it spring back, and then, crouched low, begin to agitate it gently, with the evident purpose of inducing some one to expose himself in firing at it, that he might kill him; that he did fire, but, instead of at the handkerchief, at a point where he supposed his body to be; and that afterwards the handkerchief hung still upon the bush.

When we had our long tour of thirty-six hours I had my station behind a tree from which I sallied out at times to look at the men on post. I had been sitting down behind this tree in the small hours of the morning, and as daylight came I arose and stretched myself; my left arm projected out beyond the tree, and presto! a bullet came and struck a twig just above it. The rebel whom I supposed to have fired it was only two hundred yards away, perhaps less, and it seemed to me whenever I looked at him his face was black; I wondered whether he was a negro, and I have a faint recollection of hearing that somebody killed him afterward.

On one occasion a part of our regiment was on picket just in front of the redoubt before mentioned, when after dark the rebels made an advance, or our men believed they did, and a fusillade of a violent character broke out along the line, whereupon a battery in the redoubt opened upon the rebels, with canister, perhaps, and shortly after one of our men was brought in, his back torn its whole length by one of the missiles from the battery. He had lain down, but the guns were depressed so much that the shot raked the ground almost. The month wore along, and we in our ignorance supposed and hoped that ere long we should march to Richmond, and some climbed the trees and looked wistfully at the spires of the city which were in sight. Sometimes we expected the battle to occur with a fusillade of the pickets, and once a rebel battery threw some shells over the woods which burst over our heads; a piece from one struck my tent, but being nearly spent did not go through, and I picked it up and sent it to Milford (to Mrs. Kibbe, I think).

On the 25th a reconnoissance in force went out from Heintzelman's corps, which lay on our left, and after a spirited engagement drove the rebel picket line out of sight amid great cheering from ourselves, who had mounted the works and witnessed the encounter. But even this success did not tempt our commander to move forward, and we still waited and watched. On the 26th we heard the gruff notes of artillery far to our right, and our surmises of a battle were confirmed by the news that Mechanicsville had been fought and won, but under what circumstances we knew not. On the 27th we heard again the sounds of a battle on the right, and sometimes the fusillade would be heard muttering far to the right, and then would come nearer and nearer until it would roll down to our own front, when the pickets, nervously expecting the battle, would join in the rattling chorus; but each time the fire subsided and we who had rushed to arms again relinquished them. Our men climbed into the trees and saw the quick flashes of the guns at nightfall, and from them and the rapidly succeeding discharges we knew how hot the fight was. During the day Sergeant Cook, of the 8th Illinois, rode by us, and I engaged in a little conversation with him. The light of another morning found us still waiting for the battle, and again we passed a day of alarms, but now we hoped for a relief from suspense, for we struck tents; but we moved only a little to the left, and took post at the works, waiting as we supposed for an attack, but at night we pitched tents again, and then struck them and lay down to sleep.

The rumors which came to us were various: at first the battle was said to have been won, and then a "change of base" was expected and soon, until we closed our eyes with the sage conclusion that McClellan, having decoyed the main force of the enemy away to our right, was about to advance on our left and carry Richmond by storm. To think of this and then of the real state of affairs is sickening. We whipped the rebels at Fair Oaks, but McClellan did not follow up his victory for the reason that he did not dare to send over the rest of the army at New Mechanicsville bridges in front of the

rebel batteries, although in four days after he did send over a division in front of the same batteries. Then he lingered and lingered, waiting for good weather and to make his bridges better, but promising the President that as soon as the river fell he would attack the rebels in their works; yet he did nothing until the 25th, although the weather was good enough and he did cross *some* troops over the bridges. All this time, after having nearly lost one corps by separating his army by the river, he had, after defeating the attack upon it, left his army in precisely the same predicament, and wrote that an attack on his part would open the way to defeat in detail, perhaps never reflecting that defeat in detail could come from an attack by the enemy as well. He went over to the right and did the very thing necessary for defeat in either case, by ordering his troops to stay there and receive the attack, and letting his troops on the left remain idle. The rebels *did* come down on his right, and defeat it after one repulse, and then McClellan ordered it to retreat to our side of the river, and the whole army to move in retreat to Turkey Bend, choosing to do this rather than to stand and fight or assault and capture Richmond while the rebels were getting across the Chickahominy.

I have been informed that General Hooker wanted to move forward on the 25th, but McClellan would n't let him, and General Hincks has informed me since that he condemned McClellan at the same time or before we left Fair Oaks. And, by the way, his regiment, the 19th Massachusetts, with another part of the Second Corps, were engaged in the reconnoissance of the 25th. But we were ignorant of all these matters, and on the morning of the 29th we only knew that a defeat had been experienced, which information came to us perhaps with the Irish Brigade, which had been up to help Porter's men on the right who had been defeated by the rebels at Gaines's Mill.

Camps were all dismantled, wagons were loaded and sent away, the whole line of works, with bare tent poles behind it, amid bunks and nests, assumed a lonesome look, and finally the head of our

column countermarched away to the left. We passed by the old field in which we had lain on the morning of June 1 and entered the copse beyond, and here Lieutenant Ballou, with ten men of our company, was detached and sent out toward the railroad and we marched on a little farther, then the rest of us were sent out as skirmishers and the regiment moved on. Captain Cross took half of the men and deployed on the other side of the railroad among the buildings around which the Irish Brigade fought June 1, while I deployed mine in the edge of the bushes in which we had slept on that night.

The ground had been a commissary's dépôt where I stood. Around me were tents standing, and the various bunks and arbors of a camp; behind, a few yards, a little ravine ran with whiskey and molasses which had been spilled out; other commissary stores were scattered about, rendered as nearly worthless as they could be by dirt, and just at the left of my line, on the edge of the railroad, a pile of boxes of hard bread, as tall and large as an ordinary dwelling-house, perhaps, said to have contained 8000 boxes, the rations of bread for our army sufficient for three days, was on fire. The flames roared and snapped, and its vicinity was exceedingly hot, and we had a sort of savage joy in seeing the destruction which would keep our rations from the enemy.

Presently there were some shots in front of us from Ballou's party, and then a man, Corporal Law, I think, came running through my line. I stopped him, and he said that five hundred rebels had come on them and they were obliged to run, but I saw no occasion to go yet, so I put Tom in the line, and waited. Presently, to my astonishment, I saw the tall forms of the men of the right section striding back over the railroad in a great hurry for the rear, which struck me with astonishment, as they composed the captain's line. I looked back in vain for the regiment, which had moved clear out of sight into the woods, and the last I heard from it was the voice of Captain Rice, who, standing in the plain behind us, cried out, "When you retreat

come this way!" I had been under the captain's orders, and I knew not where he was, so I held on still. I heard a shout on my right, and looking saw in among the trees some men in blue gesticulating and indicating that the enemy were coming in on my right, but as the enemy had not struck me yet, and my left was well protected by the infernally hot pile of bread, I walked along and cautioned my men (numbering with the one or more from Ballou's force a dozen or so) to hold their ground and to fire when they saw a head. So, crouched behind bushes, boxes, and tents, we waited, and it was not long, for presently the rebels came, and standing in or beyond the bushes opened a lively fusillade upon us. I stood this a little while, and then, thinking they were coming too close, I ordered a retreat. My men came back coolly and with precision, and we halted among the trees a few rods away, where we felt at home. Here I found those who had warned me on my right, they proving to be Ballou and his men. He and I held a council of war, and as the rest seemed to have left us to our fate, we resolved to post our men behind the trees and stay here until we were driven away. So we did, and when the rebels showed themselves in front we banged away at them, and kept them back. We did this a few minutes when a new feature appeared. The roar of a battery behind us was followed by the shriek of a shell which burst in our rear and hurtled in fragments around us, and as there seemed to be no knowledge behind us of the advanced position in which we were fighting, we concluded to retreat far enough to get out of our own fire. We moved back without ——, for when I ordered my retreat in the first place, he, through slowness or fear or something else, had kept still behind a dry-goods box, so one said who was beside him, and we saw him no more. We afterwards learned that he was taken prisoner and carried to Belle Isle, where he died from disease in a month or two. He was a quiet boy and faithful, unclean, but good to have.

We took up a new line a hundred yards back and waited events. The rebels did not get very near to us this time. Some one in our

rear, frightened evidently, cried out for us to come in, but we sent a man back to inquire of the colonel if those were the orders, and received word to stay where we were until ordered in. However, a relief was soon sent to us, and we moved back and took post in the regiment, which lay along the edge of the woods in which we were. Behind was a large plain on which troops were moving, and we then perceived that the regiment lay in line with a large number of other troops. A few crackling shots and the skirmish line came in on the run, reporting that the rebels were coming, and we laughed at the sticking-out of Keller's and Cross's eyes. Then we lying down opened fire, and the rattle of musketry continued for a mile on our right. For my own part I could not see the rebels, but the flying bullets proved that they were in front, and we urged the men in their firing, and I never had a jollier time in a fight. Ballou and I saw a stump close to us and took shelter behind it. It was a poor one, though, for a bullet came through it right between us and hit Corporal Gay in the thumb; he was acting as file closer and was behind us. Gay got up and started for the rear. I cried out, "Gay, where are you going?" in a reproachful way, and he, turning back and looking at the petty scratch on his thumb, said, half laughing, "I declare I did n't know where I was going"; and I did not distrust him, for he was an open, honorable man. But ——, a tall, brawny fellow, got up in a fright and started for the rear. I jumped at him and caught him by the collar, and tried to lead him back, and his cowardice was so great he was almost dragging me along, when Captain Rice stepped up and, raising his sword over his head, threatening to cleave him down, drove him back.

We cracked away a few minutes, and then the rebels left our front and we threw out skirmishers. I was on the line, and for half an hour or more we watched carefully, suspecting every yellow log or bush, but saw no rebels. Just behind or near me a man lay in a red shirt. I went to him and saw that he was dead drunk; he probably had partaken too freely of the stream of whiskey

and molasses. We left him there, and too we left in this place Lieutenant ——, who was too drunk to march. It was explained to me that Captain Cross's party on the skirmish line had been driven in, when I saw them striding away for the rear, and Lieutenant Ballou or some of his party said that a whole battalion had come into his front, and that he and some others had fired at one of the officers on horseback and brought him down.

While we lay here our artillery and the enemy's fired at each other. Old Conell went up to a house to get some water and found such a crowd around the pump or well as to prevent his approach, but presently a shell dropped among them or in the house, at which they all ran away but Conell, who then deliberately filled his canteens. Clifford, of our company, who was with the captain in the skirmish, said, either to me or in my presence, that Lieutenant Livermore was a brave man, which compliment was perhaps the first of the kind which I had earned, and so has stayed with me until now, and I put it down hoping pardon.

Presently, at about noon, the order to move was given, and the regiment moved out into the plain on the retreat. As we neared a piece of woods our once gallant and trim band filed out of their cover and joined the column, forlorn and dirty, and with instruments battered into ugliness. They evidently had been demoralized a little. (I should say that our loss was not great, perhaps half a score, and that this fight has gone by the names of "Peach Orchard" and "Orchard Station.") Long columns marched away in front of us and on the side of the railroad, the bed of which we pursued. The sun's heat was intense, and our men suffered a great deal. Our march was but two miles or so, however. We halted near Savage's Station and lay down on the ground. By the middle of the afternoon some of our men were sunstruck, and Captain Cross sent one or two to a hospital, not far away, for ice. They succeeded in getting there just before the enemy, who were advancing on our position, and then brought the ice to us, with which we revived our sufferers.

At about 4 P.M. the enemy attacked the lines in front, which were concealed from us by a gentle eminence, and soon the roar of battle was quite heavy; added to this the columns of fire and smoke from burning stores, and clouds of dust from moving bodies, made the heat more terrific. Once a great pillar of white smoke shot up hundreds of feet in the air and in sight of all. This was said to be the railroad bridge being blown up, but I have read somewhere since then that a train of cars laden with ammunition, headed by a locomotive, was set to going and then exploded while under headway. Be that as it may, I do not recollect more than one explosion. Some shells flew over our heads and some struck near by, but I do not recall any casualty from them in my regiment. When the musketry grew hot over the hill, we were ordered up to support the line engaged, and lay down pretty near the crest. Standing on this about dusk I saw the Irish Brigade, or a portion of it, charge down the slope on the double-quick and cheering lustily, and I presume they repulsed the enemy, as we were not called on. There were troops from other corps, however, engaged, and I could not see the whole engagement, but the firing gradually grew less heavy, and at perhaps nine o'clock ceased.

We had no idea that we were to run away immediately, and some of us had taken satisfaction in visiting the spot where the 7th New York had lain and taking from the plethoric knapsacks, which they had abandoned, bedding for the night. But we soon were put on the move and left the hospitals and field in the hands of the enemy. The Adjutant General's Report of New Hampshire troops gives Hiram W. Carlton as killed on this day, but I do not think he was killed then, though whether on June 1 or afterwards I cannot remember. It grew pitch dark and walking became insecure. Sometimes we were stopped, and we waited for the brigade in front of us to move along, and when we came up to where they had delayed, would find that some declivity or difficult passage had impeded their march, and I have a dim recollection of hearing General Meagher's voice in our front at one of these places. Some-

times we hurried along almost at a trot, and passed quickly woods, fields, white with dry grass or weeds, bushes, and stragglers, and finally, at perhaps two in the morning, we caught up with a lot of troops and trains halted, and after marching among them for some time came to a dead stop. Then we heard through the darkness General Richardson swearing like a trooper, and after considerable of that we moved on. Our weary feet carried us over a narrow bridge on each side of which was blackness. Somehow I learned that when we arrived at this bridge, there were thousands of troops jammed in around the bridge and no one moving, and that old "Dick" with his fusillade of oaths was clearing them out and getting them over, which he did so effectually that at daylight all organized bodies in the column were over.

We climbed a hill, deviated a little to the right, and lay down, tired and sleepy, and our rest on the ground was too sweet to relinquish without a sigh; but hardly had we made ourselves quiet and comfortable, when the quick command to rise up came to us, and we hurried down the hill again with orders to tear up the bridge, but when we got there a stream of fugitives hurrying across forbade our touching it, and we waited watching them. Here came a regiment of stragglers in disorderly haste, some hobbling with sore feet, some too lazy to move very fast in other circumstances, and some loaded with too many traps. Among the last was a gray-haired old sergeant of the Irish Brigade, with many years of service indicated by the chevrons on his arm, and the cause of his straggling made evident by a woman and child — his wife and child, probably — whom he guarded. It seemed a cruel time for them. Sutlers and bummers, drummers and cooks, came filing along in a stream which grew thinner and thinner, and then the astonishing spectacle of a noble battery greeted our eyes, unattended by infantry, and the drivers urging their horses toward the bridge; they had been left by mistake.

The crowd had dwindled to a few flying men when we commenced taking up the planks and timbers. Our men plunged into

the water, and we quickly took up everything on which living thing could cross and carried all to our side. The dawn came stealing on us and revealed the plain on the other side lonesome and bare, with perhaps a few rebel cavalry who came in sight on the farther edge searching for stragglers and reconnoitering, and the swamp in front of us, black and tangled, seemed to put a barrier between them and us. A few yards above and a few yards below the clearing which had bordered the bridge ceased, and the white-oak trees and tangled brush hid the passes if there were any. This was called the "White-Oak Swamp." We crawled up the hill again and rested by a little house awhile, and then moved a little farther on and halted in column.

CHAPTER IX

THE sun rose and darted his fiery rays upon us, and as most of us had eaten, we stuck our rifles up by the bayonets, fastened our blankets in the locks, and lay down in their shade to shun the scorching rays, and sleep. The dust of the barren plain was a sweet couch, and the stifling heat which enveloped us could not prevent profound sleep. A few, perhaps, bestirred themselves to complete the breakfasts which had been begun at our first halt when we had crossed the bridge, but there seemed to be a soothing quiet around us, and we could praise the economy of Nature which made the pleasure of sleep so intense as to requite us almost for our labors and deprivations before. What I thought or dreamed of I do not know, but suddenly, whatever visions of peace hovered around me were dispelled by the thunders of artillery, the shriek of shells, and the horrid humming of their fragments. Hell seemed to have opened upon us. In a twinkling every man was on his feet, the blankets were slung over our shoulders, and the men were in their places, shrinking under the storm, perhaps, but steady and prepared for action. The rebels had planted a large number of cannon on the other side of the swamp, and having pointed them at the host which lay on the plain had fired them all at once. And what a scene it was! As far as the eye could see the tired troops were springing to arms; batteries were whirling into position or hurrying out of reach with horses on the gallop; wagons drawn by teams of frightened mules, driven by frantic drivers, rattled away to the woods; the teams of six mules which belonged to a pontoon train which were surprised watering at the swamp, fled up the hill and away, leaving their boats; stragglers and non-combatants of all kinds fled in all directions from the fire; while the air was filled with clouds of dust and wreaths of smoke which spread out from the fierce clouds, breathing fire of bursting shells,

and the ear was dimmed with explosions, shouts, and a storm of other noises. The —— New York Volunteers was said to have run away when the first shell burst in front of it, and —— battery, also of New York, I think, disgraced itself in like manner. But the rest of the troops quickly formed lines of battle, and when we in a very few minutes had reached our position and lain down in line with our faces to the enemy, order had come out of chaos. Near us, in front and rear and right, the troops of our own division lay in parallel lines; on other parts of the plain Smith's division and Naglee's brigade were in similar order, and a few rods in front the welcome sight of Hazzard's battery of our corps, firing with rapidity at the enemy, greeted our eyes. The enemy's fire was unremitting, and from noon until nearly dark we endured the slow torture of seeing our comrades killed, mangled, and torn around us, while we could not fire a shot, as our business was to lie and wait to repel attacks and protect our batteries. With every discharge of the enemy's guns, the shells would scream over our heads and bury themselves in the woods beyond, burst over us and deal death in the ranks, or ricochet over the plain, killing whenever they struck a line.

The —— New York Volunteers in changing position either attempted to escape to the rear or mistook its colonel's orders and retreated right down toward us. General Caldwell, who was near, galloped to our rear and cried out, "5th New Hampshire, rise up!" and we rose, leveled our bayonets, and received the —— at their points. This was a decisive barrier to further retreating, and after a little confusion they went back and behaved themselves. We were pleased to have rebuked this cowardice, but were sorry for Colonel ——, who was a brave man.

The shot hit some of our men and scattered their vitals and brains upon the ground, and we hugged the earth to escape this horrible fate, but nothing could save a few who fell victims there. I saw a shot strike in the 2d Delaware, a new regiment with us, which threw a man's head perhaps twenty feet into the air, and

the bleeding trunk fell over toward us. The men seemed paralyzed for a moment, but presently gathered up the poor fellow's body in a blanket and carried it away. I do not know that I have ever feared artillery as I did then, and I can recollect very well how close I lay to the ground while the messengers of death, each one seemingly coming right into us, whistled over us.

In the midst of the storm I heard my name called. I could not believe that any one could call me to come at such a time, and waited; another call told me that Colonel Langley wanted me. I got up and walked to him with as much composure as I could assume, and he, pointing to a wood perhaps a quarter of a mile away, and the approach to which was under fire all the way, said, "Go over to General Caldwell in that wood and tell him that my men are getting killed where we are lying, and that I wish permission to move back three rods to get behind a knoll which will shelter me." The prospect was frightful, but it did not occur to me to do anything but obey, and I started. Ricker has told me that he lay and bet with a sergeant as to how far I would go before I got killed. I walked, sometimes, perhaps, ran, between the lines, and when I heard the thunder of a salvo stooped low to avoid the shells which whistled over. Men were killed very likely near me as I went, and a shot struck the wood into which I was about to go, but nothing hit me, and I reached the general and delivered my message. He asked how many had been killed, and I replied, I think, seven or eight, and he said, "Certainly! Tell the colonel to move where he pleases if he don't go off the field."

I retraced my steps through the same dangers, and proudly, maybe, delivered the message. I had just reached my place, when the order was given to rise up and face about. A cannon shot came quicker than the wind through my company, and close by me. Tibbetts fell and Nichols fell. We reached the line designated with a few hasty steps, and resumed our line with faces to the front. Nichols got up, and came back to the captain and said, "Captain, I am wounded and want to go to the rear." The poor fellow held

up one arm with the other hand, for it dangled only by a strip of flesh. Some men went forward and hastily gathered up Tibbetts in a blanket and bore him away; the shot had gone through his body. We felt a little safer now. Hazzard's battery withdrew, cut to pieces, and with Captain Hazzard mortally wounded; and for a short time it seemed as if the rebels would fire unmolested, but Pettit galloped up with his battery of 10-pounder Parrotts and went into action, and then iron *did* fly, and the rebels had their hands full. Captain Keller sat up on a knapsack in front of us and gave warning when the shells were coming, and perhaps saved lives by it; anyhow it was a brave thing to do.

It was not a long time before we perceived that Captain Pettit's fire was getting too hot for the rebels, and they only fired at intervals; and at last Pettit would hold up until they fired, when he would fire his whole battery at them, and as his shells went screaming over the tops of the trees to where the smoke was seen, our hearts bounded, for we perceived that their range was almost perfect; the rebels grew timid, and finally toward night they ceased firing, and we felt grateful to Pettit for it.

Once during the afternoon we saw a battery heavily engaged on our side close to the swamp on the right, and I think that we heard in that direction the rattle of musketry, perhaps where the rebels were attempting a crossing. The portion of the pontoon train which was left on the plain was set fire to in the afternoon, and the smoke and flames added to the infernal aspect of affairs. If ever stillness and rest were appreciated, I think it was on the verge of that evening, and even the dusty plain must have assumed a lovely hue when it was no longer disturbed by ricocheting shot. We found out the handiness of the outfit of the —— New York again, for we got from the scattered knapsacks brushes to clean our clothes with. The discipline of our regiment was well illustrated this day, aside from its coolness in taking position and driving back the —— New York, by Colonel Langley's asking permission to move so short a distance at such a time, and by

poor Nichols's requesting permission to go to the rear when his arm was nearly severed from his body. He was safely carried away, but poor Tibbetts found his grave on that field. He was company clerk, had been a clerk, I think, at home, wrote a fine hand, and was a gentlemanly little fellow. The captain wanted him to go with the train on this march, but he was determined to see a fight, and had bravely carried his musket on the retreat until this time. We were told by those who came from the field hospital that he did not know that he was mortally hurt and lived three or four hours, and that he was buried there.

The sun had set and twilight approached when an order came for us to move. I should not omit to mention that during the afternoon on our left troops of ours, mostly out of sight in the woods and bushes, fired briskly for a long time, and that later the rattle of musketry extended farther to the left and finally to the rear of our position. The following map will serve to illustrate the position of affairs at this period.

When McClellan retreated from his intrenchments, Lee, after he comprehended the almost inconceivable blunder of our commander, sent Magruder and Huger (whatever their positions as commanders were) chasing after us on the right flank, Hill and

Longstreet in the center and Jackson on the left flank. It was Magruder who touched us at Peach Orchard and Savage's Station. He then deflected to the right as well as Hill and Longstreet, and it was Jackson who came up and opened so fiercely on us at the White-Oak Swamp, and it was Hill and Longstreet whose musketry we heard on the left farther up the creek;[1] the history cited says that Lee and Jefferson Davis accompanied the latter division of the rebels in their attack, and that after encountering our troops at the crossing they waited until 3 P.M. for Magruder and Huger to come and assist them. It probably was the encounter of the divisions of Longstreet and Hill or the right of Jackson which we heard on our left early in the afternoon. But they all moved off to the field in our rear, where the fight raged hottest at evening, or else they gave up the contest on our part of the field and kept still. At any rate, as I have said, firing ceased in our front, and it did in our vicinity on the left, but the rattle of musketry and fierce discharges of artillery were incessant in our rear, and at length, as I have said, the order came to move.

We marched hurriedly out of the plain and into the woods, following a road. We passed some of Rush's lancers, who carried lances with red pennants, apparently stationed or skulking along the road, and probably assuming the latter we laughed at them and called their flags hospital flags (being of the same color). But I have since been told that they fought bravely. A mile or two brought us close to the field, and here we met a stream of men, cannon, and horses coming to the rear, wounded, disabled, and stragglers. They hurried along, seeming jolly, and spreading reports of the hotness of the battle. We took the double-quick step and set up a cheer and rushed for the mêlée. A turn to the left took us into a road in the woods. On the right we caught glimpses and heard the soul-stirring cheers of a line of battle charging the rebels, which I have reason to believe was a part of the Second Corps, a part of the 2d Division, I think, in which General Hincks,

[1] See Greeley, vol. I, p. 161.

then colonel of the 19th Massachusetts of the Irish Brigade, was wounded, though I may well be mistaken in this, for the fight raged far out of sight on either hand. As we filed in among the trees we recognized the battle-field by the bullets which spattered into the trees about us. We formed line of battle along the edge of the road, lay down, and listened to the roaring around us while we waited our turn. On each side and in front the musketry rolled and cannon flashed and roared, and to this day I can recollect one loud-sounding battery, the roar of which would burst out and echo in the forests with an almost gloomy sound, followed by the long, horrid shriek of its shell; but such was the confusion of positions to us that we could not tell whether it was a battery of friend or foe, nor where its shell sped to with its horrid shriek. Some thought it was a gunboat.

Darkness fell upon us, and still we waited, though once our men fired, I think in the left companies, upon the rebels who were close to us in the bushes, and we took some prisoners who strayed near us. Some of the Pennsylvania Reserves who had been engaged came straggling along from the left, and we thought they were retreating. After a while we were ordered across the road and lay down to rest a little, but a horseman came along and in the darkness held an altercation with Colonel ——, in which he accused him of leaving a battery which had been captured in our front, and threatened to report him. Colonel —— asked leave to explain before he did it, but he swore that he would grant no such leave, and then rode up to Captain Sturtevant, commanding our regiment, and said, "What regiment is this?" "The 5th New Hampshire," said the captain. "You have a fine regiment, Captain," said he; "and now I want you to go in there and capture that battery at the point of the bayonet without firing a shot." Word was passed around that this was General Phil Kearny, and we rose and marched silently across the road. By this time the sounds of battle had ceased in our front, but far down to the right the rattle of musketry still vexed the night. We marched into a grassy road over dead bodies,

through shadows, and then halted behind a thick hedge or fence, and lay down in line of battle, and here we found not a rebel; but just across the fence, in what seemed to be a field, their torches flashed in their hands as they searched for their wounded, and cries for this regiment and that regiment arose in various quarters as they searched for the wounded of their corps, or some man wounded called his friends. They came very close to us sometimes, and I have the impression that our men reached out and took some of them prisoners as they ventured too near.

Colonel —— was never censured that I know of, and it was said to be the fact that he had stood face to face with a rebel regiment and fired until all his ammunition was gone, and that then the rebel commander commanded him to surrender, at which Colonel —— charged him with the bayonet and took his colors. The battery, I imagine, was nothing but the fence, and that the rebels did not care to move on when it was abandoned, or did not know it was abandoned, was evident. That it was the position of our lines is pretty certain to me, as our dead lay there and the rebels searched beyond it for their wounded.

At last musket and cannon, cheer and curse, had ceased. The whippoorwill with inexpressible melancholy wailed in the woods, the searchers for the wounded now and then spoke, and when one moved on the road, some poor wounded man in the woods would cry mournfully for water or moan for help. The darkness was intense and the time the most mournful of my experience on the field of battle at that time. Colonel —— had left the regiment, and I was sent to find him for some purpose, but after wandering down the road awhile I gave it up and came back. In one place there lay asleep a crowd of soldiers on the side of the road. I waked one, and found they were the —— New York deployed as stragglers. There was something said about General —— being out of the way, too; where he was is more than I ever knew. At midnight or thereabouts the order came to move silently away, and we shook the men to wake them. The dead men lay so near

them that in the darkness they could not be distinguished from the living except by touch, and some, I think, perhaps I, strove to wake a dead man. As we marched away a few of the wounded moaned and cried for aid, but cruel war did not permit us to stop, and we marched on; and I hope that in the immutable course of Nature it was their fortune to be succored on the next day, but no one has ever told me.

Captain ——, it was afterwards ascertained, left the regiment and went away a short distance and lay down to sleep, and when we marched away he was left, and taken prisoner by the rebels. We marched silently away on the road through the woods, and at length came beside another column and we both moved together on the road. I recollect passing a church or house on the right of us, and that I was awakened from sleep by Lieutenant Ballou in the midst of another regiment, for I was so tired and sleepy I went to sleep marching and had walked into the other regiment's ranks. Ballou saw and followed me. I was cross at being waked even so kindly. What the road was, and how we passed it, I cannot recall. I know simply that it was darkness and toil, until we began climbing a hill and were greeted with advancing dawn.

At length, the welcome halt was called on an eminence and we lay down. Rations were very scarce, but I had a cracker or two to nibble and enjoyed them for my breakfast while the surgeon amputated the finger of a man beside me, who bore it without murmur or chloroform. The column was again formed and we marched almost to the farther verge of the hills we were on, and finally past a large house (Randolph's),[1] and, if my memory serves me correctly, over the verge, and formed line of battle on the side of the hill, facing outward on the right flank of what I suppose was our semicircular line of battle on that day. Again we moved, and coming up in front of the house mentioned before, formed column and moved in splendid array (for so shabby a division in looks) down through a field of green grass, and again formed line of battle,

[1] See Greeley, vol. II, p. 165.

facing the right, on the crest of the hill, where we looked off for miles over the undulating surface of a beautiful country, with woods, fields of grain, and houses, as yet untouched by war. The peaceful prospect was not marred by a visible enemy, and we rested. As we marched down to this position Colonel —— left the regiment, saying to Captain Sturtevant (senior officer) that he was unwell (or something else) and would return soon, but he did not return that day.

This was the morning of July 1, and we were on Malvern Hill. The army had retreated during the day before and that night, and on this morning were placed in position to meet the advancing enemy again, and I have an indistinct recollection of seeing General McClellan on the field that morning, but he went on board a gunboat soon after and stayed until late in the day. The sun rose as hot as ever and again prostrated some of the men.

Presently a battery appeared in our front and opened fire on us at the distance of perhaps three quarters of a mile. As we lay directly on the crest of the hill, we presented a fair mark and our quarters were decidedly uncomfortable.

Ammunition was sent to us, and I was ordered to distribute it. As I was performing the work, or about that time, a cannon shot took off the foot of a man lying near by, and I was glad when I could lie down again.

The slow hours dragged along until the middle of the afternoon, when the battle opened in earnest on our left far down in front. Cannon and muskets roared and rattled, the blue smoke made the air heavy, and cheers and yells made the heavens ring. We did not remain long in suspense; an order came to move, and setting our faces to the fighting ground, we shook from our feet the dust of that ground where we were fired at without the privilege of a return fire. We moved down the hill, in front of the woods, and into a road, and marched toward the left flank. On our right was a wheatfield and beyond it another field. Through this last one, as we passed it, the shot came whirling over and through our ranks,

spending their force in the woods, where they cracked and crashed through limbs, trunks, and foliage. Our men in the line of battle cheered and cheered again, and our hearts bounded to think that we had met with a success. A color sergeant, with his colors all torn, came by us and reported victory. We filed into the field on our right and moved forward. But I must not omit to mention that while we marched by the flank a shot crashed through the ranks of the 61st New York which led us. Captain —— fell and cried out in mortal agony, "One man! two men! three men! carry me off the field!" The pitying men sprang forward and raised him up gently to find that the shot had only taken off his coat-tail.

As I have said, we formed line on our right and moved forward. At this time Colonel Barlow, of the 61st New York, was with General Caldwell, and seemed to be maneuvering the brigade for him and in a very cool manner. We moved forward, and as we neared the fight could see our men crouching behind the fences and hedges, firing with a will. The rest of the brigade moved away from us, where I knew not, and we halted behind what was, I think, West's house by the Quaker road. Here we lay down for a few minutes in peace, but very soon a rebel battery close in front opened on us with fury. Some of our officers had got into an outbuilding just in front of us for shelter, but a shell came right in among them and they left. General Howe, a fine-looking man, whose command was near by, rode up and ordered Captain Sturtevant to move over to the right and support one of our batteries. In order to do this the quickest way, we had to move directly in front of the rebel battery within not more than four hundred yards, over an open plain with no obstacle between us. The general rode away, and Captain Sturtevant, who was honest and brave, but a little wanting in decision, got up and, beginning scratching his leg, said, "There! I am ordered to go and support that battery. If I go clear out of range I shall be too long, and if I go across we shall go right into the fire of the rebels; I don't know what to do!" Perhaps my boldness arose from having been placed

in command of "I" Company that day, its officers being absent; but whatever might be the cause, I said to him, "Well, Captain, we might just as well go across under fire as to lie here, for we shall get killed here; so let us go!" "That 's so," said he; "rise up, men! Forward, march!" — and away we went on the double-quick; and then how the rebel battery did pepper us! Shells flew all around us, and the wonder was that more were not hurt. I turned my head to the left and saw the battery and the gunners, springing to their work amid the smoke. I saw one pull the string, saw the flash of the piece, heard the roar, and the whiz of the shell, heard it burst, heard the humming of the fragments, and wondered if I was to be hit, and quicker than a flash something stung my leg on the calf, and I limped out of the ranks, a wounded man. My first impulse was to go to the rear, but the plain for a quarter of a mile was dotted with dust raised by the flying pieces and ricocheting shot, and I concluded that if I could, 't were better to stay at the front than to be killed going to the rear. So I stooped down, opened the ragged hole in my trousers leg, and saw no blood, but the form of a piece of shell two or three inches long, printed in a cruel bruise on my leg; then I limped to the regiment, which had halted and lain down. I took my place, and was so vexed with pain that I swore at a Frenchman in my company roundly for being out of his place, and then commenced behaving myself. The same shell wounded two or three others, I believe.

We lay just behind the crest of a gentle slope and in front of some trees. In front of us first came the open field and then some woods. The rebel battery had been silenced somehow, but sharpshooters in the farther woods shot at us with uncomfortable precision. The battery on our left threw shell into the woods and I imagine made hot quarters for the sharpshooters. In the course of an hour my leg had swelled badly, and my lameness was such that I could hardly step otherwise than on my toes. It was a matter of honor and pride with me to stay with the regiment as long as I could, but Captain Sturtevant and Captain Cross both urged me to go to the hospital,

for (they said) we were liable to move on the enemy at any moment, and as I seemed to grow lamer, I might be in such a plight that I should give out in a bad place and lose my life or be taken prisoner. The force of these arguments was evident, and at length I hobbled away. I passed some of the Third Corps in a field where the wheat was stacked in many piles, and reached the road on which we had marched down, and then climbed the hill and searched for the hospital. I met a good-looking negro man in my wanderings, and with an eye to business engaged him as a servant, his former employer, a captain in our army, having been killed that day, he said.

At length I found a building which looked like a church, in the darkness which had now settled on the field, around which great numbers of our wounded lay among the trees, groaning and complaining bitterly, and it was a scene of utter misery. I groped around carefully among the prostrate men, who were agonized if any one stepped too close to them, and sat down by a tree. Beside me a groaning man proved to be Second Lieutenant Lawrence, of our regiment, who dolefully informed me that he was very badly wounded in the ankle, but who really, as I learned afterwards, had nothing but a contusion. He was the color sergeant who was promoted to second lieutenant at Camp California, and never rejoined the regiment for duty. How it transpired I do not recollect, but I found our own regimental hospital wagon in the woods, and got my leg bound up, and then lay down in company with some of our men to sleep.

CHAPTER X

Long before light in the morning I was awakened by some one and told that the army was moving, and divining that it was retreating I looked about for the means of transportation, but the hospital wagon was full, and supposing that I must move or be captured, I commenced a painful march, following the road on which the army marched. For a long time I walked in darkness, and the rain began falling to make the road more difficult. By the hospital, down a precipitous hill, along a muddy road, and creeping along the edge of a bluff, I now picture my toil. The labor was painful, and sometimes I very gladly accepted the arms of my good comrades who were with me, and of my new servant. Daylight came and revealed only a disheartening prospect. The army was straggling without order or discipline, and no one seemed to think of aught but reaching the river, which was said to be near and our halting-place. The artillery struggled along the muddy road with weary horses urged by eager drivers, and the siege pieces were pulled along by the teams and men of the 1st Connecticut Artillery, who had hold of long ropes and worked gallantly. The rain poured down ceaselessly, and the mud grew deeper. I had gone through much hardship for a week, and was tired before I was wounded, but now, limping along on my toes, and the rain and mud wetting my wounded leg, I was more miserable than ever, perhaps, and would gladly have lain down in one of the wheat stacks to sleep for a day; but the fact was irresistible and relentless that I must march or be taken prisoner. The river was reported to be within a mile or two several times, and I strained my eyes to see masts or pipes across the flat country on the right, but to no purpose; and while it was true that the river was close by, yet our course was *down* the river, and it was seven or eight miles from Malvern Hill to where I halted that day at Harrison's Landing. As we trudged along where the crowd was

thickest, my surprised eyes rested on a sleek, black mule, saddled and bridled, wandering without an owner within a few rods. One of my men quickly made him prize and brought him to me, and I mounted. No man probably ever felt better to mount a mule. My pain fled, weariness was not to be thought of, and the river and camp were but a short distance away to such a team, and I rode along joyfully. My equestrian career continued for a few hundred yards, and then I dismounted, for a brook lay across my course, of unknown depth. One bridge alone spanned it, and over that the artillery was galloping in a continual stream, which rendered it folly for me to attempt to cross it. In haste to be over, I crossed on a log, giving the rein to my servant that he might lead my steed across. Once over I looked around, and my gallant steed manifested his existence only by his head, which was just out of water, and he could not stir, for he had stuck in the mud. To extricate him seemed impossible, and to kill him with a pistol dangerous when so many were near. It was a pity to leave him, but it seemed useless for me to stay, and indeed dangerous, and I trudged along. Poor mule! In the course of a little more than a month after that, I marched by that creek and looked for his bones, but as it had very much dried up, and there was no sign of him, there was reason to hope that he got out, even though it was to endure the hardships of an army mule's life. If I had known what a disaster would attend my attempt for his and my own sake, I would have risked a delay of half an hour or so, though how near I was to the rear of the army I did not know nor when its halt would be called.

I dragged along for a mile or so, part of the way in company with the 2d New Hampshire Volunteers, who were straggling about as badly as any one, and finally meeting Humphrey Ramsdell, of that regiment (of Milford), I sat down on a log with him and discussed the situation, and as little as I was acquainted with him it was a comfort to meet him.

At last the stream of stragglers with whom I was marching came to an open plain, at the entrance of which men were posted who

cried out the names of their corps and divisions and directed the men to the places designated for their assembling; and then I fully realized how utterly broken up the army was by this last retreat, for there was no semblance of order or organization in the masses who tramped in the mire of the plain, at least as they entered it. In a little while I found a few of the men of the 5th, and, entirely exhausted, I lay down under a bush in the rain and slept for twenty-four hours, and if ever I could sympathize with Sancho Panza, when he said, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep," it was then; for my rest, among countless throngs, in the mud and in the rain, was as tranquil and satisfactory as ever sleep was to man.

When I awoke, the regiment had come in, much to our relief, for we heard that it was left behind. (I note that some of the officers who had not marched and fought with the regiment on account of sickness came bravely in on foot and horseback before the regiment.) And such was the case, for through some error it was left near where I left it the night before until after the army had retreated, alone, until Captain Sturtevant took the responsibility of coming away with it himself; and I note here that the thoroughness of the rebel defeat was well indicated by the fact that the rebels did not advance on the regiment which would have been an easy prey in the morning. During the 3d the rebels threw some cannon shot in among us. The first struck within three rods of where I was lying, the next, to my relief, a little farther off, and the rest farther away among the crowd. A new regiment, the 32d Massachusetts, moved by toward the battery, and the firing ceased and I felt relieved. The regiment, and I with it, moved a little way off to the edge of some woods, through a wheatfield. My servant, who had strayed from me, came in laden with a sack of meal which he had obtained in a mill by the road, and made some corn cake by mixing meal, water, and melted pork fat, and setting the cakes up before the fire to bake. They were very acceptable, and I began feeling like a new man. A tent in the course of a day or two was put up for me in the woods, in which was a bedstead of poles. I got my

leg dressed every day by burning the wound with caustic to remove the bad matter made by mortifying, or want of dressing, or perhaps the substance in the shell, and then binding simple cerate on; and sometimes able to walk, and sometimes disinclined to from pain, thus I lay on my bed of poles, wounded, at the end of my first campaign.

And what had the army done? General McClellan, after nearly suffering defeat once, and quite so the second time by having a dissevered army, when his army was *driven* together by the enemy on the right bank of the Chickahominy, found himself with nearly 100,000 good men directly in front of Richmond, which was defended by Magruder with no more than 25,000 men, while the rest of the rebel army, with only 50,000 men in its ranks, was on the other side of the river, and not within supporting distance of Magruder. Then, after beating them off every time up to Malvern Hill and giving them a fearful whipping there, instead of advancing on them to take advantage of the victory, or even waiting for them to renew the attack on the next day, with our gunboats within range, he ordered us to retreat again, and this in the presence of an enemy whose strength did not enable him to renew an attack. And the Army of the Potomac, which had marched up to the Chickahominy with near 100,000 men, now counted but about 90,000 men.

My own regiment lost about a hundred men on this retreat. Probably some went home on account of wounds as slight as mine, but I could not see reason for going, and lying on my bunk in the shade of a pine grove, reading and imbibing punch for amusement, in the course of two weeks I was able to resume my duties. Charlie ——, one of my old roommates at Lombard, and one of my best friends, came over to see me from his camp, and I was right glad to meet him once more. He held the position of second lieutenant in the 2d U.S. Infantry. It seems to me that he brought me a bottle of whiskey.

Our men built platforms of poles on crotched sticks set in the ground about eighteen inches high, and on these erected their shelter tents so that they lay up well from the ground and got plenty

of air, an arrangement which seemed to be very conducive to their health. The hot sun of July baked the broad plain on which we were camped, and was a source of great discomfort, and the diarrhœa attacked our men, so that there was more sickness than usual. Water was scarce, and our men dug deep wells from which they obtained cold, clear drinking-water. The month passed away in the routine of camp; we were drilled and reviewed and inspected; we drank plenty of liquor and squeezed what little fun we could out of our life. We bathed sometimes in the creeks which ran into the James, and sometimes in that river. Captain Cross and I visited the camp of the U.S. Engineers, to which corps he once belonged, and dined with the sergeants, an intelligent set of men whose mess rivaled that of many commissioned officers. President Lincoln came down and reviewed us July 7. He rode by with an anxious but kind expression, and we cheered him.

I went over once to see Charlie —— and found him under arrest for alleged cowardice at Gaines's Mill; he was to be court martialed, but hoped to prove his innocence, but upon a second visit I was told that he had been cashiered. I could not believe that he was a coward, for no one was braver or better-hearted at college than he. Among other things, at Harrison's Landing those of us who had been promoted gave a "soirée," with a barrel of ale and plenty of spirits. Ballou and I had a tent facing Lieutenant Keller's, and Captain Long's made the third side of a plaza, as it were. We stretched some canvas over the open space, and thus securing a banquet hall, invited all the good fellows among the officers of our brigade to help us finish the barrel, and here we spent a good part of one day, singing songs, making speeches, telling stories, and being generally jolly. General Caldwell was especially happy in a speech he made. It was during this spree that Humphrey Ramsdell called at our regiment. I went out to see him, and as he was a private and hence could not be invited to our tent, I took out a bottle of claret to him and made him take it.

At this place we were reviewed for the first time in columns of

divisions, which became necessary as divisions and corps came to be reviewed together.

Our Yankees who had dug our wells got into the way of *selling* water from them to regiments which were too lazy to dig them, and fixed a stigma upon us, which, although perhaps unjust, was very distasteful to those who did not participate in such bartering of Nature's freest gift; but we were powerless as long as our commander did not participate in our feelings, but I imagine that the colonel would speedily have stopped it if he had been with us.

McClellan's pro-slavery letter to the President reminds me to note here my recollections of what seemed to me to have been the sentiment of the army on the negro question at this time. My regiment was, I think, a fair one to view when seeking that sentiment, for Colonel Cross was a Democrat, and when two years afterward the vote for President was taken, the majority were for McClellan, so that probably if a Democratic sentiment *was* prevalent in the army which would "rapidly disintegrate" it, as McClellan assumed, if radical views on the slavery question were declared by the Government, we should have heard something of it among us. The fact is, when we enlisted and before we fought we declared, when we said anything about it, that we were not going to fight for abolition; but when we got into the campaigns, then the practical aspect which the question assumed soon convinced all earnest soldiers that when the negroes fled to us they ought to be free; they worked for rebels at home, served them in the army, and labored on their fortifications under the lash, while when they escaped they brought loyal hearts and willing hands, as well as valuable information, to us. And my recollection is that we speedily took to the idea that they were contraband of war and entitled to freedom whenever they could get to us, and "no questions asked." I recollect one or more joining us and receiving protection early in the spring, and at the time of McClellan's letter their coming to claim freedom excited no comment, it being a matter of course. So that McClellan's fears (if fears he had) were unfounded, and when in the next September

the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, I do not recollect any riots or remonstrances, but that, on the contrary, it was accepted without murmur as a war measure legitimate and needful, and having no place among the objects for which we commenced waging war. And I never heard of an officer suffering from any qualms of conscience for having a runaway slave for a servant; certainly I did not for my negro Charles, who proved a faithful servant. He got separated from me somewhere in the next fall campaign, I think, and I never saw him again.

August 6 we moved out toward Malvern Hill to support Hooker's advance, but did not get engaged or in sight of the enemy, and then marched back again on the 7th. On the 9th our band was mustered out of the service and sent home on the general order which directed that brigades only should have bands, and which, however economical, deprived us of a great deal of comfort.

I must mention that I went down to the James River one or more times at the Landing, and found clear, cold springs bubbling out of the sand at the foot of the bank close to the water. Our men had made themselves quite pleasant bowers before we left here, of bushes and boughs, so that our and the adjacent camps were quite like gardens, though a little withered. The camp was so unhealthy from hot weather and malaria that the returning convalescents scarcely kept our ranks filled where the sick went out, and indeed I question if the latter did not exceed the former, for when we marched away we numbered only about three hundred and fifty for duty. August 16 we marched southward six miles, taking everything with us. We left the camps in flames, that is, the bowers, for we were in no haste apparently and packed up all our impedimenta. The flames roared among the dry leaves and lumber, the dust curled up in clouds, the sun beat fiercely down upon our heads, and without reluctance we marched through our intrenchments into the green fields beyond. I should say that when the tents were struck the dozens of bottles under Captains —— and ——'s beds testified to their capacity as topers.

The journal of Dodd's "wall-eyed boy Ned," which I will rely on for distances on this march, says we went six miles as I have mentioned. My grateful memory reverts to a cool stream of water which flowed along by our bivouac this night, in which as the sun went down I bathed me under the overhanging bushes, and then I slept sweetly on the grass. At daybreak we were off again. An order directed our commander to send a lieutenant to command a corps of pioneers which was to march at the head of the corps and clear the road of obstructions, for which duty I was selected, and I sallied out expecting a hard day's work, and feeling my importance, but it proved a sinecure, for there were no obstructions, and having the head of the column I and my pioneers swung along very contentedly out of the dust. But it was a hot day, and we gladly saw night come on and our road leading to a river, which proved to be the Chickahominy very near to its entrance into the James, and we crossed it after dark on a pontoon bridge two thousand feet long. We camped near by and slept uninterruptedly twenty-six miles from our starting-place.

Early in the morning Captain Cross and I took a plunge in the cool waters of the river, and then we marched away. The march was very fatiguing, and some of the men gave out, although the distance was not great (ten miles, Ned's journal says, probably more). We camped near a pond, in which I bathed in the evening. At 7 A.M. next day we moved again, marching ten miles, N.'s journal says, in the rain, the road being very muddy. On the 20th we marched through Williamsburg, and the battle-field, noting the quite strong earthworks and bullet-marked trees. We camped at Yorktown. The march was resumed early the next morning in a southwesterly course, and we marched until night, when we camped on the edge of a broad plain and I again found a stream in which to bathe. I am not certain that the dates here and in my history of the 5th are not a little out of the way, for a general muster of the army was ordered to be made by G.O. No. 92, War Department, on August 18, but my recollection is that it was made on this day. How-

ever, upon the supposition that it was made before or deferred for good cause, I shall assume that Ned's journal is correct.

The next day we marched through Warwick Court House. At a short halt here, I went into what seemed to be the clerk's office. The papers were strewed inches deep over the floor and mutilated and soiled by feet, and I deemed it no vandalism to take half a dozen, curious for their antiquity or contents, which are at home now. I have not been able to help feeling sorry that the records here were so used up, but if many of them were concerning negroes, as were one or more I got, they were as well destroyed as otherwise now, I apprehend. But I do not approve of molesting records as our soldiers or other persons had done here.

We were nearing Newport News when a violent rainstorm broke upon us and soaked our clothes through, but was rather agreeable after a hot and dusty march. We passed this day some fortifications which figured, I suppose, in the Bethel fights or McClellan's siege. As we neared the point and saw the broad James in front of us, I was positively joyful, for our march seemed to close, and the bright waters invited our weather-beaten forms to their coolness and cleanliness, of which we were not slow to avail ourselves. We camped down near the landing and waited for transportation.

Colonel Cross joined us with a lot of recruits of good character, among whom were John Crosby, Wells Spalding, and A. B. Hayden, all of Milford, whom I had known at home, and Melendy and Heald, also of Milford. One of them brought me a box which Aunt Lizzie had kindly sent and containing a bottle of wine from the Holts as well as numerous comfortable things from her. Such a present, at a time when hardship seemed to have been our only lot, was very gratifying. The five recruits from Milford went into "K" Company, and I then had to pursue the difficult path of an officer over those whom I had always known as men while I was a boy; but discipline had rendered me quite impervious to any modesty which might attack me, and I experienced no great difficulty in maintaining my character as an officer and evincing my friendship for them.

On the 25th we embarked on the America or Coactzacoalcos, a long black ocean steamer, and on the next evening found ourselves steaming away up the Chesapeake. The water was delightful, and watching its blue surface afar off or its green depths near, and the lifeless jellyfish which we ploughed through, and birds and sails, gave us unwonted pleasure; but the vessel was crowded, the cooking and sleeping accommodations poor, and the officers unaccommodating, so that I do not remember any special disappointment at debarking at Acquia Creek, which we did in the afternoon of the 27th. We put out at once toward Fredericksburg, and marched along a pleasant route by the railroad toward six miles, when we halted and bivouacked for the night. We had settled down well when an order came to pack up, which we did, and then, with murmurs of astonishment and anger at the apparent folly of our movements, marched back again to the creek. After dark we embarked on a small steamer and were transferred by her owner to the Baltic, a noble ocean steamship lying in the river. The officers were permitted to inhabit her cabin, which, although shortened by a rude, temporary partition, and evidently in a condition far less luxurious than when it was the abode of tourists over the water, was quite splendid in eyes long accustomed to look on canvas walls and the earth for a carpet, and gave us a feeling of comfort long remembered. With almost fearful sensations I undressed and turned in between *white sheets*, in a bunk in a stateroom with Captain Cross, and slept sweetly while the mammoth ship got under way and steamed up the Potomac.

CHAPTER XI

In the morning we were close to Alexandria, but before we debarked we enjoyed a good breakfast in the cabin and a bottle of claret, and then with regretful hearts left our comfortable quarters for Alexandria and a new campaign, but where we knew not. The familiar streets were marched through and we camped near the site of Camp California, but the brown slopes of the hills wanted the old-time canvas streets and floating flags and had lost their familiar look, but at the same time we should have been glad to have repeopled it, and stayed for a while among our old haunts, which, however, was not granted us, as we marched away on the next day for Georgetown Heights. It was a pleasant tramp, for the colonel put on a jolly air, whether he felt happy or not, and led in songs and cheers, and kept the men marching with blithe hearts and swinging step. We passed through Alexandria by the great camps of convalescent soldiers and huge earthworks, and at length bivouacked on the heights overlooking Washington. In the morning we were persuaded that here, in sight of Washington, where all our great dépôts were, we should be allowed to tarry a few days and replace our tattered clothing and tents and get some rest; but the sun had hardly passed meridian when the sullen roar of artillery came over the hills to us from the direction of Bull Run, and then hurried orders arrived to march away without tents or blankets. We marched toward the field of battle twenty-three miles, with but one halt for rest and this in a heavy rain, while some of the men, too, were without shoes. At two o'clock in the morning we lay down and went to sleep in the rain. The road in places was filled for long distances with ambulances, hacks, and wagons coming out from Washington to gather the wounded who fell in the great battle then going on, and citizens in fine clothes and spectacles attended them. As the columns delayed along the road, I talked with one respect-

able gentleman, who seemed particularly gratified to hear me express an opinion to the effect that we did not despair of whipping the enemy when we found ourselves in his front. In the drizzling rain of the morning of the 31st, we marched on to the front, and soon began passing the long columns of Pope's army making their way to the rear.

The Army of the Potomac had become convinced that Pope was not much of a general and his army was too easily whipped. The former opinion doubtless arose chiefly from three circumstances: first, his failure, after a rather bombastic announcement, when he had assumed command, that his headquarters would be "in the saddle," seemed a little ridiculous; second, he had been defeated; and third, he seemed to be a rival of our hero McClellan. The second circumstance above mentioned was sufficient to brand his army as poor fighters and to justify us (in our opinions) in scoffing at them as they passed us, and shouting or sneering many a scornful remark upon their defeat. Then we were ignorant of the really earnest endeavors of Pope to defeat the enemy; the good fighting of his men; the criminal delays of McClellan and some of his subordinates in bringing up reinforcements, seemingly bent as they were on his ruin; and the fact that they then were marching to meet the enemy again (as doubtless they were), who was marching around our right flank to assail us. Many of our army are probably ignorant still of these facts; but convinced of them as I am, I pray that if any man in Pope's army remembers to-day the insults proffered him that day, he also has learned our ignorance of the truth in that same day.

Approaching Centerville we saw the slope of the heights toward us covered with troops of all arms, either in the order of battle or massed in reserve. Marching through the reserves and changing position a few times, perhaps, the 5th went into line of battle in front, and my company, or a part of it, with others went forward into a piece of woods on the slope toward the enemy and formed a skirmish or picket line. The day was cold and uncomfortable, and

we passed a dreary time, somewhat relieved of dullness by the expectation of seeing at any moment the advancing enemy. That night I heard the enemy's artillery at intervals rumbling along the roads in our front toward our right (which fact I doubtless reported), and for a while with intense watchfulness waited to see the contact of his advance with my men. (I am pretty sure this was on our first night there, August 31, though such is the undistinguishable discomfort of those days I am not certain that it was not the next night.)

On the next day we moved a little to the left and took position where a broad view was afforded us of the valley of Bull Run and the broken country fringing it. During this day we were directed somewhat by an encounter of our advanced cavalry, or our straggling foragers, with the enemy, but our stragglers fled wildly to our lines and things looked as if the enemy were advancing. We sprang to arms, but the flurry was soon over and we relapsed into miserable shivering again. I had rather the best of most of our fellows this time, for I had seized a narrow quilt, the gift of the Sanitary Commission, I think, from my effects when we left Arlington Heights, and it afforded me, and whoever was fortunate enough to be my bunkmate, an approach to warmth.

Some of the 2d Regiment, New Hampshire, men visited us here and informed us that —— had left the regiment before the battle of the 30th at Bull Run and had not then rejoined it. I also recollect talking with a subaltern in a Regular regiment which lay near us, who was brooding on the refusal of the authorities to allow him to take promotion in a volunteer regiment. All things miserable as well as good (except soul, I hope) have an end, and so did our defense of the heights of Centerville; for on the morning of the 2d of September we were marched to the rear a short distance, and then in the most profound darkness were sent to picket the flank in the midst of the worst kind of underbrush and thicket. Mysterious whisperings of the immediate presence of the enemy and of our being left to cover the retreat, and the glow of camp-fires in the

clouds in our front, made our position seem very hazardous, and we were not sorry to receive the order, just before daylight, to take the road to the rear. Our baggage wagon for some reason was emptied of its contents, and my valise would have been left had I not hired two of my company to carry it back to Fairfax Court House for me, where by some good luck I got it put into a baggage wagon which brought it safely to me at Tennallytown.

Reaching Fairfax Court House, we found the streets full of troops and trains on the retreat. We moved out to the left a little, and facing the rear we waited to cover the retreat. Our halt in a favorable locality gave some of our company a chance to secure and cook some geese which rashly lived in our presence, and which were good, as I can testify. We learned that at Chantilly the day before a fierce battle had been fought (General Kearny was killed here), not a shot of which we had heard, only five or six miles distant. Although our halt was unmolested, as soon as we had marched a short distance the enemy followed us and pelted us with shot from a battery, which hurt no one that I know of, but made us feel uncomfortable, since we were not permitted to halt and face it. We marched through or close by Vienna without seeing a town, and after a weary march of twenty-six miles we halted near Chain Bridge, and I lay down shivering even under my Sanitary quilt. We moved over the river the next day and camped at Tennallytown in the District of Columbia, and were rejoiced by an order placing McClellan in command of the defenses and forces about Washington, and rested in the assurance that all was safe.

Whether our commanders relied on the habitual inactivity of McClellan, or whether they were ignorant of the urgent necessity of immediate movement on our part to meet the enemy already in Maryland and marching northward, they promised us rest and new clothes here, and we, ignorant of everything outside of our own division, supposed that it was as represented to us; and as our baggage reached us, and a few clothes were issued, we began feeling comfortable. I looked around for a good table in the village, and to my

great satisfaction had seated myself at one eating a dinner which seemed luxurious, on the 4th. But alas, for human calculations in war, I had not reached my dessert when my astonished and erect ears announced to my bewildered mind that the "General" was being sounded on the bugles of my regiment. Ra-taah-taah-taah! Ra-taah-taah-taah! Rat-tat-tat! Rat-tat-tat, etc., which interpreted means, "Strike tents! Pack up! Leave your bunks!" With a doleful glance at the yet uncleared table I rushed to the camp and joined in the general packing-up, and in half an hour we sallied out of the fortifications in a long column on the turnpike which I had rumbled over in a stage fourteen months before when I was hunting for the 1st New Hampshire Volunteers and my first campaign, and we were again on our way to meet the rebels who were "carrying the war into Africa." The rigid order of march and the frequent roll calls indicated the presence of the enemy, and the next day early we went into line of battle near Rockville, Maryland. There, although we lay on our arms until nightfall we saw no enemy, but the good Gods of War or Fortune had brought us into a plentiful country and our delighted eyes rested upon a flock of sheep in our front, but our general had issued strict orders against foraging and sharp eyes watched our motions. My men had longed for an opportunity some time when Colonel Cross called me to his presence and said, "Mr. Livermore, don't you on any account let two of your men go out and get one of those sheep for supper." "No, sir!" said I; and I went back and directed two stout and willing privates to go out and get a sheep. They took the opportunity when the owners were chasing some men of another regiment, and grasping each his sheep sped into our line with them over their shoulders, and then into a piece of woods behind. I sent iron kettles to them, which were soon returned filled with mutton and nicely covered with green leaves. I sent one kettle to the colonel with my compliments, telling him that it contained rations I had drawn. He returned his thanks and caution against leaving any part of them in sight. This grave farce completed, another of my men sallied out and returned

with a bushel of new potatoes fresh dug. The cooks stewed the two windfalls over a camp-fire and we partook of the most delicious stew I can remember. The morality of these proceedings might be questioned, but the people here and elsewhere we foraged were not generally very loyal, our rations were dry, we were marching to repel an enemy who would have stripped them, and we were hungry.

From this point we marched northward on the next morning. We saw then for the first time our new division (3d) commanded by General French, made up mainly of new troops with clean uniforms and full ranks. Our own clothes were scanty and ragged, but before we left this bivouac an issue of shoes and stockings was made, the quartermaster being absent, by myself, which was my first experience in that department.

The first night out our regiment, grumbling some at what seemed an extra allowance of that kind of duty, went on picket a considerable distance in advance, but, as will appear, it was not so bad as it seemed at first. Our reserve was posted at dark in a ravine and the line on the hills in front, and we had hardly got out of the ranks when we discovered that there was something to eat running around close to us, and we made free to make it fast. I had lain down under my blanket, very well contented with my position and lot, when I heard the colonel's clear voice shouting, "Secure that pig!" — and down the hill through the darkness came the game, followed by the colonel all in dishabille, and his naked sword in his hand. The pig succumbed. In the morning I was sent out in command of a small squad to picket our front, and finding something to eat was quite happy, when an order came from the colonel to advance as far as I could toward the enemy. So I started forward with eyes and ears open. I had gone a mile or two when some one from the regiment brought my recall. I returned as soon as possible, only to hear an innuendo from the colonel that I had loitered at my post foraging and had been dilatory. He in his impatience to get us in and march seemed to forget that he had ordered us out, and

that we had gone, and how long it took to return. I set him right as far as I could and marched on, regretting the injustice; however, his judgment came to the rescue, as I never heard more of it or was slighted for it to my knowledge.

From here to Frederick City I cannot recollect our various bivouacs, but my memory reverts to marches through green fields and camps by pleasant waters. When we had stacked arms and called rolls, and washed off the dust in the cool streams, Peter Brennan, an Irishman whom Captain Cross detailed as servant, came in with the pack-horse laden down with equipage and edibles, and speedily unloading him he would bustle around, build a fire, put on his kettles, and prepare our meal. Then from his various haversacks he would pull legs of mutton, luckless and headless chickens, potatoes, turnips, and various edibles, and would pour from his canteen rich, white milk, all of which he, regardful of his captain's comfort, had foraged in his long absence during the day on the byroads. To all queries as to where and how he got his things his answer was, "Bought it, Shir." And while our eyes roamed delighted over his fat store, or our nostrils were regaled with the savory fumes of his cooking, we were not disposed to be inquisitive further. Our men fared well, too, on this march. When the details had been counted off, the ranks would break, and then, while some brought water in their canteens, and built cheerful fires which illumined the bivouac with their cheerful glow, others would disappear from their midst, and after a short absence would return laden with good things not drawn from the commissary; and then cups, frying-pans, and kettles would be placed upon the fire, and the results of their foraging would speedily be stewing and frying on the fire, and until "taps," if they were beaten, the forms of our contented men would be seen flitting before the flames, while the happy joke or gay song would ring out on the still air.

Sometimes we were so fortunate as to find a still, and could replenish our canteens with the warm beverage which they produced. Once, just after we had gone into bivouac and had suc-

ceeded in getting some whiskey, Lieutenant Jack Gossan, familiarly called "Mad Jack," aide-de-camp to General Meagher, rode up and spoke to Captain Cross, who invited him to dismount and take a drink, which he did. He said with a rich brogue, "I am going up to see Gineral Sumner to get one of our min out of a schrape. Somehow I am always sint up for such purposes. I do not know why it is. But thin I get along very well with him. Once he said to me, 'Mr. Gossan, if you were not such an incorrigible rascal I would cashier you.'" He then rattled on about a charge he led at Malvern Hill; about General Meagher's requesting him to buy a new jacket and his consequent purchase of the one he had on, which was covered with gilt lace; and finally told us, I think, that "the boys" always got out of the way when he rode at a gallop down the road, crying, "Here comes Mad Jack!" but that a new regiment which did not know him had failed to make way for him once, and that he had run over a man; and then he said, "And they tould me that I had killed a man, joost as though they thought it would affecht me!" He was a perfect wild Irishman after the Charles O'Malley type, said to have been graduated at Dublin University, to have served as a Polish Hussar, and to have been the hero of adventures. He was a good fighter in spite of his self-praise, wore a mustache twirled into long points, and was a dashing horseman, and rode in the hurdle races. There were many stories about him, and he was a great character in the Second Corps.

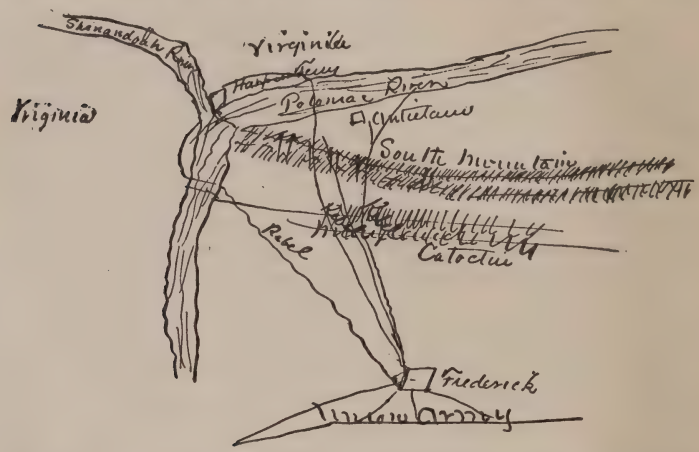
On the 13th in the afternoon we marched through Frederick. Our columns were aligned, our banners unfurled, and our bugles and drums played a soul-stirring march, and we marched proudly down the main street, while from every window the ladies smiled on us and waved their handkerchiefs with patriotic joy. We passed General Burnside on the left, looking very gallant and warlike in his blue frock and side whiskers; alas, that so fine a looking man should be so poor a general! We always looked back with pleasure on the greeting we received here and blessed the loyal city of Fred-

erick. Our bivouac lay outside the city a little distance and our fare was very good in consequence of the proximity to cultivated fields and gardens. Early on the next morning we moved out on the road leading northwest from the city toward Catoctin Mountain or range, and as far as we could see in our front the blue columns of our army filled the roads and toiled up the mountainside.

At this time the rank and file supposed that, with the most sapient strategy, McClellan was leading us to head off the enemy from the north, but the fact was, on this day or a day or more previous an order issued by Lee to his subordinate commanders had fallen into McClellan's hands, and it had disclosed in the most lucid manner the plan of the enemy's campaign. The army was directed to march in four or five divisions up the Potomac with a view to capture the garrison at Harper's Ferry, and at the same time to beat off our advancing army, and to this end Lee had directed perhaps one half to cross the Potomac (one division above and one below Harper's Ferry, I think) and the other half to invest Harper's Ferry on the south, and to keep in the front of McClellan. This plan of dividing his army in the face of a powerful enemy, by a river difficult to ford, showed, as Greeley has well remarked, a great contempt on the part of Lee for McClellan. The position is faintly illustrated by the following outline sketch.

While the sketch is drawn from memory alone and is inaccurate, yet from it may be seen the general lines of march of the two armies, the rebel army diverging from Frederick to surround Harper's Ferry and the Union army converging on Frederick, and this on the 12th or 13th of September when the above-mentioned order had fallen into McClellan's hands and the rebel army had commenced its march. Now, there were two things to be done: one was to save our ten thousand men at Harper's Ferry and the other to destroy the rebel army, and the possibility of the first being done by the force at Harper's Ferry itself must have seemed very remote, since the senior officer there was one who

was weak enough to resign the command into the hands of his junior. It then was necessary to reach Harper's Ferry by the shortest route, and that route followed would, by the fortunate disposition of affairs, put our army, if judiciously handled, either between the two wings of the rebel army or in a position to strike one part while the other was over the river. This view of affairs



has been presented to me since the war mainly by Greeley's history, and then I innocently supposed, with the most of the army, that our commander was doing the best thing for victory; but the fact was he followed and struck the divisions of the rebel army which were on the eastern flank, and meeting with stubborn resistance from them in the mountain passes, was delayed until they got position secured on Antietam Creek backed by the Potomac, where the rest might join them when Harper's Ferry had been captured if we did not press them too vigorously, and we *did not, of course.*

To return to our march. It came our turn in a little while to march up the mountain-side, but I should mention that we saw

here some of the famous 7th New York Militia, who had come to repel the rebel invasion, looking very much like rebels in their gray uniform, but very unlike them as to cleanliness. We also saw or heard of a rebel spy who had been hung by our forces, and who proved to be a man who had been a peddler in our Camp California in the beginning of the year. We clambered up the mountain on a pretty good road, and, after surmounting it, met a varied country of hills and valleys, all pleasant, and bordered with fields and houses. Toward the middle of the day, as we hurried along down the slope which forms the southerly side of the valley between the Catoctin and South Mountains, we saw on the side of the latter, so far away that the woods and fields were distinguishable only by their color, puffs of smoke, too familiar to be mistaken for anything but those which arose from batteries, and our pace seemed to quicken. By and by we could hear the sullen reports which were borne on the wind to us, and at last, as the sun sank behind its crest, we hastened into the shadow of the mountain while the roar of battle was loud in our ears.

How long or how often we had halted does not occur to me now, but at this juncture we took the double-quick in an arduous track over plains and hills and through ravines, and old General Sumner rode close to the head of our columns, all afire to reach the field, and his white beard streaming in the breeze. I well recollect his damning some officer who seemed dainty about tearing down a fence in our track with his own hands. But although we went with all speed, yet darkness came down upon us as we struck the side of the mountain, and the rattle of musketry and roar of artillery which we had heard above us ceased. We moved through a field among houses and fences, where the dead and wounded and scattered arms indicated the ground where the contest had been earlier, and halting we cooked our frugal suppers, and lay down to sleep expecting to march to bloody work in the morning.

The farmhouses we had passed during the day were generally

of brick and most comfortable-looking, and the fields had the appearance of bounteous fertility. We cooked and drank our coffee in the dark on the morning of the 15th, and moved up the mountain as twilight merged into day. We passed a few hundred rebel prisoners under guard on our right, and then, after passing some grand precipices, we left the road and plunged into the woods; then forming line of battle, with expectant eyes and fast-beating hearts we clambered up the precipitous mountain-side among great boulders and rugged trees, to meet the foe, who the night before had held the pass above. After a toilsome half-hour, perhaps, we came upon a line of dead rebels, among whom lay some wounded, and we then learned that the rebels had been driven from that position the night before and that it was supposed they had fled; which was the fact, for they had resisted us long enough and were now well on their way to the Potomac. But we supposed that they had been driven unwillingly to leave, and for aught we knew those at this pass and at Crampton's, a mile or two to the west, where we had heard Franklin fighting the day before, comprised the whole rebel army; and we rejoiced when we heard a wounded rebel major who lay here say that he had taken his post here in the belief that he could not be dislodged. And we were told that a skirmish line of the Pennsylvania Reserves had driven the line of battle here by advancing up the mountain in their faces. And this and subsequent events of like character in the war showed me that the formidableness of a frowning mountain and of great rocks and thick woods upon it lies only in the looks, for troops cannot fire down a steep side with accuracy, while those below *can* fire up with great precision, and are far better off than they are marching up a moderate slope covered neither by trees nor rocks. The rebels had here defended Turner's Gap, a depression in the mountain about four hundred feet deep, and it is said had 30,000, meeting with a loss of 3000, while our force engaged was about the same and our loss about 1560.

We moved into the turnpike and passed a high stone wall

bordering a field over which it was said the 9th New Hampshire Regiment had charged with great gallantry, in its first battle. We left the gap on our left and moved down the mountain, which we had hardly commenced doing when our regiment was put into the double-quick to pass to the head of the column. We went down with our canteens and traps rattling like a mule train, and gave to and received many shouts from the Irish Brigade, which we passed. We learned that the honor of leading the advance had been given us in preference to the leading brigade, to their chagrin and our pride, and we took it with elated hearts. A lot of gray clothes, old knapsacks, and equipments thrown down by the road showed us how precipitate had been the retreat of the rebels, which made us feel all the better.

The little town of Boonsboro, at the foot of the mountain, had hardly appeared in sight before we were deploying as skirmishers upon each side of the road. The line was out "in a jiffy," and we took the advance through the town, the people of which scarcely dared yet to look out of their windows, for the rebels had but just fled through the streets followed by our cavalry, and blood was yet fresh upon the pavement. The cavalry kept straight on to the north, but we took the road to the west, and emerging from the street saw some rebel cavalrymen in our front. Captain McMahon, of General Richardson's staff, dashed through our line and up to a bridge where he and two rebels at the distance of two or three rods from each other exchanged shots. General R., who was with our skirmish line, sent an orderly flying after the captain, roaring out, "Tell Captain McMahon to come back here!" — which the captain did with his shots all gone from his revolvers. The duel showed well for the courage of the three and poorly for their marksmanship, as neither was hurt. But scattering skirmishers had no chance in front of the determined line nearly half a mile long which now swept the country, and with eleven bugles pealing out the commands for the different evolutions we moved forward in the finest skirmish we ever had. Woods

and fields followed each other and at every little while a fine farm-house came into view, and hardly a turn or new scene but brought us to stragglers and pillagers whom we speedily secured, and they were the more welcome, as the bread and honey and other good things they had taken from the houses were often yet uneaten, to become our lawful prey.

In a little piece of woods my line enveloped a little house in which were four armed rebels who had straggled for plunder, perhaps, whose surrender I received, and in a field ahead of us we descried two more who persisted in running away from us when we did n't fire, and lying down when we did; so when we were within two hundred yards or so of them by reason of our firing, I tried my legs against theirs while my men withheld their fire, and I overhauled and captured them. They belonged to Wade Hampton's Legion, and one was of the color guard and lamented his capture greatly.

In the course of three miles' march, perhaps, from Boonsboro, we arrived on a broad and elevated plateau which had been doubtless the cornfield or grazing-ground of the farmer whose substantial brick house bordered it. Some straggling rebels seemed to hang about the house loath to comply with our demand to come out and surrender, so I went over there. The farmer told me that the rebel army had halted there and had meditated giving battle from that position, but had finally gone a few miles farther on where we would find it waiting for us; and true enough, on the plateau there were the embers of camp-fires, scattered ammunition boxes, and other traces of a bivouac of a force in regular line expecting battle; but most likely nothing more than a rear guard had contemplated resisting us here.

Pushing on, we clambered over the fences about and straggled between the houses of Keedysville, and then took perhaps a mile more of undulating country, when suddenly the glistening of musket barrels in the sun indicated to me that some bushes in our front covered skirmishers. They fired a scattering fusillade

and made off before our line which advanced upon them, and as we mounted upon the crest of a commanding hill the sight which the signs had predicted burst upon our eyes. Directly in front of us the hill shelved rapidly down to a creek, which now is known world-wide as the Antietam, but which was so insignificant then that its existence was unknown to us until we had seen over this crest into the valley. The turnpike which we had followed from Boonsboro crossed the creek by a bridge a stone's throw in advance of us and then ascended a gentle slope for a mile (northwest) toward Sharpsburg and was lost to sight in the undulations of the country. The slope presented a broad surface extending up and down the stream, diversified by gentle hills, shallow valleys, cornfields, pastures, patches of woods, and houses then in sight, and other features which became apparent afterwards when we marched over it. The enemy's skirmishers had retreated across the creek and were concealed behind some houses and other obstructions. From there on for a mile nothing but a few, some mounted and some on foot, could be seen; but at that distance, perhaps, from the creek a vision which I never shall forget opened to our view.

The last of the gray masses of the rebel army were moving up the turnpike in orderly array to a point on the crest of the slope, and here they followed the thousands who had gone before and deployed on either side and faced us in line of battle, whose front spreading far out on either side in some places stood boldly out in view and in others was concealed by the unevenness of the ground, or only was made known by a standard or an occasional straggler. The dull color of the line was relieved by gay flags and guidons, and the brass guns of the artillery brilliantly reflected the rays of the September sun; horsemen galloped along the lines and the serried ranks deliberately moved to their positions and formed line of battle, and everything betokened at least a contest with the rear guard. If anything was needed to convince me that we should collide with the enemy here, it came in the

sudden bursting of a shell over our heads almost simultaneously with our hearing the report, and after seeing the flash of one of the brass pieces on the slope a mile away. One of the fragments struck Melendy, a private of my company, and one of those recruits from Milford who had joined us at Newport News. It knocked him over and made him turn pale, but did no further injury, and he got up and went on.

Our line was then crossing the crest in full view of the enemy, and the command to the men to take cover under a fence in our front was on my lips, when I was suddenly blind and deaf, rushing winds whirled about my head, and I seemed to be oblivious to the field, the line, the enemy, everything but the fact that I, lately a second lieutenant of the 5th New Hampshire Volunteers, had been deprived of my ability to do anything, and that perhaps I had been killed and was making my transit into the next world. It takes a good deal longer to write this, probably, than it did to go through it all, and the line, which was within two or three rods of the fence when I ordered them to reach it, had but just arrived under its shelter, I think, when I reached my normal state again, and became aware of the fact that I was facing the rear, and that it was due to a shell which had burst so close to me as to do all the mischief. I turned about and ran forward with all speed to the fence and took shelter behind a tree which grew beside or in it, but the rebel skirmishers on the other side of the creek had evidently seen me, or had watched for any one who should attempt to get and stay behind that tree, for they opened with astonishing (to me) and exceptional virulence on me, and splintered the rails so and threw their bullets so close to me that I concluded to change my position; and in order to do it in an approved tactical manner, that is to say in such a manner as to become exposed the least to the enemy's fire, I lay down and rolled back behind the crest a distance of two rods or so, as I have rolled downhill when a child. Having accomplished this in safety, I collected my scattered wits for a few minutes and then

ran forward to the fence again — but not by the tree — and looked after my men, who were doing finely.

By this time the enemy's artillery fired over our heads at the reserves who were arriving behind us, and we devoted our attention to the skirmishers who, sheltered in and behind the houses beyond the creek, annoyed us considerably. By sending out one or more flanking parties we dislodged them, but they very persistently attempted to come down to them again, sometimes on foot and sometimes on horseback. Several constantly tried on the turnpike, and seeing one of them who was retreating, well exposed, I took one of the men's rifles and leveled it over the fence at him, to take my revenge for what they had done to me. He had left the pike and had gone into a little ravine, above the bank of which his head appeared, and, seizing the opportunity, with the sight elevated for 800 yards, I fired at it; the bullet raised the dust in an exact line with his head as it scraped the bank on the side of the ravine nearest us, and whether it then hit his head I never knew, but it (the head) disappeared and we did not see it again; and the men of my line near me, who had suspended firing and watched the shot, gave a shout of applause. I then felt in a degree compensated.

Our division filed up, and there was plenty of time for half the army to come up before dark, but how much did come I don't know. This is certain, while we had traveled over hard turnpikes for two days and there was no apparent reason why we should not have had all our artillery with us, yet I heard General Richardson say that he had no artillery with him and he should have to fight with infantry alone, and no artillery replied or was with us to reply to the enemy's that afternoon, and no demonstration in force was made upon the enemy in any way that afternoon; and this when the Second Corps had marched not over twelve miles from South Mountain, where there were at least 30,000 men of our army with plenty of artillery that morning, and the rebel army was before us, divided from the large force which had gone to

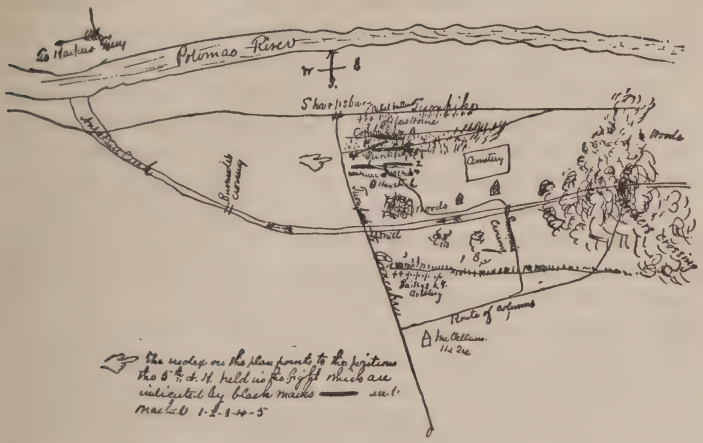
Harper's Ferry, without the hope or possibility of uniting before we could have assaulted and beaten those in our front.

At night a Regular regiment relieved us and we took post in the reserve. We felt quite proud of our achievements in skirmishing in such good order and with such success on this day, and our pride was not diminished by the remark of General Richardson to General Meagher (who perhaps had complained of our being sent in front of his brigade), in the presence of some of our regiment. Said he, "If I was going to take Hell, I should want the 5th New Hampshire for skirmishers." We had a quiet sleep in a ravine beside the turnpike and a little to the rear of the creek, and were not disturbed until morning.

On the morning of the 16th a portion of a New York artillery regiment went into battery on the height just in front of us with 20-pounder Parrott guns, and engaged in a cannonade with the enemy's batteries posted on the opposite crest, at the range of a mile or thereabouts; and this lasted all day. Our infantry was mainly protected in the hollows, but the artillery suffered some from the fierce response to their fire, and Colonel Bailey commanding was killed, I believe. A favorite horse of Lieutenant-Colonel Miles, of the 61st New York, was killed by a shot close by us, and sometimes one ricocheted or dropped near to us; but even the regimental butcher, when a shot threw the earth about him, went on undisturbed, and no one else minded the missiles which whistled by overhead any more.

There was a stone dam which furnished power to a mill on the turnpike a few rods in front of us, which it was talked of removing or blowing up to lower the creek for our fording, and it was said our regiment was to accomplish the work. Some of our men, I think, did do something about it, but the most of us had not much to do except to watch the effect of the enemy's fire and the troops who hurried by us nearly all day, mainly, I think, of Burnside's command on their way to the lower bridge, where they crossed on the day following. Toward sunset we

marched up on the heights and bivouacked near to the house which General McClellan occupied as Headquarters, to guard it overnight. From this place I had a pretty good view of the field of battle of the right wing on the following day, and to aid my description I sketch below the outlines.



From the position at McClellan's Headquarters which we occupied on the night of the 16th of September and that in front of the New York artillery, I saw the features described on page 123, which I can perhaps render a little more intelligible by the aid of this sketch. The New York artillery stood on a bluff perhaps forty feet above the Antietam, and closer to the stream than indicated on the plan, which does not aspire to accurate measurements or in fact anything more accurate than memory at seven years can afford of my impressions at the battle. The base of this bluff was within perhaps thirty yards of the creek at the mill and thence it receded as we looked upstream, until it was lost behind or in the woods around what I have marked as "Hooker's Crossing."

Between the base of the bluff and the stream there was an undulating interval, dotted with trees from the mill to the woods above mentioned around Hooker's crossing. On the opposite side of the stream an interval or plain bordered the stream from the Boonsboro turnpike to the woods on the east, a distance of a mile and a half, I think. This plain rose to a crest along which the Sharpsburg turnpike ran, which was of about the same altitude as the one on which we stood and about a mile distant from it. For about half the distance from west to east this plain was broken by ravines and hills, and was dotted with woods, and the rest of the distance it rose quite evenly from the creek to the crest, and had upon it a cemetery, several houses, and a few trees, but affording very little cover for advancing troops after they had left the woods at Hooker's crossing. Along the crest and in front of the Sharpsburg turnpike there was an extensive cornfield which extended from a point near the Boonsboro turnpike halfway to the eastern limit of the field represented in the map. The battle-field of the right wing of the army, where in my estimation the victory was won, was all on the east of the Boonsboro pike. To the left of it for a mile there was a piece of country over which there was no fighting except a cavalry skirmish and artillery firing, and then came Burnside's field, which I only saw in the distance and cannot describe.

On the afternoon of the 16th, at about sundown, the sound of brisk musketry in the woods at Hooker's crossing attracted our attention. It continued for half an hour or more and closed about dark, I think. We looked very anxiously for some sign of the battle, but although we could tell from the direction of the sounds that our people had not retreated, yet the woods hid everything from view, and except from rumor we heard no account of the fight. One thing, however, we did know, and that was that the rebels had met our people in the region of the creek where it was covered by the woods. and I think that rumor said Hooker had made or attempted a crossing.

We lay on our arms, and I slept quietly enough until a little before daylight on the 17th. As may be supposed, we were on the *qui vive* at this early hour, and our coffee and crackers hastily swallowed, we watched for the signs of the coming battle. The day was fair and nothing seemed to interfere with our fighting in comfort.

Our army had filed by us for two days, our artillery was with us, our rations and ammunition were plenty, and although we were on the offensive apparently, yet a fair field with no fortifications lay before us, and our enemy, whom we had chased after for more than a month, seemed to be at last in line of battle before us. Yet, notwithstanding all this a strange feeling of wonder and restlessness came over me and likely enough over many who stood beside me. A general commanding an army, with all his means of information, must approach a great battle with a sense that there is much to transpire which he cannot foresee or prevent or control, but a subaltern of the line is entirely in the dark. I knew that what I have above related was true, yet the enemy was mainly hid, his arms did not glisten, and his flags did not flutter in sight as they did two days before when we had come upon his deploying lines.

A few batteries were in sight on the opposite crest, but where the great body of infantry was I was ignorant. Whether we were to attack or to repel, whether the fight was to be in the woods on our right in the ravines, or in the hills in our front, or on the crest amid the hostile batteries, I knew not, and then, When was the fight to begin? How long would it last? Who would win? Was I to be killed, to be torn with a shell, or pierced with a bullet? What was death? How quickly should I be in the other world if I were killed? My experience with the shell on the 15th had not been forgotten, and perhaps I did think of the terrible fate I had just escaped, but I am not aware that I once wished we should not fight. I know that to stay out or shrink from the battle in any way never entered my head; yet I can venture

to say that while we waited in the twilight time flew with slow wings, and the quicker I was in it and through it, alive or dead, the better I thought it would be. This contemplating for a long time the black-muzzled cannon, and conjuring up the hosts who are to blaze at you with death-dealing musketry, is not pleasant.

CHAPTER XII

At daylight the skirmishers began where the fight had ended the night before; and no scattered popping, but a fierce set-to which meant an advance on one side or the other; and true enough, in a few minutes the rattling "file firing" of a brigade began, then another joined, and another, until the woods roared with the musketry of thousands whose sound reverberated through the trees, along the bluffs, and over the hills. That was evidently no play, for there were two sides to the firing, and such firing means many deaths and wounds. How we strained our ears to catch the shouts of victory or the change of position! Suddenly, when the musketry had been at its height for a few minutes only, it ceased! One side or the other had given way, and then the round, boisterous cheer of our men echoed from the woods, and we knew the fight was ours. This was delightful, but was not half as good as to see, a minute after, what seemed to be a whole division of rebels swarm from the woods and fly in the greatest panic across the plain toward the cemetery and Sharpsburg pike. Then we cheered like mad, and Colonel Cross frantically shouted to our artillery on the bluff near by to put the shells into them.

Our guns opened, and the screaming shells flew down onto the swarming plain, and tore their way through the flying enemy. We could see everything, and watched the groups whom our pitiless gunners aimed at. The shell would burst among them as they ran, and some would fall and lie motionless on the ground while the rest fled as if from Nemesis. Close upon this routed host our lines — the First Corps [1] — marched out of the woods in pur-

[1] December 18, 1869. Since writing this I have been informed by General Hincks that it was the 2d Division, Second Corps (in which he commanded a brigade), which opened the attack in the woods on the morning of the 17th and marched out of the woods, instead of the First Corps as I have here related, but I am not certain that we understood each other.

suit, beautifully aligned, and with colors flying swept across the plain to the vicinity of the cemetery, where they met a fresh line of rebels and engaged in close musketry fight.

The Twelfth Corps followed the First Corps and the battle became furious. I was not able to follow the vicissitudes of either army, but I could see that our lines had met the enemy in front of the crest, and without further advance were involved in a murderous encounter. The thin blue smoke rose in a regular line above the contending armies, spread out slowly, and then obscured them. Sometimes a rent allowed us to see the dark-blue line we loved standing crowned with its blue wreath, the waving Stars and Stripes, and the mounted officers hurrying to and fro. The enemy's artillery opened, too, and the flashes and smoke of the pieces and the black cloud and virulent flame of the shells in the air added grandeur to the scene. Our artillery replied fiercely, and the whole face of the country in front of us was filled with the smoke of battle and burning houses on the opposite plain which had been set on fire by our shells, and through it we could see the dim outlines of the country and the contending lines sometimes, and continually the flashes of musketry and of artillery, and the tall flames from the burning houses.

Looking to our right on our own side of the creek, we saw a dark-blue column of thousands filing along on the bluff and down across the stream to engage in the battle. The 2d and 3d Divisions of our own (the Second) Corps mounted the opposite slope, and forming on the left of our troops engaged, went into the battle. We followed close upon them, and as we marched got fresh views of the field. At this time (about ten o'clock A.M.) I have learned that there were engaged on our side seven divisions comprising about 37,000 men, and probably the rebels had nearly as many. We forded the creek at the point marked on my plan "Sumner's Crossing," and then, turning to the left, hurried along behind the hills I have mentioned (which afforded excellent cover) to the left of our line near the Boonsboro pike, and a little to the

right and in front of Piper's house. The Irish Brigade went in first, and advancing across the top of the last hill in front of the one on which the Sharpsburg pike ran, strewing the ground with its dead and wounded, engaged the enemy on the south edge of the cornfield.

At about this time my regiment was marching by the right flank by fours under the hill on which the Irish Brigade were and toward the haystack. The colonel was at the rear of the regiment "closing it up," I think, and some one in front started the "double-quick" step. At about this moment one of the bullets which were flying from the field over our heads and among us struck Private Card of my company, who was marching almost directly at my left elbow. I heard the bullet strike, and turning quickly saw the blood, as I thought, spurt out of Card's neck under his right ear. He fell as if struck by an axe, and I said, "There goes poor Card," and never slackened my trot, supposing that to be the last of him. The colonel came hurrying along just then to the head of the column, swearing at the man who had started the double-quick to tire out his men. So we took a more sensible "quick step," and filing to the right, just before we reached the haystack came into line right in front and a little to the left of the enemy's fire, and halted and lay down.

Colonel Cross, on foot pacing up and down in his nervous way in front of our line, addressed us the following, jerked out as it were: "Men, you are about to engage in battle. You have never disgraced your State; I hope you won't this time. If any man runs I want the file closers to shoot him; if they don't, I shall myself. That 's all I have to say." And it 's what I call a model speech. At this time I and some of the others looked behind and saw General —— under the hill and behind the haystack out of harm's way, and I did not see him after that until we came out of the musketry fight. Before we moved, Card came up and joined the company, brave fellow! It was only a spent bullet which had hit him under the ear. It had not broken the skin, but had raised a swelling as

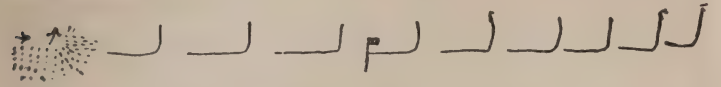
large as an egg. It did not prevent Card from doing as well as any one in the fight, however, but he said it prevented his eating much for some days.

We were at this first halt in the position marked by ——1 on the plan. In five or ten minutes we moved by the right flank to ——2 and then facing to the front moved directly forward over a rail fence, which the colonel had caused to be leveled, and up a gentle slope to the vicinity of ——5. As we moved up this slope, bullets flew about our heads, and our line passed over a number of dead and wounded who had fallen from the Irish Brigade, which had preceded us, and a regiment of which we now relieved. They stood facing the enemy at position 5, above indicated, just south of the sunken road, and were cut up sadly. We moved up behind them in an unwavering line of battle, and just before we reached them, at the command, we "broke by right of companies to the front," while they broke to the rear by companies and we passed through them, and then came "by companies into line," when we again found ourselves advancing in a well-ordered line of battle.

This maneuver, performed in the face of the enemy within a few yards of his line and under fire of infantry (and artillery, I think) in such exact order, in my opinion was the highest proof of the discipline and intrepidity of our regiment and of our colonel's confidence in us. It was executed as follows: The regiment was advancing 319 strong in line of battle of ten companies, the line being composed of two lines of men and one of officers, one in rear of the other; thus:

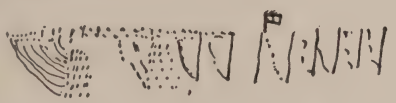
when the colonel gave the command, "By the right of companies to the front!" "By the right flank!" "March!" At which command every man in the line faced to the right in four ranks of men and one of officers, and the captain of each company then led his

company at right angles to the left, which brought the regiment into this shape



When each captain had completed his turn with his whole company to the left, then the ten companies were all marching to the front in columns of fives, leaving considerable intervals between each, and the regiment to be relieved marching to the rear having completed a similar maneuver, and the one marching to the front and the other to the rear having met, the position was this

When the regiments had thus marched through each other, our colonel gave the command, "By companies into line!" — at which each man ran forward and put himself in line with the captains and first sergeants, thus



and moved forward in the same line in which they were before commencing the maneuver.

As we passed through the ranks of the Irish regiment, they cheered us loudly, and in a twinkling we found ourselves opposed to the enemy and under a severe fire. I never shall forget the scene. We stood nearly on the edge of the sunken road which ran along the border of an extensive cornfield, behind us the greensward for a hundred yards was dotted with the dead and wounded, and far away across the creek our great guns were hurling shells over the valley and above our heads at the enemy; on our left, the country

as far as we could see was quiet and undisturbed, except, perhaps, by a few skirmishers, and the flight of shells overhead. On our right the country undulated and was divided between the cornfield and grass and presented an inspiring and awful scene. The cornfield rose to a ridge by the Sharpsburg pike, and on this ridge the enemy's batteries flashed and hurled shot, shell, and canister into our lines. In the corn the gray lines of the enemy dotted with flags advanced, retreated, fired and yelled, and their arms glittered through the smoke which at times almost obscured the field, while along the sunken road and beyond it in the corn, too, our own gallant lines contended almost unaided by artillery against the foe, and in the air the flashings from black clouds showed the death-dealing shells. Following the cornfield to our own front we lost sight of the enemy's infantry, who, however, concealed in the corn, plied us with musketry. Beyond the field on the crest near a house a battery blazed at us, and we opened fire. As we fired, bullets hissed and hummed by us, the battery in our front pelted us with shrapnel (I am not certain that this battery opened on us until we had cleared away the rebel line in front of us, but as the one on our right did it is possible that this one did too) and from the rebel battery on our right front solid shot or shell came tearing up the earth, and the thundering of artillery, the roaring of bursting shells, the rolling of musketry, and humming of deadly fragments and bullets, and sometimes the yells of the rebels and our own cheers, all seemed to fill the whole horizon and drive Peace away forever.

I well recollect, as we opened fire, and I was busying myself with the men, a solid shot or unexploded shell struck the ground close by my feet, and tearing a trench sped on like something irresistible; and all at once, this exhibition of one of the terrible agents which were at work about me impressed me with a sense of my powerless insignificance. It flashed through my mind that the battery on our right, having got the range of us, would ply us with missiles, and that the next one might tear me in two, and then to cringe or dodge or shrink seemed utterly foolish, and it seemed best to work and

to agree to my fate; and now I recollect that this conviction was the culmination of a long discourse with myself in which I had almost become convinced, as we marched up from the creek and lay on the hill where the colonel had spoken, that I was to be killed, and that I had wondered how I should accomplish my transit into the next world, whether it would be in an instant and the like.

Tommy Law was hit in the forehead, as we stood here, by a bullet and fell down. Some of us ran to him, and the poor little boy muttered, "Heaven! Heaven!" The bullet, however, did not seem to have fractured his skull, and although bleeding profusely he went to the rear with our strong hopes for his recovery. We learned afterward that he prospered finely and was sent to a New York hospital, where from some cause which I never knew, he died. I regretted him very much, for he was honest, faithful, a first-rate soldier, and although a mere boy very brave, and he was a schoolmate of mine too. It was at this time an incident occurred illustrative of Colonel Cross's mode of thinking. A little fellow of our regiment went up to him, and in the greatest distress said, "Oh, Colonel, I am wounded." The colonel looked down on him, and gravely but quickly said, "It's the fortune of war, my young man. It's the fortune of war," and turned to the regiment.

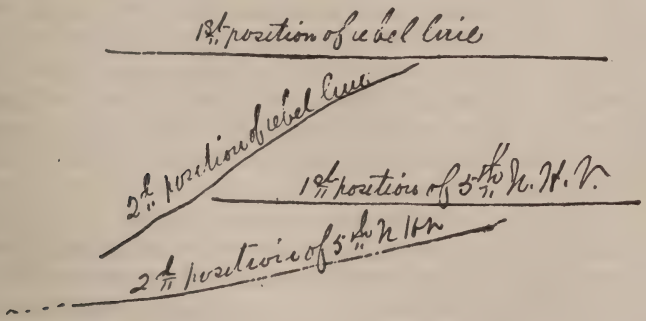
The events of a battle in which the troops maneuver a good deal are almost always confused in one's memory, and I am not exactly certain of the order in which I place events, nor of the duration of the various struggles here, but they are related as now pictured on my mind. I believe that while we fired by file a little before we advanced across the road, yet that we did not meet with great opposition here, probably because the Irish regiment we relieved had done considerable toward using up the line we first dealt with. At any rate, we swept forward, and as we were advancing (either now or previously across the sward) I heard old General Richardson cry out, "Where's General —— ?" I looked over my right shoulder and saw that gallant old fellow advancing on the right of our line, almost alone, afoot and with his bare sword in his hand, and his face

was as black as a thunder cloud; and well it might be, for some of our men, turning their heads toward him, cried out, "Behind the haystack!" and he roared out, "God damn the field officers!" I shall never cease to admire that magnificent fighting general who advanced with his front line, with his sword bare and ready for use, and his swarthy face, burning eye, and square jaw, though long since lifeless dust, are dear to me.

We swept on over the road into the cornfield, taking prisoner the broken remnants of the line which had opposed, now crouching in the corn before us, and down into a ravine, to the foot of the slope on which the rebel batteries stood, and not more than two hundred yards from them; all the time being pelted with canister from the battery in our front, which hurtled through and tore down even the slender cornstalks; and here we arrived at position 3 on the plan. The rebels then attempted to send a line of battle down the slope to meet us under cover of the artillery fire, but by this time we had advanced beyond the range of the batteries on the right, and my impression is that either on account of the depth of the ravine we were in or because of the advancing rebel line being in the way, the pieces of the battery in our front were not depressed enough to hurt us, and we gave our undivided attention to this advancing line. We were fresh, and opened a withering, *literally* withering, fire on the rebels; for although they may have started in regular order, yet before they got to the foot of the slope there was no semblance of a line, and the individuals of what had been the line, either by reason of invincible bravery, or for the purpose of gaining shelter, ran forward scatteringly in the face of our fire, with heads down as if before a storm, to a fence which was a few yards in front of us, but did not form a line which annoyed us, that I recollect.

In my opinion here was a glorious chance to win the victory. We seemed to have penetrated to the right flank of the enemy, no infantry appeared to turn our left flank at this juncture, and no battery opened on our left front, and the line which the rebels sent down in our front was broken by a regiment of 300 men or less. Of

course, I don't know what troops there were in reserve behind the rebel line at this point, but from all that I have learned I see no reason to doubt that if the prolongation of our line to the left, which we ended, had been continued by one division, we should have turned the right of this left wing of the rebel army. But, however triumphant our advance had been, it seems that Colonel Cross found that he was not only in advance of the line on his right, but that there was an interval between his right and its left on the same alignment; so to avoid the catastrophe which such a position might bring upon us, he moved us to the right and rear until at length we found ourselves in the vicinity of the sunken road again with our line intact. The rebels followed this movement closely with an advance of a formidable line of battle, which we met with a rapid fire, but the rebels now attempted a maneuver, which was the very one I have suggested we might have accomplished, that is, the flanking of our left. We were very busily engaged in the corn when some one on the left detected this movement of the enemy around our left, which was concealed from the most of us by the corn. Colonel Cross convinced himself that this was the case when he in some way changed our front "to the left and rear" so as to confront the rebel line squarely, the movement being represented by the following sketch:



And then we filed to the left something as represented by the dotted prolongation of the lower line, and outflanking the rebel line in turn poured such a fire into it as to drive it off. As I was near the right of the line I did not see how much the rebels outflanked us, nor did I see how much we outflanked them, and was very busily occupied with the rebels in my own front.

At this time we were subjected to a most terrible fire of artillery, and I recollect one shell or case shot which burst in the middle of "G," the color company, and killed and wounded eight men and tore a great hole in one of our flags, and our regiment, already weakened, was fast losing men from its ranks. At this trying time the rebel infantry advanced for the third time against us, when the colonel moved us into the sunken road and there we planted ourselves for the last struggle.

On looking about me I found that we were in the old, sunken road mentioned several times before, and that the bed of it lay from one to three feet below the surface of the crest along which it ran. In this road there lay so many dead rebels that they formed a line which one might have walked upon as far as I could see, many of whom had been killed by the most horrible wounds of shot and shell, and they lay just as they had been killed apparently, amid the blood which was soaking the earth. It was on this ghastly flooring that we kneeled for the last struggle. The rebels advanced through the corn, firing, the artillery played upon us without mercy, and now we were harder pressed than ever before, with no help at hand from the reserves which we could see. The battle still raged on our right, and it seemed useless to expect aid from that quarter; this is retrospective, however, and I am not aware that we thought of or prayed for help.

As the rebel advance became apparent, we plied the line with musketry with all our power, and no doubt with terrible effect, but they still advanced. A color-bearer came forward within fifteen yards of our line, and with the utmost desperation waved a rebel flag in front of him. Our men fairly roared, "Shoot the man with

the flag!" and he went down in a twinkling and the flag was not raised in sight again. As the fight grew furious, the colonel cried out, "Put on the war paint"; and looking around I saw the glorious man standing erect, with a red handkerchief, a conspicuous mark, tied around his bare head and the blood from some wounds on his forehead streaming over his face, which was blackened with powder. Taking the cue somehow we rubbed the torn end of the cartridges over our faces, streaking them with powder like a pack of Indians, and the colonel, to complete the similarity, cried out, "Give 'em the war whoop!" and all of us joined him in the Indian war whoop until it must have rung out above all the thunder of the ordnance. I have sometimes thought it helped to repel the enemy by alarming him to see this devilish-looking line of faces, and to hear the horrid whoop; and at any rate, it reanimated us and let him know we were unterrified.

Added to the inspiration of these devices, a stream of shouts, curses, and appeals to "Fire! Fire! Fire faster!" came from our mouths, and while with our first advance into the cornfield my contemplation of death in the abstract had given place to inflicting it in reality, at this time my spirits became fairly boisterous between firing, shouts, the smell of powder smoke and all. The dead rebel whom I knelt on held in his hands a "Belgian rifle" (a poor enough arm, but worth something in a pinch like this), and although it was my duty to tend solely to my men's behavior, yet as they were each one of them doing their best, and the cap on this rifle denoted that it was loaded, I took it out of his hands, and discharged it at his living comrades, and liking the work I looked around for another piece to discharge, when Colonel Cross, who was omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent in the fight, cried out sharply, "Mr. Livermore, tend to your company!" and I quenched my aspirations and thenceforward watched my men.

At last there came the time (we were afterwards told) when we were hard pushed, since we had lost one third of our number and the enemy were closing upon us in overpowering force; but I am not

aware that I saw any one who seemed to have any fear for the result, and from my own feelings I can say that the enemy would have had a rare chance for a hand-to-hand fight if he had been permitted to close with us.

At any rate, at the time when we were fighting most desperately, it was suddenly perceived that the 81st Pennsylvania of our brigade was moving along our rear from our right to our left (our right, Colonel McKean says in his report), where it came into line on our left by the movement entitled, "on right by file into line," and opened fire by file as each man arrived in line facing the enemy, with a rattling, roaring sound that was joyful to our ears. Together we soon either drove the enemy off or caused him to slacken or cease his fire, and soon after we were relieved by another regiment of our division which blunderingly moved through us in line, while we, though sadly cut up, moved regularly "by companies to the rear." Colonel McKean, we found out, had been in position some distance to our right, and not having any enemy in his immediate front, when he saw how hotly we were engaged, moved of his own accord to our support in the manner above related. He had served in our brigade from its formation, entering it as adjutant; he was a man of intelligence and culture, "a good fellow" and as brave as a lion, and Harry McKean was a favorite in our regiment to the day of his death, which occurred with those of many other good fellows in the "Wilderness Campaign" of 1864.

We moved a little to the rear and formed line of battle close to the position indicated on the plan by ——1 and there re-formed our companies and counted losses, which were about one third of our numbers. Corporal Nettleton, of "G" Company, brought the flag of the 4th North Carolina Regiment out at some time and was afterwards promoted to second lieutenant for the act. I never was quite satisfied as to the manner or time of his getting it, but it was said that when he was wounded on the head, he was made crazy by the blow and went forward toward the rebels and seized the flag. The probability is it was the flag we had seen fall in the fight,

and whether it was in the fight or after it, Corporal Nettleton's craziness had a very good method in it, when it led him to pick it up and bring it away. I might ask him about the circumstances, but the very next battle saw him killed.

When we assumed the last-mentioned position we became subject to a new trial. The battle on the right wing began to cease among the infantry, and the enemy's artillery opened upon our lines which had lain down in their advanced position. The battery directly in front of us got such a range that every shell exploded directly over our heads or a little to the rear, but this, although it seemed at first to be very terrible, proved an almost entirely harmless fire; for while the shells bursting a few feet in front of us and twenty or thirty feet from the ground would have carried destruction to our ranks, bursting as they did and at the same elevation, they were despoiled of their effect because the fragments struck the ground generally behind us. This fire was kept up nearly all the rest of the day.

As the battle assumed this complexion, our want of light batteries became very apparent, and what General McClellan, who could see the whole field, could have been thinking of is more than I can imagine. There were some batteries on our side of the creek with Hooker's and Mansfield's corps on our right, but we were aided by none except Graham's horse battery of six-pounders. The artillery on the bluffs behind us, which had done good execution before our advance, now became worse than useless, for its shells often burst short or flew too low, and endangered our own lives as much or more than the enemy's, and word was sent to them to cease firing over our heads. This sending forward infantry to cope with artillery and infantry, repeated within three days, seemed to inspire General Richardson with indignation, for the gallant man went forward with the horse battery above mentioned to a point within three hundred yards of the enemy's artillery and a stone's throw in front of us, and there, exposed to the concentrated fire of many guns of heavier caliber, he personally overlooked its gun-

ners in a desperate attempt to silence the enemy's batteries, and there received his mortal wound in the side from a piece of shell; and no one but a soldier can understand our sorrow at seeing him carried off the field.

I cannot conceive of a more desperate attempt with artillery than this was, and the battery, we were told, lost every officer, a large number of men, and so many horses that the pieces were drawn off by hand; and then our little "Second Napoleon" left us to be battered without any more artillery the rest of the day. As we lay here, Hayden, the Milford recruit above mentioned, who had been missing, came along sweaty and grimy, and in a bewildered way asked if any one knew where the 5th New Hampshire was. I, lying almost at his feet, told him he had better stop there, and he, extremely relieved, explained that getting mixed with the men of the regiment which had relieved us in so bungling a manner, he had gone on into the fight with them supposing he was in his own regiment, and having gone through their encounter had at last discovered his mistake, which showed at once how brave a recruit he was, and that a fat man of double the ordinary width could run two chances and still come out safe. Two regiments of the new third division of our corps, which had become demoralized and shattered in the battle, came straying along by us and were put under Colonel Cross's command here, and afterwards the colonel of one of them, unhurt, came straying along, too, inquiring for his lost command, and became the subject of our amusement and contempt.

When we had finished our work and as the battle waned on our wing, we heard the musketry and artillery of Burnside's attack, a mile or two from our left, and for some time could see the encounter of portions of the opposing line, but as he never got very far to the front, we did not have the pleasure of witnessing a decided change in the aspect of the field in that quarter.

Soon after General Richardson was wounded, a portly, blond, blue-eyed, and light-haired brigadier-general rode across the field

to the front of our regiment and spoke to Colonel Cross, and we learned to our great satisfaction that it was General Winfield S. Hancock, who had earned in the battle of Williamsburg, from General McClellan, the adjective "superb," and that he was to command our division. The day passed into night and the battle was not renewed on our front, and I do not recall the particulars of the fighting on our right if there was any.

CHAPTER XIII

Among the incidents I remember on this day were these. I saw a private of the 61st New York, who was mounted for some reason, with a brilliant red shirt on, riding to and fro along the infantry line when the musketry was hottest, and he being the only mounted man in his vicinity was especially conspicuous, and I learned that he was doing his best to encourage the men. I was told, too, that a woman, who followed the Irish Brigade as laundress or nurse, went up with it, and standing with it in the fight, swung her bonnet around and cheered on the men; and that Colonel Barlow, of the 61st New York, tired of seeing his drummers shrink from their duty, tied them to his waist with his sash and led them under fire. A rebel in flying before our advance was killed as he was climbing over a fence and remained fixed upon it, and through mistake or rage our men had shot or bayoneted him many times.

On that evening a man from another brigade reported that "Corporal Gay" of my company lay wounded in front of his regiment, and we sent some men after him; and they indeed brought back poor Gay, who once was corporal in our company, but had been promoted to second lieutenant of another. He had been seen, in our fight, to put his hand to his head and walk away as if wounded, and it was supposed he had been wounded not badly and had gone to the hospital; but astonishing as it seemed, his only wound was where a shell had taken off a portion of his skull, although he must have walked a number of yards after being hit. He was still alive, and some ruffian had robbed him of his watch and sword. The poor boy, insensible to the world and wounded beyond all hope, was laid down beside us, his old comrades, to die, and all that night, amidst the alarms of the battle-field, we watched him as he chafed the earth with his foot, and the life did not leave his manly body until almost twenty-four hours from the time he was wounded.

In the morning we anxiously waited for the renewal of the battle which was never to be. McClellan had at least a division and I think the whole of Porter's corps in reserve, not a man of which had fired a shot except a few as skirmishers on our left; but because we had lost a seventh of our army, and because those of us who had fought were tired on the day of the battle and had expended considerable ammunition, he declined to renew the attack either with us or the reserves. Now, it is true that Burnside had failed to attack at the appointed time, and perhaps had enabled the enemy to use men against our attack who ought to have been detained in his front; it is also true that McClellan had delayed his attack two days and thereby enabled Jackson to take Harper's Ferry and then, in the middle of our fight, bring up his victorious corps to reinforce our opponents, and that McClellan had failed to send enough artillery to silence the batteries opposed to us; and it is true that we had lost many, and some regiments were shattered and the rest of us thought we had done our share of fighting. But the enemy had used all his available force, and yet we had driven him from his advanced position with a loss three thousand greater than our own. Our reserve certainly never could do us any more service than now when the scale was evenly balanced and the enemy had no reserve; a good number of batteries with us would have drawn the teeth of those which had proven in our front as formidable as the infantry, and we who had fought certainly would have fought and I think expected to fight again.

A portion of the regiment was sent out upon the skirmish line a little to the left of the cornfield, and during the 18th kept up a fierce fire with the enemy's skirmishers. We crouched behind a fence, and near us a man of another regiment sat erect with his back against the fence who had been shot through the head and killed, but had not moved. A squad of recruits joined us here, among whom was a would-be lieutenant who wore an officer's coat, but as he was disappointed in his hopes the colonel advised him to change it for a private's. The colonel horrified some of this squad, I expect, by

causing them to arm and accouter themselves from the slain who lay in front of our regiment. On this day both armies watched each other and did nothing, and on the morning of the 19th the daylight disclosed the vanishing rear guard of the enemy almost out of range of our artillery, which fired a few shots at them, and the whole army was permitted to steal away under our noses, without an attack.

I went over the field of the right wing as soon as my duties permitted, and I never have seen the dead lying closer nor the evidences of a terrible conflict more numerous. From the edge of the slope where our wing (the Second Corps) had appeared within range of the enemy's musketry, our men lay scattered clear up to the sunken road and beyond it, even in the cornfield where the 2d Division had advanced, more thickly than elsewhere. The sunken road, which extended perhaps for a quarter of a mile, commencing at our regiment's front, was filled with the rebel dead, the most of them killed just as they had lain in line of battle, and by the artillery in many instances, for they were torn by shell and shot; some of them had died instantly while at their meal, with their plates before them, and their crackers in their mouths or being carried to them, but others were tearing their cartridges or loading. Where the road terminated, or rather was no longer a trench, the enemy's line of battle was plainly marked for a half a mile or more by his dead clear across the Williamsport turnpike, and then, both in rear and far down in front of this line, his dead were scattered where his lines had stood for a short time or on the ground they had fled over. In the cornfield the enemy's dead were very thick, too, and the horses of the officers lay there too. From the woods where Hooker advanced clear up to the line of the road and to the Williamsport turnpike our men were scattered more or less thickly. The pillagers, who could have been none others than the thieves among our own soldiers, I think, had cut open the pockets of about every dead man I saw.

On this day Colonel Cross sent me down to General Caldwell to get permission to go across the creek with a firing party and bury

poor Gay, but the general said, no, we were about to move and would not have time. The colonel, however, was determined to honor his remains with a soldier's burial, and taking me and a small firing party went across to the field hospital, where they had carried him, and we lowered him into his grave with due honors, and then got back in season for the march; which was a very short one, as we only went to the woods out of which we had seen the rebels run in front of Hooker, and there bivouacked. As night came on two doctors from Pennsylvania who had come to the field ostensibly to aid the wounded, but who seemed to be gratifying their curiosity rather, came among the trees where we were and partook of the colonel's evening meal. When they had got through with him, they came down to Captain Cross and me, and said they had had no coffee, which was *prima-facie* a lie as they had supped before our eyes. We did not pack them off at once, but sent Peter for water, which he tumbled down with and declared he could get no more. They were not instructed by this, but one lay down in the straw we had gathered in a vacant place, and the other, with the coolest impudence, took my vacant place when I got up for some purpose. Hospitality was at least to be our rule in appearance, so I said nothing, but we excited their solicitude for their safety by repeated allusions to the centipedes and snakes in the rocks upon which we lay, to such an extent that when they discovered the superadded horror of a dead man who lay within ten feet of them, they got up and sought other quarters.

I walked over the field when I got an opportunity, and recognizing the dead or the graves of the dead of the Wisconsin brigade, I looked for my old college mate Wilson, but I learned afterwards that he had been badly wounded and carried off. It has stuck to my memory that if the rebel dead who lay along the sunken road, and in the line of its extension for nearly a mile to the Williamsport pike, had been laid in a row, one could have stepped from body to body the whole distance; at any rate, I think the rebel line of battle could be distinctly traced by the dead this distance.

Our regiment went into this battle with 319 officers and men and our killed and wounded were 108. Second Lieutenant Charles W. Bean was mortally wounded. The regiment, according to the official report of one of the generals, "was entitled to the sole credit of discovering and defeating the attempt of the enemy to turn the left flank of Richardson's Division," and General McClellan highly complimented Colonel Cross and his regiment.

We marched away in a day or two, passing near the field of Burnside's encounter, where we saw some of our old friends of the 4th Rhode Island Volunteers; and crossing the Antietam twice at last approached Harper's Ferry by the old road which I had marched on in the 1st Regiment, and crossing the Potomac again, marched up on Bolivar Heights and camped near the old spot of August, 1861. The town was rustier than ever; the hills were seamed with the earthworks which the troops who had surrendered a few days before had thrown up, and the woods which once covered the slopes beyond the town were now mostly gone, except along the banks of the Shenandoah.

Our camp was directly along the top of the natural parapet of bluffs which faced toward Charlestown, and besides having a salubrious atmosphere we had a beautiful prospect whichever way we looked, if our eyes were cast over the triangle in which Harper's Ferry lay, which now was anything but attractive. In front of us the valley of the Shenandoah undulated to the limits of our vision, presenting a surface alternately covered with grain and woods. On our right, left, and rear the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers ran along the bases of huge heights in Maryland and Virginia, and uniting poured through the mighty gorge in the Blue Ridge, making a magnificent scene which Thomas Jefferson was said to have pronounced the most beautiful in America. And apropos of that there was a rock just back of our camp called "Jefferson's seat."

Our regiment was pretty well depleted now, and officers were so few that I not only performed the duties of quartermaster, but also commanded two companies, my own and "G." There were two

rather comical things connected with this triple duty of mine which I will preserve here. The commander of a company in the infantry is obliged to receive from the quartermaster all the clothing his men have, giving receipts for the same, and then issue it to the men. Now the men are entitled to forty-two dollars' worth (or thereabouts) per year, and to keep a correct balance with them the captain has a book termed a "Clothing Book," in which each man signs a receipt for each article of clothing, naming its money value. But these books are always kept with the company, so the captain is obliged by the Regulations at stated periods to send a return to the Quartermaster-General, stating how much clothing he has received and how much he has issued, and, with this, invoices from the regimental quartermaster and receipts upon "clothing rolls" from the men. But through a strange oversight our officers, with those of many other regiments, had never been instructed in this duty and up to this time had made no returns. Now Company "G" or Company "K" needed clothing, and I as regimental quartermaster must furnish it; and being ignorant of these clothing rolls signed by the men, I issued clothing to myself as lieutenant commanding the company and gave myself receipts which as quartermaster I sent with my return to the Quartermaster-General, and as I never made a return as commanding the company, I imagine, if the thing is ever investigated, the Quartermaster-General's office will wonder how there came to be two Lieutenants T. L. Livermore; but there is no real harm done, as the men never got more than they were entitled to, and signed the clothing book. The commander of a company is also responsible for the arms and accouterments of his company and is paid ten dollars a month for the responsibility. Now, when I took command of "G" Company, I did not receive a transfer of its arms, etc., from Captain Long, as he was away wounded, and did not make a return of them to the Ordnance Department at Washington, and Captain Long received the ten dollars per month. But it happened that at some time the Ordnance Department found out from some return that I com-

manded the company during this month, and then in 1864, when there was no possibility of ascertaining how many arms, etc., there were, informed me that I must make return for that time. I wrote back the circumstances, but the Department insisted upon my making return, for the reason, I suppose, that some clerk there wanted his files to appear complete, so I just made out a list of arms, etc., left with the company by Captain Long on an imaginary basis of the strength of the company at that time, allowing a full equipment in every particular for every man, and then made out a statement of the same things left by me with the company and sent my return exactly balanced with these for vouchers. And I was duly informed that this little fiction was allowed as a correct return. I find it stated in our Regimental History that at this time, the end of our first year, our numbers had been 1156; that 2 officers had been killed and 17 wounded, 60 men had been killed, 240 had been wounded, 16 were missing, 69 had died of disease, 12 officers had resigned, 4 were dismissed, 135 men were discharged for disability, and 51 had deserted. And of the 707 on the rolls there were but 323 for duty.

My pay was long in arrears and I was entirely out of money, so I went down to Brigade Headquarters and asked Lieutenant Webber, the quartermaster of our regiment, who was acting quartermaster for the brigade, to lend me five dollars to buy something to eat with (as officers had to buy their food and were allowed no credit at the commissary's). He told me he would, but had nothing smaller than a fifty-dollar bill and I turned away, when General C. called me to the adjoining tent where he was and asked me what I wanted. I told him and he voluntarily lent it to me, an utter stranger.

Our division marched out toward Charlestown once to reconnoiter or break up the enemy's camp. About four miles out, a small battery opened on us, and we marched in line of battle toward it. As our regiment neared a farmhouse, a halt was called, and taking advantage of a few moments' delay our men ran into the yard and seized the poultry. Colonel Cross sternly ordered them into the

ranks after they had accomplished their purpose, averring that he would n't "have this stealing in his regiment." In a minute more we moved forward, and in crossing a fence, a hen escaped from one of the men and flew cackling ahead high in the air. The colonel galloped after her, exclaiming, "Who let that hen go? The idea of letting a hen go out of this regiment!" which nearly capsized some of us.

The battery which had been throwing shot all this time limbered up and made off as we swept up, and shortly after we were in possession of Charlestown. We stayed there overnight, I think, and while there we found near a house on the edge of the town a large caldron holding a bushel or two, into which we put part of a fresh-killed pig, some salt meat or pork, a peck or two of vegetables fresh dug from the garden, and boiled them. I went to the mistress of the house, who was as virulent a rebel as Charlestown ever could wish, and politely requested the loan of knives, forks, etc. She talked of some of her sons in the rebel army and was a little backward in granting my request, but probably fearing that I would take them if she did n't, finally brought out the articles, and then, Colonel Cross presiding, we sat around a rubber blanket, with some of the prominent officers of the brigade, and the correspondents of three New York papers, and feasted on an old-fashioned "boiled dinner" which was fit for a king (if he were hungry). The knives, forks, etc., were returned to the owner. We did not get into any further encounter with the rebels, although, after marching back nearly home, we formed line of battle, and heard rumors of an advance of the enemy, and then marched into our old camp.

We used to do picket duty down in front of our bluff, and I recollect some quite comfortable picket fires and jolly nights when the officers of the picket, in huts of corn or rails, would indulge in hot toddy and stories and songs. Captain Keller became the subject of much laughter for eating some spoiled preserved pigeons which the sutler had sold us, but which most of us had

returned to him. When some one saw the empty cans in Keller's tent, they asked him if he had eaten the pigeons, and upon his replying "yes," the interrogator said, "Why, Keller! they were bad. Did n't you know it?" He replied, "Fy, no! I tought dey was a little fwild!" — and we never got over the fun.

It was here that the enlisted men of "K" Company, my old tent mates, made me a present of a sash, sword, and pair of shoulder straps which they had subscribed for and intended to give me in the summer on my promotion to second lieutenant. It was a bad custom, this presenting to officers, as it led to invidious comparisons, and infringed the Regulations, which forbid comment, by inferiors, upon superiors in rank; and indeed, in 1863 was forbidden by the Commanding General of the Army. But it was a pleasant thing to me to be thus remembered, and while Captain Cross engineered quite a festivity for both officers and men that night, with a quarter or half barrel of ale as the *pièce de résistance*, I made in response to the presentation a feeble speech of thanks. The straps I wore as long as I was second lieutenant; the sash I have worn exclusively until to-day, and it is purple and weather-beaten and stained, and the sword was my companion until Gettysburg; and they all will stay with me while I live, in memory of the good fellows who presented them, not half of whom have survived until this day. Major Cook had resigned and Captain Sturtevant was promoted to major in the summer preceding. I went while here over into Pleasant Valley on the southeast side of Maryland Heights to see the 9th New Hampshire, some of the members of which regiment I knew and which was commanded by our Adjutant Fellows of the 1st New Hampshire.

The 19th Maine Volunteers joined us here, fresh from home, commanded by Colonel Sewell, formerly adjutant-general of our brigade, and a strapping set of backwoodsmen. My recollection is that President Lincoln reviewed us once more while we were in camp on Bolivar Heights.

CHAPTER XIV

At length, on the 29th of October, we took up our march on what may be termed our third campaign. I do not know why it was done, but the regiment marched at 7 P.M. upon very short notice, and did not stop until four or five miles in the Loudoun Valley, having crossed first the Potomac and then the Shenandoah, and marched along the southern side of the Blue Ridge. Being still retained as acting quartermaster of the regiment, I determined to avail myself of the privileges of the office, and getting a good-looking but broken-winded horse from one of our men, who had bought it somewhere and was glad enough to have it fed and kept, as he could not do it, I accompanied my train as luxuriously as his wind permitted — but, I forget — this broken-winded horse was acquired on the march afterwards; and my first equestrianism on this campaign was on an old, black, incorrigibly lazy horse belonging to the regiment, on whom I worked a most arduous passage, and whom it was indeed a luxury to exchange for the said broken-winded creature. Our regiment got into camp at 9 P.M., and immediately the men made free with the corn from a neighboring field for beds. Our new division commander at once displayed a disposition to discipline which was far too severe and exacting. More than once he rode up in the dark and demanded of Colonel Cross if it was his men who were taking the corn; the colonel, I believe, denied that it was, and privately directed the men to stop, but as soon as Hancock rode away the men resumed their bedmaking with it.

The next day we marched to Braddock's Gap, and while the regiment tarried a day I was submitted to the torture of riding back to the Ferry with the wagons for provisions or something else, and returning, cursing my horse meanwhile when I had the breath.

We marched November 1st and 2d, and on the latter day the regiment occupied the summit of Snicker's Gap, overlooking the Shenandoah Valley, and the presence of the enemy on the other side now became apparent. A rebel battery threw a few shot at the regiment, hurting no one, I believe, but nothing further followed. The regiment in advancing up into the Gap drove some rebels out, but we had no one hurt. As I was by duty obliged to be with my train, I saw nothing of this, but I believe I went part-way into the Gap after my train came into park. Our regiment was relieved, and came down that night, and on the next day marched again to a point near Ashby's Gap, hearing firing all day in front, which perhaps was a cavalry battle.

It is my impression that it was at this camp we found a large plantation upon which was a fine mansion, numerous stacks of hay, plenty of sheep, and a rebel owner. We needed the hay for our horses, and as some order or other required a quartermaster to take and distribute, probably with a view to paying for it at some time, the mounted officers of our brigade did not dare to take it. But as I was a quartermaster, I mounted the stack and dispensed it, and never troubled my head to account for it afterwards. Our men appropriated the sheep, and for supper that night and for meals afterwards mutton was the bill of fare. They were careful to put the pelts, etc., in rear of the 7th New York, who doubtless helped themselves from the sheep, too, but did not deserve all the odium. The story goes that the owner came to Colonel Cross the next morning and complained that the night before he had a hundred sheep, and now had but one, to which the colonel responded, "Is that a fat one?" I have seen it related in one of "Carleton's" books for boys that the farmer told Colonel Cross that he suspected his men of the theft. "Impossible!" said Cross; "my men come from the State of Stark and would scorn such an act!" "But would you allow me to search to see?" said the farmer. "By no means, sir, such a suspicion would wound the spirit of my men," was his answer. But if the colonel would n't

grant a search, General Hancock, who was boiling with wrath, would, and an inspection of our camp for mutton was made, but the frying-pans and haversacks were empty, and the looks of the men reposing on their straw and blankets gave no sign of mutton; and it was said that the 7th New York got a blessing and gave one back in Dutch to the men who put the pelts in rear of their bivouac. We escaped by due warning from the colonel of the coming inspection, and when it was over the mutton, emerging from the straw and blankets, perfumed the air again as it fried all through our camp.

When I was on the staff afterwards, I heard that General Hancock was very sore over an incident which was said to have happened here. He was so furious at not being able to detect all who stole the sheep that he rode along near the camps to spy out any evidence he could. One of our pioneers had discovered a wandering sheep and was pursuing it. The general with grim satisfaction galloped unperceived after him. As he neared him, the sheep fell, and then he captured the pioneer. "Oh!" said he, "I have caught you at last; I have been looking for you. I 'll make an example of you!" "But, General, I did n't kill him!" "Oh, yes, you did, I saw you, you lying rascal!" At this juncture the sheep, which had only fallen from exhaustion, got up and ran away, and the general was the most sheepish of the three. Now, all this rage was misplaced; the owner was a rebel sympathizer, and it was currently reported and believed had boasted that he had furnished the rebels with sheep and would again; and if our men, with too seldom a change of diet, wanted his sheep, it was right and proper that they should preserve them from the rebels. Our men named this "Camp Mutton," and it was always regarded with satisfaction.

On the 6th we marched to Salem (passing the 9th, 10th, and 12th New Hampshire regiments, Ned says). On the next day it snowed, and we passed the day in camp on a cold, dreary plain, and such was the unreasonableness of General Hancock's prohibition of

"pillaging" that, although we were cold and shivering and fires were indispensable, we were forbidden to touch the rail fence directly in front of our camp and our men got their scanty supply of fuel at a long distance. But after all, I am not certain that it was only a soldier's determination to carry out the orders of the commander of the army, for there is a story that McClellan once issued an order that only the "top rails" of the fences should be taken, which was capable of varying interpretation, and this half sustains the above doubt.

On the 8th and 9th we marched to Warrenton and there went into camp, and on this learned that McClellan had been superseded by Burnside in the command of the army. The army was generally dissatisfied with this change, and I among the rest. Among other evidences of the ill-feeling among the army was an incident which I witnessed. Mr. A. D. Richardson, a correspondent of the New York "Tribune." (who but a few weeks ago died by the assassin's hand), had been waylaid by a party of mounted officers apparently of the staff, within a few rods of our camp, and when I saw him was standing near a small tree beside the road, holding his horse by the bridle, while these officers were circling about him and dashing at him at the gallop, evidently trying to ride him down. He succeeded in sheltering himself a little by the tree, but they broke his grasp on his bridle, and his horse ran away. They, I believe, gave chase to the horse, probably to drive him beyond recovery, and he was allowed to go. The whole proceeding aroused feelings of indignation in me, for it was very cowardly for three or four to abuse one in that manner, but I was a second lieutenant of infantry and afoot, and could do nothing that I could see. I was told that these officers did this because Mr. R. had written letters against McClellan for the "Tribune."

I went into Warrenton and looked about. The town was rather pretty for a Southern one, and had a good-looking hotel called the "Bowling Green," I think. On the register of this hotel the names of rebel officers appeared preceding the names of our

officers a day or two. The few people here looked sour. Our regiment camped on the verge of a declivity, and it was said that at one of the drinking-bouts called "soirées," which occurred in our regiment, young Captain ——, of General Hancock's staff, when he got pretty tipsy, rolled off the log he was sitting on and rolled clear down the slope on his way to or completely to his headquarters.

We stayed here until the 15th; meantime rumors of many kinds flew about as to our future movements. What the councils at Army Headquarters were I know not, but certain it is that as far as the ability of the army to march or fight was concerned, the delay here under Burnside was as needless as the extremely leisurely marches to Warrenton under McClellan.

Both commanders were humbugs, but both were popular, and the discontent of the army arose only from the greater popularity of McClellan. On the 10th these two worthies reviewed the army, the one to say "good-bye," the other "howdydo."

On the 15th of November we marched to Warrenton Junction, where we had bivouacked in the spring, and the next day moved again. Up to this time our line of march for the most part had lain through a country fertile and pleasant, but now we entered the wood lands and the marches were uninteresting, and the weather, which had been clear and cold, now began to be rainy and dismal. The colonel gave cause for complaint on one of these marches by commanding the rear guard to compel all officers to keep close up in the night when traveling was difficult and the march a long one.

On the 17th our advance met the rebel pickets near Falmouth and drove them across the river, and on the 18th we camped within a musket shot of the Rappahannock River at Falmouth, *waiting for pontoons;* but the pontoons were yet on the road from Washington and did not arrive until too late to take advantage of the superiority of our numbers and the unfortified state of Fredericksburg. There were the piers of the old bridge still standing, and there was the expedient of covering them with the timbers

of the houses close at hand or cut from the woods close at hand, but that expedient was not comprehended in the strategy of General Burnside and we waited a month. Who was to blame for the delay of the pontoons was ascertained by a congressional committee, I believe, but I am not aware that the piers which stood up in the river until we left that neighborhood even suggested to a committee that Burnside had not done his whole duty without the pontoons.

We sat down to view the increasing camp-fires behind Fredericksburg, and the rebels made ready for December 13th. On the 22d we moved up on the high land back of Falmouth and camped in a thick wood of large pines, and in a week, as winter had fairly set in, we commenced building winter quarters. The pines served for the walls of our huts and the shelter tents for roofs. Pine logs were laid up, "cob-house style," to the height of three or four feet in a rectangle six feet wide and twelve feet long, and the interstices filled with mud; a ridgepole was then supported about three feet above this, and four pieces of shelter tent buttoned together were thrown over it and fastened to the sides of the rectangle. The gable ends were filled by woodwork, rubber blankets, or pieces of shelter tent; a small door was constructed in one end of the house thus built, and a fireplace of sticks and mud was oftenest built beside the door to warm the tent. Four or five men lived in this house and slept in two double berths, one above the other, laid across one end of the house. The houses were arranged in regular streets by companies, and in a winter morning with the snow on the ground, and the smoke curling up from the numerous chimneys, the scene they presented was quite Esquimaux-ish. The company officers' tents or houses were arranged in the rear of the camp, with a broad street between them and the men's quarters, and the field and staff, usually occupying "wall tents" banked and boarded at the sides, were placed at the end of this street, with the hospital and stable near them.

The company officers' quarters were more ambitious than those of the men, frequently, and Captain Cross of my company built a log cabin nineteen feet long, ten or twelve feet wide, and the eaves six feet high. It had a large fireplace of green pine logs in one end, and was covered with a large extent of canvas which he had procured, no one knows how or where. This cabin, though dry only in spots in rainy weather, was a favorite resort for many in the division and was the scene of many happy hours. My tent, as I was acting quartermaster, was at the right of the line. It was an "A" tent set up on logs. This camp of ours verged upon a steep ravine, beyond which in front was a broad plain, in the farther edge of which we could see General Hancock's Headquarters. The 148th Pennsylvania was on our right; the 7th New York, 61st New York, and 81st Pennsylvania in our rear, and the Irish Brigade on our left, all facing about southwest. The rest of the division was near us. My *cuisine* was presided over by Bruce, the good-natured camp follower of ours who had been with me since August, and though he was a barber and my mess was not attractive, he and I bore with each other for a month or two longer.

Our little, insignificant chaplain became so great a victim of some of our officers that he actually was made tipsy about this time, and wandered around afterwards like a sick, remorseful ghost. When he joined the regiment he was offered a drink of whiskey in the colonel's tent; he declined; and then the colonel directed the adjutant to read the 200th or some other imaginary "Article of War," which the adjutant did in a solemn voice. It was to the effect that all officers must take their whiskey, whereupon the little, puling fellow whined out, "Well, if I must, I will," and took it. At another time the adjutant had a bag containing two "feeds" of oats for his horse when oats were scarce; he had laid it down, and the parson came along, picked it up, and poured all out to his Rosinante. When the adjutant found his empty bag and swore about it, the parson said, "Why, Adjutant! Did you want those oats? I thought you had thrown them away,

so I gave them to my horse." Dodd was very mad at this and the officers persuaded the parson that he must fight a duel with Dodd, who, they said, was thirsting for his blood. The poor little fellow is said to have walked his tent all night in agony, and in the morning, when he was told it was a joke, he went into the adjutant's tent and said, "That was a very good joke last night, was n't it, Adjutant? I knew it was a joke all the time." This little weak sister stayed a month or two longer and then left for home. On the battle-field of Antietam, when we lay in the woods after the fight, we were drawn up in hollow square for services, when this little man opened upon us as follows: "My friends, we have met before upon this field under pecūliar circumstances"— drawing out the "u," and this, when the battle was yet ringing in our ears and every breeze that we breathed came laden with the stench of the dead yet unburied, was so absolutely funny, it clung to him as long as his name was remembered among us. But he was as good for chaplain as some men were for colonels who were sent out to command New Hampshire regiments.

For some time, while the railroad from Acquia Creek was yet unrepaired, we received our supplies by wagon trains from Potomac Creek on the Potomac River. These wagon trains were those of our own brigades which we sent down. The brigade quartermaster got me detailed to take charge of one train down and back, and such was my success I was sent again, and I never wish for a more disagreeable duty. There was but one road; this road was filled with teams from all parts of the army striving for the lead with every sort of stratagem and cutting out, and one had to be on the alert all the time to get from camp to the creek, only twelve or fifteen miles, in a day. When we got there, if I was lucky enough to get my requisitions allowed the same day, I was still luckier to get my train into the crowded plain to receive the supplies and get out before night. Then came a cold, perhaps rainy, night "in park" when I, with no tent, no servant, and no cooked rations, must pocket official dignity and eat with wagon-master, teamsters, or

guards, and then be lucky to find a wagon to sleep in. On the morning following the real trials began. Thousands of hoofs and wheels and the rain had made the roads treacherous seas of mud, the hills were steep, the mules, teamsters, and guards were obstinate and stupid, and the struggle for the road was greater than before. Once a wagon tipped over on a difficult hill, the crackers with which it was loaded rolled out, and the train came to a halt, and my guard (Dutchmen from the 7th New York), instead of righting and loading the wagon, set to stealing the crackers, which however, I stopped upon arriving, and the Dutchmen were admonished, not gently, to go to work.

Once a train from Army Headquarters cut the head of my train out when by the law of the road it had no right to. When I was informed of it, I rode quickly to the front and commanded a corporal of cavalry in charge of it to stop it. To my astonishment he, who was a fine-looking, large cavalryman, replied in the most defiant tone that Army Headquarters trains had the right to the road, and he would not stop his train. My guard, which I might have enforced my right with, was straggling along behind out of reach, and his train consisted of but few wagons, so I voted myself powerless and resolved to bring the corporal to grief for his insolence to a superior officer some time; which I never did, perhaps because I doubted whether Army Headquarters would object to his action, perhaps because the matter was not of enough importance to take up. I think, however, I may say I was bluffed that time. But my trials all were met and overcome by waiting or pushing, and I brought my train into camp safely on the night of the second day and was rewarded by being told it was an extraordinary feat.

When the railroad was repaired, I was sent several times to Acquia Creek for clothing and supplies by rail, and although going and coming was not bad, if I stayed overnight I fared even worse than at Potomac Creek; for there was no hotel, I knew none of the officers there, and could not bring myself to beg shelter from

any one; and once I lay out on the flat beach bordering the river in one of the bleakest December nights, when I had but one blanket, which I shared with some one with me, and a little wandering drummer boy lost from his regiment whom we pitied and took in between us, and when, besides this, the only item of comfort was a little fire we made of chips gathered on the beach; the miserable lonesomeness was as bad as that of an island in mid-ocean. I feel certain that this was the night the 13th New Hampshire Volunteers crossed the Potomac from Maryland to Acquia Creek, and the history of their regiment says the wind this night was piercingly cold, and that the next morning the Potomac was frozen over so that steamers could not get up to the wharf and a horse walked some distance on the ice. I can testify that it was a terrible night, and I welcomed morning if ever I did. The 13th took shelter among some old rebel huts a mile inward, where I visited it the next morning, and I think there was snow on the ground then.

On one of my trips to Potomac Creek I met a soldier of the 3d Indiana Cavalry who accosted me with a proposition to buy his horse, a fine-looking, fat, bay gelding. The man said the men of his regiment owned the horses they rode, and that he was discharged and going home and wanted to sell in consequence. I told him to come up to our camp, thinking Colonel Cross might like the horse. He came up in a day or two and the colonel liked the horse so well he bought him for $125. He proved a very serviceable animal, and was used in the regiment until the end of the war and never grew poor. He had an uncomfortable trick of refusing to go away from camp or beyond a certain term to his journey which he had set up for himself. The colonel subdued his obstinacy, but I think he troubled almost every one else sorely. I found that a little jerking of his bridle, after the fashion of New Hampshire farmers' wives, would so disconcert him that he would at any time relinquish his obstinacy and go on.

We had not been paid for five months (Ned says) when in the

month of December the paymaster (Major Marston, I think,) came down and paid us. I found the camp of the 13th New Hampshire Volunteers and visited that regiment. In it were Charles Greene, Charles Stinson, Sullivan Stamt, Charles M. Kittredge, and George A. Bruce, all Mont Vernon men, alumni of Appleton Academy, and the first-named a mate of mine there. He is now dead, and Stinson and Bruce are like myself grafts upon Boston, and all three married since the war. The commander of the regiment was Aaron F. Stevens, formerly Major of the 1st New Hampshire Volunteers, now member of Congress from New Hampshire, and during part of and since the war a friend of mine. I had a very pleasant intercourse with them, which was continued until the 13th left Falmouth in February.

CHAPTER XV

Various signs of an impending movement, accompanied by rumors of an attack on Fredericksburg, now appeared, and Colonel Cross became so confident that we would cross into the city that he went to Headquarters of the Division or Corps and volunteered to lead across the river. At length on the 9th of December, the day after "paying off" was finished, we received orders to move in a day or two, and it was generally understood that we were to fight a battle across the river. We had on that or the next night a "soirée," so called among us, in Captain Cross's cabin, at which the most of our officers were present, being a sort of parting cup with each other. A great deal of whiskey was drunk, songs sung, and promises made to stand by the colors and each other in the coming battle; and although there was tipsiness and it was a rough wassail, yet it was a convivial parting or last reunion among men, a sadly large number of whom, having marched and fought together with the rest in three weary campaigns, were never to see another. I could not resist the inclination to go out and drink a cup with my old tent mates of "K" Company, and I pledged them that I would go into the fight with them, but alas! on the next day orders came that regimental quartermasters should stay with their trains in the coming movements. I had been led by degrees, commencing with taking account of a few shoes and stockings issued to the men at Rockville, to performing the duties of quartermaster, and it seemed too bad to be kept out of a battle by such an unwished-for office. I went to the colonel and requested to be relieved and sent to my company; he said if I would find an officer who was willing to take my place I might be. I tried to find one, but it was very much to the credit of our officers that no one would say he was willing, and I was helpless in the matter and felt badly enough over it.

On the morning of the 11th (at 2 A.M. says Ned) we were awakened by a heavy cannonade and the battle had really been begun by our batteries. We moved at daybreak and I accompanied my abominable train about four miles to a position in rear of Army Headquarters, which were, I think, at the Phillips house. When things — that is, the trains — were fairly settled in the park, I rode to the front. The first thing which attracted my attention, of note, was a balloon under the guidance of "Professor" Lowe tied to the base earth by a rope, while the people in it at a convenient height watched the opposite heights where the rebel army lay. I met Charlie Greene, of the 13th, and learned that his regiment was massed close by. Our corps and a large number of other troops lay massed with stacked arms on or behind the height on which the Phillips house stood, and if anything was needed besides the cannonade to convince us of work ahead this was sufficient.

I watched the cannonade a long time. In front of us the height sloped gradually away and ended in a plain which extended to the Rappahannock, and this plain extended along the river northward to Falmouth and beyond the northern edge of Fredericksburg; from the crest I stood on to the river was nearly a mile, but on the south the height rapidly encroached upon the plain, until, when opposite the southern edge of Fredericksburg, it almost touched the river and left only a narrow edge of lowland between it and the river. Across the river the city of Fredericksburg extended along the water's edge north and south for nearly three quarters of a mile. The houses were most of them of brick and so situated that we could not get an extended view of the streets. Beyond the city a plain, seemingly a quarter of a mile in width, extended from its western limit to a bold bluff, "Marye's Heights," upon which the rebel batteries could be seen. Our batteries were stationed on the plain close to the river and on the height where it neared the river. The amphitheater was spacious enough and my position sufficiently elevated, and I never had heard the

thunders of artillery so loud and reverberating as those which emanated from our batteries and went roaring up and down the river and were echoed from height to bluff over the silent city. The whole atmosphere was laden with smoke, the artillery flashed through it with lurid flame, and hurrying horsemen and occasional columns upon the plain in front of us reminded us of the attack that was to come.

The crossing by the regiments of the 2d Division in boats was made so far up the stream that I did not see it, but as night came on I heard the crack of their rifles echoing among the houses in prolonged sound and saw something of their fight with the rebels in the streets. When it was fully dark, the flashes of their powder looked like fireflies in the streets, and at the same time the flashes of artillery upon both sides and the blaze of burning houses set on fire by shells made the scene quite infernal. I sat on my horse in the neighborhood of a battery near the bank of the river and watched until the foothold of our troops was secured in the city, and then went back to the park. I do not know why Colonel Cross's offer to cross in advance was not accepted, but probably because the 2d Division was to lead and would not brook such a proceeding. Pontoon bridges were laid, one up the river somewhere near the crossing in boats above alluded to, and the other near the lower limit of the town. Our regiment went over early in the forenoon and bivouacked in the streets. The rebels shelled them some, but I am not aware of our loss if any on the 12th.

I went over into the city on the lower bridge on this day and found the regiment stretched along the river in one of the streets. The men had proved the truth of a report circulated long before — that rebels had sunk a lot of tobacco in the river to prevent capture — by fishing it out, and the whole regiment rejoiced in the possession of as much tobacco, in long black "hands," as they could carry, and the water had not hurt it, so tightly was it packed. They not only loaded pockets and knapsacks, but some packed their blouses full above their belts, and in one or more instances

I was told that it served as an effectual armor against bullets. I also found Colonel Stevens, of the 13th New Hampshire, with his staff in a house near by, and took a drink of brandy with the colonel, who told me he was suffering very much with diarrhœa. I found on the floor of this room two blankbooks for accounts, and with the assent of the colonel took them as useful trophies, since the house had been pillaged and the books were on the road to ruin. One of these I appropriated to Government uses, and it was kept in the quartermaster's office a long time as a "requisition book," while the other I used for my own accounts and memoranda and have it yet. I rode about the city with Major Marston, the paymaster, some of the time, and alone some of the time. While with him we met General Howard, who commanded the 2d Division, and he cried out pleasantly to the major, "Why, what are *you* doing over here? You must not stay; we are going to have a battle here very soon." The major laughed and said he wished to look around. I strayed out to the western outskirts of the town in search of something to eat, and almost in sight of the rebel pickets I found a good-looking house, in the yard of which our soldiers were engaged in battle with the bees of a hive which they had overturned to get the honey. Their advances and retreats were quite ludicrous, but at length they were victorious and we all participated in the honey. I went into the lower story of the house still hungry, and found, among the appointments of an elegant residence, some potatoes, a few poor apples, and a jar of preserved fruit. I ate some of the apples, and for want of spoon or fork dipped my hand into the jar, withdrew it laden with the compound, and ate it.

The city was one of a type seen in Norfolk and Petersburg; the houses were mainly of brick, two or three stories high, and arranged in narrow streets of some regularity, but their comeliness was nearly destroyed, for hardly a house came within my notice which was unmarked by cannon shot, and our army had already begun to sack them. Many got edibles and things which would be conducive to comfort in camp and valuable at home, and I was told that one man

got a tin pail full of watches. Pianos, mirrors, beds, and other articles of furniture were brought into the streets. The playing on the first was of the most barbarous nature, and ended in some instances with destructive blows of the butts of muskets on the keys. The mirrors served to aid the rough toilet of the men as they arose from their slumbers on the pavement, and then were sometimes destroyed, and the lucky few who got the beds passed one night of comfort on them with the heavens for a canopy. I have debated the morality of all this in my own mind many times and believe that the taking of articles for actual use and comfort was as justifiable as cannonading the city. The rebels brought both upon the city by using it as a battle-ground, when it would have had immunity otherwise; but the ruthless destruction of things which could neither aid the enemy in war nor hurt us was indefensible and was not only vandalish, but also hurtful to discipline.

I went back over the river, and that night was detailed to take a train of a dozen or twenty four-mule teams across the lower bridge into Fredericksburg laden with provisions for our division, though why our division was sent over so short of rations that they must depend upon the successful passage of a train over a bridge under the enemy's batteries is what I never ascertained.

Our track to the bridge, a distance of two miles possibly, lay across the country and the night was very dark. The first perplexity which overtook me was the discovery that one of the teams had mules of such weak muscles and a driver of such obtuse intellect that he could not drive them through a difficult place. This necessitated stopping the train and bringing him up, and by dint of hard swearing, perhaps "doubling teams" and a pull all together, I got him up, although the precious hours of the night were fast wasting. We got to the bridge at length, or rather to the bank overlooking it, and here another mishap occurred. The road of descent to the bridge was steep and narrow, and was bordered on one side by a chasm ten or fifteen feet deep. As my train went down one mule driver overturned his wagon, mules and all, into this chasm. The

wagon alighted on its top and its wheels loomed up vaguely through the darkness, but how the mules were deposited I do not know, which is and was of little consequence, since mules as a rule come through a catastrophe like this without injury, and these did not prove an exception. The wagon was loaded with boxes of crackers, which of course were spilled, but the case was not as hopeless as it at first seemed, and taking the rest of the train safely over, I had the capsized wagon loaded and with the rest before daylight.

I again went through some of the streets in search of a breakfast and came upon a large brick house which, contrary to the rule, seemed to be inhabited. I went in and found in the kitchen a negro man and wife, former servants, who had stayed through the cannonade in the cellar, though their master and family had fled with the rest of the white people. I had my servant with me, and directed the woman to get some breakfast for us. She set about it, and I went over the house to find the best room in which to have my table laid, thinking to indulge in the luxury of a meal with the elegant appointments of a city house; but the dining-room was too cold to be cheerful, the parlor had been traversed by a cannon shot and was strewn with furniture broken by the missile, the hall, although full of marble-topped furniture, was in disorder; and between the disorder which the flight of the inmates had left and the result of the plundering of soldiers and the rudeness of our projectiles, there was no place left for me but the kitchen, and descending from my lofty sybaritic pedestal I partook like an honest infantryman of flapjacks and coffee beside the cook's fire. I suppose, from the cook's joy, that she was not more surprised by the cannon shot than by the dollar which I gave her for our breakfasts. I carried away three or four nice china saucers and plates, which adorned my mess table for a long time thereafter.

I rode back to the regiment and found it preparing to move forward. Colonel Cross in a light way said, "Come, Mr. Livermore, and go in with us"; but he well knew that I was under the same obligation to return to my train as I had been at any time and did

not demur when I mentioned the fact. Sergeant McCrillis, of Company "E," came up to me and asked me to take a piece of blue cotton velvet over the river for him, which he had taken from some shop. The piece was not worth the trouble, but I would n't refuse the man, and to take it by the guards at the bridges, whose instructions were to allow no article of plunder to go across, I put it under my saddle and carried it safely over and afterwards gave it to him.

I had not been long back when our lines moved forward out of the city. As they moved up the streets the rebel artillery opened upon them, and besides doing mischief themselves the shot flying against the houses detached the bricks, which flew down among the ranks. Our regiments moved up the streets in columns of fours, I think, and as soon as clear of the houses deployed by filing and, facing to the front, moved forward. At this moment they came within the unobstructed range of the rebel batteries on Marye's Heights about a quarter or three eighths of a mile in front, and the infantry lying behind the wall bordering a road, and both poured an unremitting fire into them. As at Antietam there was no adequate force of artillery with or near our infantry, and although the batteries on the east side of the river at the distance of a mile ineffectually strove to assist, and a few guns behind our lines on the west side very gallantly belabored the height, yet the elevation and distance of the rebel artillery seemed to insure it from material damage, and the infantry had such perfect shelter that both, practically safe, devoted their fire to our lines, which, with colors flying out and in unwavering array, moved to the assault without firing. Officers and men fell by hundreds, and by the time the advance had reached some houses a few yards from the rebel infantry, the loss had been so great that the lines had no formation and all lay down and opened fire upon the rebels who showed themselves. The smoke and houses so concealed the advance that I was only able to discover that our lines had nearly reached the base of the heights, that they had not carried them, and that although they had halted they had not retreated, for the virulent flashes and loud reports of the

rebel batteries still continued, the crack of rifles still sounded on the farther edge of the plain, and occasionally a line or flag or horseman on our side was visible far in the front. These conclusions had hardly presented themselves before another line in blue pushed forward from the city and across the plain and became involved in a musketry fight, the smoke of which obscured the field, and without the semblance of a charge up the hills, the blue lines kept going forward, the flags kept fluttering, and the horsemen flitted on the farther edge of the plain until the day had two thirds gone. Then I think it was that we ceased to see the lines going forward, but the cannon roared, the rifles cracked with the most deadly sound, the air was spotted with bursting shells, and the smoke obscured the field until nightfall. During the afternoon reports came to us that our regiment had been torn to pieces and the colonel killed, and just before dusk I rode over into the city to learn the worst and do what good I could. Close to where I left the regiment in the morning I found some of the survivors, and from them I learned that the colonel was near by in a house sorely wounded, but alive. When I went to his side and accosted him, his first words were that the regiment was cut to pieces, that I must ride to the field and get the men together at once, which showed his spirit, although I do not doubt he was crazed to some extent.

I learned that the regiment had encountered the fire of the rebels as soon as it started; that it had moved forward in the front line and had attained a position as far to the front as any troops during the day; and that Lieutenant Ballou of my company had been killed within three or four rods of the enemy's line. A shell had burst directly in front of Colonel Cross in the advance, and he fell apparently lifeless, but after some time signs of life were seen in him and he was carried to the rear. The shell had knocked out some of his teeth, broken some of his ribs, I think, stunned him, and sadly bruised him. It was said that when he revived, he at once began to search for his pistol, which he always carried in his hand in a battle.

The losses became so great that by the time the regiment reached one of the houses before spoken of, close to the base of the height, it was compelled to lie down, as the line was so far destroyed that a charge was impossible. The house had opposed the center, and while the left wing remained in its vicinity, the right wing went into the cornfield beyond and up to or through a rail fence in or bordering it, and it was here that my company stopped and Lieutenant Ballou, its only officer present, was killed by a bullet in the neck. From this time those that had survived to reach this final position lay and continued a hopeless but persistent fight. The rain of bullets and shell was so terrible that it seemed impossible for a man to stand up and live; those lying close to the ground were often killed, and the colors were repeatedly shot down and as often raised by men and officers until they were commanded to keep them down by the brigade general, I believe. Sergeant Gove,[1] of my company, was said to have gone out and raised one with great bravery, and Lieutenant Graves, though wounded, held up another.

Our men not only encountered the missiles of the enemy, but some of the troops who advanced afterwards failed to come up to them and fired so low that our men were endangered. Major Sturtevant was killed near the most advanced position.[2] Captain Murray, an old Mexican soldier and a very good officer; Captain Perry, a very estimable man and fine soldier; Captain Moore, a young officer and one of the few gentlemen in the regiment whose tastes were like mine, and to whom I had taken a great liking; and Lieutenant Ballou, whom I have named before, were killed. Second Lieutenant Little, who had lately been promoted to that rank, and who, having been on leave on account of a wound received at An-

[1] July 23, 1876. John R. McCrillis, who was in Company "E," told me last week that Sergeant Gove held the colors up until he was shot, and then called to him to come to him, and when he came asked him to take the flag, which McCrillis did, and he had to roll Gove over to get the flag from under him.

[2] I have said in my history of the 5th, in the Adjutant-General's Report (of New Hampshire) for 1866, that he was killed in a ditch farther to the rear, upon the relation of a staff officer of the brigade, who told me he saw him dying there, but I have since been assured that this is a mistake by officers of the 5th who saw him fall.

tietam, had arrived at the regiment that morning — some said as it was advancing into battle — and Second Lieutenant Nettleton, who had received his promotion for capturing the colors at Antietam, were mortally wounded, and I think seven or eight other officers were wounded. The regiment went into the fight that morning with something like 300 men and 16 officers, and lost in killed and wounded 186 officers and men. The persistent efforts of the regiment when afflicted with terrible loss, the unflinching courage and devotion displayed by it when each one fought almost on his own responsibility after the line halted, and the resolution which kept it in its place until nightfall, have almost drawn tears of pity and admiration from my eyes more than once. The men lay each with such shelter as the furrows and fences afforded him and fired at the rebels all day, and I was credibly informed that Corporal Shannon, of my company, lay firing while a comrade in his rear loaded for him until he had expended nearly 160 cartridges. Among the wounded in my own company were my three Milford acquaintances, John W. Crosby who lost his arm, J. W. Spalding who was hit in the arm, and Hayden who received a musket shot in the wrist which was somehow the cause of his death afterwards in hospital. That night there assembled in the streets about thirty men and one officer who represented the regiment, but a considerable number had come away singly and the regiment had really something over a hundred left.

I came over that night and found at my tent (which was pitched within half a mile of the river, I believe, though I forget where the train was) or received afterwards Captain Cross, of my company, who had stayed out of the fight on account of a carbuncle or boil on his side, and Adjutant Dodd, who had, as he said (when he first "came to"), been hit by "a piece of frozen shell," but afterwards explained that a shell bursting in front of him had thrown up a piece of frozen earth which had struck him on the head and knocked him senseless. Horace White, the sutler, afterwards joined us and cooked a piece of ham, my only provision, in what then seemed a

very good way; to wit, first freshening it in water over the fire and then frying it, and melting butter on it.

Captain Cross had received in the afternoon the news of his brother's supposed death with composure, but when I returned and was relating who were killed and wounded he said, "And how is Ballou?" I said, "He is dead." At this he quickly covered his eyes with his hand and throwing his body backward fairly cried out with grief, which was very surprising to me in view of his stoical disposition and his abusive treatment of Lieutenant Ballou, which had culminated a few days before in the latter's complaining to the colonel, who had reprimanded Captain C.

That night Captain Cross, Dodd, White, and myself all slept together in my little "A" tent, and in the middle of the night a violent shower came up accompanied with a high wind which blew down the tent, and we found ourselves down under a mass of wet, flapping canvas, with the rain beating on us, and the most pitchy darkness surrounding us, but after some little trouble we set the tent up and went to sleep again. On the next day, or 15th, I think, I was sent to Acquia Creek and recollect seeing Sergeant Cook, of the 8th Illinois Cavalry at the station as I moved away on the train. I waved a good-bye to him and don't think I ever saw him again, though I believe I heard of him once or twice during the war afterwards. I heard the cannon while at the creek during the day, but notwithstanding our repulse the rebels did not venture to attack, and our troops came safely over the river on the night of the 15th and the battle was summed up as a defeat.

The loss we sustained was immense and the effect was bad at home, though I cannot recall anything which indicated the army was disheartened. The battle, as since explained to me, occurred in this wise: General Burnside determined to attack the enemy on the right of his (the enemy's) line down the river where he had not a particularly advantageous position. To make this attack he sent General Franklin across a mile or two below the city with a competent force, and to make a diversion in his favor, with a view, also,

to completing the attack if Franklin was successful, he sent Sumner across at the city. Both crossings were effected with safety and success, but then General Franklin, through a misconception of orders or otherwise, made a sort of reconnoissance in force instead of an attack, and halting, gave General Burnside a disastrous example of his own conduct at Antietam. Burnside then seemed to have lost his head, for instead of impelling Franklin on, he dashed Sumner's lines against the impregnable position of the rebels behind the city, which resulted, as I have related, in a cruel defeat. It was said that while this useless slaughter was going on the gray-bearded Sumner, restrained by General Burnside from going across the river to head his lines, shed tears at the sight, and indeed it was a spectacle to provoke them from the sternest man, for five thousand men out of the old Second Corps were killed and wounded that day to no purpose and through the blunder of one man.

CHAPTER XVI

Our regiment moved back into its previous camp and settled down once more. Colonel Cross, after putting his horses in my charge, started for New Hampshire where he arrived in safety. I went down to the hospital to see our men, and found Crosby, Spalding, and Hayden all in good spirits. I lent them forty or fifty dollars to go home with and in a short time they went.

Lieutenant-Colonel Langley having resigned, Captain Hapgood was promoted to lieutenant-colonel December 14, and assumed command of the regiment. Captain Cross was promoted to major same day. Lieutenant Butler was promoted to captain of "K" Company, and I was promoted to first lieutenant same day, but still was retained as acting quartermaster.

The regiment was so small that for some time we did not do much drilling, but enjoyed a rather lazy life. I visited the other New Hampshire regiments, fitted out the men with clothing, rode around the country on my and the colonel's horses, and became familiar with the situation, the camps, and the roads, so that the canvas cities, which were to disappear as quickly as the old-time Pompeii at a day not far distant, seemed to have a permanent hold upon the soil. In the course of time the pine woods which covered the hills disappeared before the axemen, the houses which had not the protecting care of a commanding officer were carried away piecemeal to fit up the soldiers' quarters, and the face of the country became seamed and traced in every direction with wagon and bridle paths, while great fields were trodden over by divisions and regiments on drill and review until no vestige of vegetation remained and the surface of the ground became hard like a floor. So complete a change would not be wrought by a quarter of a century of peace.

One day in December or January, when a severe rainstorm was

raging, we saw various columns of troops filing by us up the river, and as the news spread about that another movement against the enemy was in progress, we waited with patient hearts for our orders to pack up, but night came without them. On the next day I rode out toward the line of march and found the pioneers making corduroy roads, knee-deep in mud, which were for the purpose of getting our troops back to camp, for the columns had fairly stuck in the mud, and to get them back was the most difficult part of what was termed "Burnside's Mud March." What he expected to accomplish I do not know, but suppose he intended to cross the river and attack the enemy above the city. In January General Burnside was relieved and General Hooker took command of the army, and because General Hooker was his junior, I suppose, General Sumner left the army, and before we left this camp we were called upon to mourn his death, which occurred at home. He was a noble-looking old man and an invincible fighter, but had not that genius which leads generals to fight their men to the best purpose.

General Couch now took command of our corps and General Sedgwick took command of the 2d Division in his place.

When General Hooker took command, he instituted a reorganization of the cavalry which brought them together in one corps and laid the foundation for their winning their fame; and he gave to each corps a badge to be worn on the cap, which, although designed to mark men who ran away in battle, I suppose became finally a cherished token and is to this day worn by discharged officers and soldiers as a mark of honor. That given to the Second Corps was a trefoil or clover leaf, and our division had the red, and certainly the red trefoil came to be a matter of pride in our division. In March Governor Berry of New Hampshire visited our camp and was honored with a review of the division.

It was about the 1st of March, I think, that Colonel Cross returned and took command. Colonel Hapgood in the meantime had been sick with the varioloid, and although I went into his tent and conversed with him I did not take it. I should also mention that

Mr. Dexter Chase, Colonel C.'s brother-in-law, visited our camp in the colonel's absence and I lent him one of his horses.

Captain Randlett, of Company "E," was discharged on account of wounds March 2, 1863, and on the next day I was commissioned captain of his company. The colonel procured the appointment of two sergeants of the U.S. Corps of Engineers as officers in our regiment. One of them, William McGee, a Scotchman, came to "E" Company as second lieutenant; the other deserted as soon as he got his discharge from the Engineers, and went to Central America, where in the eminent army of some State he was said to have attained the position of brigadier-general.

I took command of my company at once, and taking McGee in with me occupied Captain Cross's log cabin with Lieutenant Walker, formerly second sergeant of "K" Company. Colonel Cross's return and the arrival of convalescents and recruits put us in good spirits and brought our numbers up to about 200, and we commenced drill. My company was a good one and Lieutenant McGee proved a good officer, and I conceived a friendship for him which has lasted till this day, though it is now six years since he was discharged and since I last saw him; and Charles A. Hale, who was my first lieutenant, was also a good officer.

We also had reviews and brigade drills, and did our share of picket duty. When our turn for this duty came, we all assembled with the rest of the division so detailed at General Hancock's Headquarters, and were there rigidly inspected to see that we were regularly equipped and in order. We then were marched away, and posted on the banks of the Rappahannock opposite the lower end of Fredericksburg, and stayed there a day or two. If the days were warm and pleasant we found amusement in watching the rebels on the other banks, who often engaged in fishing within a pistol shot of us, or in peering into the streets of the city which seemed almost deserted except when the soldiery sauntered down to the water.

This kind of war was not terrible, for our only duty was to watch and repel attacks, and as the latter were never made and no shots

were exchanged, we were not immediately or rather actively hostile, and sometimes conversation was had across the water. But if the day or night was cold, we were very busy in hugging our fires, and we always were glad to get back to our comfortable camp. Our officers still indulged in "soirées" and we made some pleasant visits to other regiments. I had one very pleasant call on a battery of the 1st New York Artillery, when I met Lieutenant Shannon and Captain McKnight, both old friends of Captain Cross, and I think it was through him I afterwards became acquainted with Captain Boker and Lieutenant Jackson, of the 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery.

Among the institutions of General Hooker was a corps of inspectors, one for each army corps, division, and brigade. General Caldwell (while I was a first lieutenant) recommended me to be appointed brigade inspector, and I was appointed, but to his and my own disappointment, I was, under the policy of assigning no man to his own brigade, assigned to the Irish Brigade on the staff of General Thomas Francis Meagher. I did not leave my quarters in the regiment, but in the course of ten days got relieved from the duty. During this ten days, however, I inspected with the other inspectors the 140th Pennsylvania Volunteers, a new regiment on drill, and here first I saw a good-looking young captain in spectacles who afterwards was my messmate on the staff, Captain and Major Bingham. I did not like the Irish Brigade; therefore, I resigned the position.

We remained in our quarters here until about the middle of May. As our regiment became larger with recruits and convalescents, we resumed company and regimental drills, and frequently we participated in brigade drills and parades and division reviews upon the spacious plain in front of us. Our camp was in a healthy location; we were surrounded by hills, valleys, and plains which were covered with tents and the rude structures of the winter's camp and were alive with infantry and artillery, in quarters and upon drill, and with forage and provision trains. The various

camps grew to be almost like permanent towns and the well-beaten roads between them were constantly traversed by regiments, picket details, staff officers, teams, and batteries.

Every morning the rattle of drums and peal of bugles sounded in every quarter, and every night brought the music of bands or the melodious sunset calls, while during the day the shouts of officers on drill, the rattle of artillery carriages in their evolutions, and the discordant sounds of the various bands and drum and bugle corps filled the air. Our time when not on detail was employed during the day in drill or excursions to other camps and in the surrounding country, and in the evening we sat around our fires and drank, sang, and told stories, or played cards, frequently for heavy stakes. Our favorite game was "poker," sometimes called "bluff," and so fascinating was the game that I once sat for tweny-four hours at the game. I spent a good deal of money in this way and in others, and very seldom thought of saving any of my pay, which, when I was captain, amounted to about $125 per month. I had no one dependent on me. The thought of what I should do after I left the army never stayed in my head long enough to fix a plan there, for I presumed it very likely that I should be killed before the war was over. In short, my motto used to be, enjoy life while you may, and give no thought to saving money, which can hardly be of any use to you hereafter; and the tone of my regimental associates' conversation and the recklessness which pervaded induced me to be rather careless. At least, as I look back such seem to me to have been my thoughts.

Colonel Cross came back after a while and things looked brighter than before in the regiment. He displayed his authority in a striking way, which showed how strict his ideas of discipline were, in publicly stripping a sergeant's chevrons from his sleeves for some offense. Our admiration for the colonel was very great and we officers and men raised a fund to purchase him a present. I was the treasurer of it, and we purchased a gold watch, a pair of gold-plated spurs, and a saber for him. The saber and spurs reached us at Fal-

mouth, and I think were presented to him, but the watch did not arrive at the regiment until after his death and was then given to his parents. The colonel took something of a fancy to me, for he on one or two occasions called me in to hear an article he had written for some periodical. One I recollect was for a comic paper and was a caricature, or rather parody, on General Hooker's orders for carrying rations in the knapsack in the Chancellorsville campaign. The colonel's "order" proposed carrying three days' ration of pork in the seat of the breeches.

One night some of the company officers were playing poker in a tent adjoining his at a late hour and made a great deal of noise, when he arose from his bed and stalked in upon them with a pair of handcuffs in one hand, a saber in the other, and anger in his eye, and commanded silence in the camp. He was a furious man when angry, and I now recall that before Fredericksburg he caused Captain ——'s pay to be stopped for a certain period when he, as the colonel alleged, was absent without leave. This so incensed —— that he accused the colonel himself of being absent without leave when we were marching from Harrison's Landing to Newport News (when in fact he was detained as he said by orders of General Wool detaining all who were going to the front until the army arrived at the lower end of the peninsula). Nothing could inflame the colonel more than such an accusation, and he blazed out at —— with a challenge, offering to take off his straps and waive rank. This was an offense within the Articles of War and —— threatened, I believe, to prefer charges against him for it, but soon after, when the colonel was brought across the river so sorely wounded, —— went to him and was reconciled.

I had reason to believe him a very kind man too, for in March a General Order allowed a limited number of officers in each regiment to take a leave of absence, which privilege would expire April 1st. I had never asked for a leave and did not propose to, when about March 25th the colonel called me into his tent and asked me if I did n't want a leave for the five or six days then remaining.

Thinking the opportunity a good one to go to Baltimore and see Aunt Rebecca's family, and at the same time replenish my wardrobe (for I had never had the benefit of a tailor since I had received a commission), I told him I did, but then, recollecting that I had no money, told him I did n't. He insisted upon knowing the reason of my change of mind and I disclosed it. He insisted then upon my applying for a leave, which I did. In a day or two he sent for me and handed me the leave, and at the same time tendered me a hundred dollars, saying, "There, take that and go," and without a note or receipt dismissed me. I was quite in love with him. I went to Baltimore, had a good time at Aunt R.'s, spent all my money, got cheated in buying a coat, and returned on time, and at pay-day soon after paid the colonel his hundred. At this same camp I heard him insist upon a note when he lent his brother Dick some money.

The would-be Lieutenant "Dicky" —— had sold his officer's coat to me, and this had always been or had grown too small for my increasing stature and circumference. Lieutenant Bob Dame had been on leave of absence and had returned with a dress coat very much too large for his small frame, so we exchanged and both profited thereby. Bob's name recalls one of our revels to me, which occurred before the colonel's return or it might have had a different termination. Adams Express Company had proven a snare and delusion for the army, for it had received tons of packages sent by friends at home to the soldiers and had allowed them to accumulate until a *convenient* opportunity was afforded, for forwarding them, at the Government's expense, from Washington. And while we were in this camp one day a great number of boxes arrived at our regiment, but the men to whom they were addressed in many instances had been killed, or sent to hospital, or home wounded, sick, or discharged. Each captain opened the boxes of the absentees to save what was worth it. The edibles, comprising almost everything, which were prepared in New Hampshire kitchens, were mouldy or decayed and worthless; a few articles of clothing probably comforted those who needed them, but out of nearly every

box there came a bottle, jug, or can of wine and other liquor, from the vilest to the best, which the officers took charge of. And though, no doubt, the men were regaled with the beverages to some extent, yet in the great cabin which I inhabited the commanders of several companies indulged themselves on a liberal allowance.

It was about this time that I first came to be at all intimate with ——. I had looked upon him as an uneducated rowdy of a disposition and of habits which did not at all harmonize with what I liked in an officer, but I had begun to see that there were good qualities in the man, and probably the knowledge that he liked me made me feel more kindly toward him. I had seen him one day cheat at cards, and exposed, and I afterwards expostulated with him, and he took it well. I began to like him in spite of all his faults, and up to this time we have continued friends, though our paths in civil life have diverged widely. He proved to be a man who had little or no education, whose habits had been formed in bar-rooms, whose sense of honor was not keen or cultivated, and whose personal appearance was not attractive; but he was one of the few who literally never knew fear, who would keep his word with a friend against all obstacles, who was as certain to perform his duty as his ability permitted him, and whose brightness, courage, and invincible will made him a fine soldier, and who, though frequently the worse for liquor, never to my knowledge failed in his duty on that account. He was a fair specimen, as far as daring and recklessness went, of what was valued highest in our regiment, and I have often said that a few such men will give character to a regiment.

CHAPTER XVII

Our division parades here used to be something fine, and I recall with great clearness the steady march of our column of companies, the martial music of our bands, the thunder of our hundred drums, the glitter of our polished arms, the neatness of our uniforms, and the gallant General Hancock, as we marched by him in review, when we took every step with a consciousness that an inch too much or too little in its length would spoil the exact line of the company front as it passed under his severe eye, and we held our shoulders back and heads up as if we had swallowed our ramrods.

We had one parade which afforded us more amusement than it did those for whose benefit we turned out. Some cowards and deserters underwent the sentence of being "drummed out of camp." The division of five or six thousand was drawn up in line; the drummers and fifers of all the regiments, amounting to a hundred or more, were assembled in one corps at the right of the line; in front of them were ranged a guard with bayonets fixed and pointed at the backs of the sentenced, whose heads were shaved on one side exactly from the middle, from forehead to nape, and who, bareheaded, bore upon their shoulders placards labeled "coward" and "deserter," etc.; and in this array they, the culprits, preceding the guard and the drum corps, marched slowly down the front of the division to the tune of the "Rogue's March" which rolled out from the drums and fifes and echoed over the hills; and then returned again along the front to the point of starting and away from the division.

On St. Patrick's Day the Irish Brigade projected a celebration in honor of that saint in which the rest of the division joined to some extent. At Meagher's headquarters, which were within a pistol shot of our camp, amidst decorations of green boughs and flags there were festivities which were not participated in by all of us,

but upon the broad plain in front of us were inaugurated that series of hurdle races which became celebrated in the Army of the Potomac.[1] A track a mile in circumference was described in a circular form, and at intervals of an eighth of a mile there were placed across it alternately a ditch eight feet wide and five feet deep, and a hurdle of poles and wattling about two feet and a half high, so that to travel around the track a horse had to jump four ditches and four fences.

Officers who had horses which they desired to have ridden in the race could do so by riding themselves or getting some other officers to do it, but no jockeys were allowed. On this occasion, although the field was muddy in consequence of recent rain, there were a sufficient number of contestants to make it interesting. Among them were Colonel Von Schaack, of the 7th New York Volunteers, of our brigade, who rode a sorrel horse of good breeding, and General Meagher's aide, Jack Gossan, before mentioned. Meagher himself appeared on the field, in an ambulance without a cover filled with ladies who were visiting the camp, and drawn by four horses, which he drove after the fashion of a four-in-hand at home.

There were thousands on the field, including all ranks and men of all branches of service, and the scene was a gay one. Every one who could muster a horse, from the general on his splendid charger to the private of cavalry on his worn-down steed, appeared mounted, and not unnaturally officers and soldiers appeared in as good-looking a garb as they could. I agreed to ride in the race a horse of Adjutant Dodd's, which seemed a good beast, but which had not been tested in a hurdle race, and I had some misgivings about safety in taking such ditches and hurdles on such a slippery track; and very likely I might have been brought off the field with broken collar bone, or worse, had it not been that Dodd failed to reach the field in time with his horse.

The riders did very well, especially Gossan and Von Schaack,

[1] Since writing this I recall that there were races in '62 in some part of the army, but I think this one in March, '63, established the custom.

who did not seem new to the business, and the latter won the race.

It was on this occasion that two horsemen were riding with great rapidity on the plain in opposite directions, and coming into collision were severely injured. I saw another hurdle race while at Falmouth in the Third Corps, and I there saw young Lieutenant Blucher, of the Regular Artillery, said to be a descendant of Marshal Blücher, get a terrible fall. He was riding in the race a handsome young bay horse, and as he leaped a wide ditch the horse fell and Blucher was severely injured and carried off the field. I also saw at the grandstand several ladies, one of whom in a gorgeous silk was said to be the Princess Salm Salm, whose husband was in our army.

In the last week in April we prepared for a march; rations for several days were distributed, so many that they were to be stowed partly in the knapsacks, a large supply of ammunition was given out, and the camp was broken up, and we started on what was evidently intended to be a regular campaign.

I had been promoted to the command of a good company in "E." My first sergeant, McCrillis, had been promoted to sergeant major, but I had left a good set of commissioned officers, and the men were of good character with two exceptions. One was a red-haired, keen-eyed, wily fellow who proved to be dishonest afterwards, and who through sly maneuvers had succeeded in keeping out of battle thus far, and the other was a tall man of good constitution and frame, who had lost all his energy through homesickness or a worse habit of which he was suspected, and by conduct directly the reverse of ——'s had also kept out of all battles; for he had simply done nothing, and had given up so quickly that he never had reached a battle-field, having made himself and his officers believe that he could n't march. I believed both of these men to be frauds, and resolved to take them into battle, but some officers who knew them ventured to bet that I would n't succeed. We started northward, and in two days found ourselves in the

vicinity of Banks's Ford on the Rappahannock. We were then distributed among the houses through the country with instructions to keep the inhabitants from leaving their vicinity, and were informed that this was to keep them from giving the enemy information of a movement of the army which was going on.

It was my lot to command a considerable detachment which occupied a cluster of houses in the vicinity of a mill, and this mill a corporal of my detachment started with my permission. Some of the surrounding inhabitants came, under charge of guards, with bags of corn to be ground, and with the toll we had hoecake made, which was an agreeable change from hardtack for a while. I luxuriously occupied the floor of a house which had been deserted, and with the officers of my detachment was waited upon by a troop of little darkies from the adjoining cabins, who were marshaled by our boy Charlie, who now deserves a more particular mention as the companion of my campaigns until the end of the war.

His full name was Charles H. Fullerton; he came from Concord, New Hampshire, with Captain Perry as a sort of valet, and though but about eleven years of age bore himself like a man. He was a handsome little fellow and fearless. Once in '62 I recollect that he cried because, when the regiment marched out to meet the enemy, it was thought best for him to stay in camp, and at White-Oak Swamp he lay with the regiment under that fearful cannonade and played with a squirrel which he had for a pet. Captains Murray and Moore, who were his especial patrons, both being killed, Lieutenant Hale, who formerly belonged to Captain Perry's company, and was promoted to mine, proposed that Charlie should come into our great cabin and serve all three of us, which we acceded to. Charlie was a great favorite with all from the colonel down, and indeed he had conferred on Charlie as a compliment for his bravery a pair of corporal's chevrons, one of which remains among my traps yet, and when we had a carouse in our cabin Charlie proved a cool-headed, thoughtful valet in taking care of things and saving a bottle of whiskey for the morning.

We stayed at these houses until the morning of May 1st, when we marched several hours before light and joined the vast column of troops who were going toward the river. Colonel Cross commanded our and two other regiments of our division (the 81st Pennsylvania and 64th New York, I think, were the other two), which regiments had, with us I suppose, been out guarding houses. I do not think we joined our corps immediately, and perhaps it was to these accidents that Colonel Cross owed his fortune of commanding a brigade, for these three constituted one under him during the whole battle. I do not, however, believe that General Hancock objected to having such a brigade under Cross, in place of all being under General Caldwell. About the middle of the forenoon we were halted beside the road and an order from General Hooker was read in which he announced to the army that the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps had accomplished a brilliant success in crossing the river, and that the enemy now must come out of his trenches to fight us. This order put everybody in good spirits, and we marched on with light hearts. We went down a steep bluff to the river at what is called United States Ford and there crossed a pontoon bridge. On the other side a beautiful situation for defense had been improved upon by the rebels by throwing up earthworks, but they had fled, and we saw no evidence of a fight with those who preceded us. Passing a fine old mansion our road took us through dense woods for some miles, and it was here late in the afternoon, where our vision was limited by the woods close on either hand, that we heard the first shots. The sullen reports of artillery on our left came rumbling through the forests, and while my feet seemed willing to quicken their pace toward the field I experienced a peculiar sinking sensation in the region of my heart, which, as nearly as I can analyze it, was rather the result of the instinctive dread of the unknown in battle, than the fear of death or combat. Something like the feeling which possesses one when in a dream he is falling from a great height, and yet not so near fear as that.

S
E
W
N
Route pursued by Stonewall Jackson.
Rappahannock Canal
U.S. Ford
Chancellorsville
Plank Rd
Chancellorsville Turnpike
Stonewall Jackson's position before assaulting 11th Corps

I do not believe the charge upon the battery or the rattle of musketry about my ears could produce the same, but the sullen roar of these guns miles away, coming to us in the stillness and obscurity of the forest when we knew we were marching to encounter their fire, was peculiarly affecting. However, I am not aware that I could have persuaded myself to turn back, with the prospect which we then believed lay before us.

As the sun disappeared behind the trees or a little earlier, we emerged into an open space in which stood Chancellorsville, which consisted of the great house standing on the turnpike and two or three smaller houses about it. We turned on the turnpike toward Fredericksburg and marched toward the field of battle, where artillery and musketry sounded quite hot. We had not proceeded far when we met the wounded (who were of the Regular regiments in the Fifth Corps if my memory is correct) coming back, and though they were not many, were sufficient to make us realize that there was hot work ahead. I should think we marched south on the turnpike a mile when we turned into a little cleared place at position 1 on plan on the right and halted for a few moments, and I then cleared for action by giving our surgeon my money, which I did not wish to bequeath to any one who might cut my pocket out if I was killed. At this time we were surrounded by a small growth of trees or thicket and the firing was apparently on the right of the turnpike and about half a mile away. Whether we advanced farther south I cannot recollect, but it seems to me that we afterwards marched on up a hill, and then on level ground for some distance, for I can recollect emerging from the thicket and passing fields with a descending country on our left, and we went so far that I thought we really were to approach Fredericksburg on the north; I think this was after our halt above spoken of.

I cannot recollect where we began our retrograde movement, but we marched back probably from position 2 on the plan some distance, and just after dark, without having encountered the enemy, found ourselves in the tall woods on the east of the turnpike, at

position 3 on the plan; and then a rebel battery, apparently in position on the eminence we had quitted, fired shots through the woods we lay in, for some time, in a direction for enfilading our line from left to right, and although sounding badly enough they did no harm, as they did not strike us. Late at night we were directed to move silently toward the Chancellorsville house, which we did, and as we emerged on the turnpike near to it, the proximity of the enemy or the apprehensions of some one in command were manifested by the order to "Trail arms," so that our rifle barrels should not glisten in the moonlight, which was bright and lovely. We stole along like a band of Indians until, reaching the open ground at Chancellorsville, we were formed in line of battle facing the south, in the position indicated on the plan at 4, and directed to throw up a line of works with great expedition, which we could n't do since we had no intrenching tools. We waited anxiously until nearly daylight, when with a supply of tools we threw up the line, and in this position we remained, as will be related, until the battle was lost.

The foregoing plan is not an attempt at delineating relative distances, but merely to show how the field appeared to me. From the United States Ford to Chancellorsville is probably five miles; from Chancellorsville to the position marked 2 is probably two miles; and the open space in front of Chancellorsville is about a mile from south to north, and quarter to half a mile east and west.

CHAPTER XVIII

[A SUMMER at Hull, where the temptation to do nothing but sail or stroll by the seashore, or lie under the trees, or recline by the windows and gaze on the water and white sails and green shores on Sundays, a nomadic existence, while Sarah was in Milford, and the varied calls upon my attention in setting up housekeeping during the last three weeks, have all concurred to prevent my putting anything in this my egotistical narrative which has already taken the hours on Sundays, when I have had nothing else to do and have not been too lazy to do anything, for over four years; but for the first time since I lived in a tent, now established in my own household with everything comfortable, and feeling the independence of my situation, I trust that to-day is the beginning of an early completion of this journal. — *Cambridge, November* 13, 1870.]

But I will return to our position at 4 on the map. As daylight on the 2d enabled us to see our surroundings, we found ourselves to be a few rods in front of the road running westerly from Chancellorsville and facing south. In front of us the ground descended easily about three hundred yards bare and even, to the woods which were thick and lofty; the left of our brigade rested near the turnpike which led south to Fredericksburg. A small, cleared patch skirted this turnpike for perhaps ten rods south of Chancellorsville and east of the turnpike; the cleared piece in front of us bordered it on the west for perhaps three hundred yards; and at its southern boundary the turnpike went into the woods and led to Fredericksburg. The cleared piece in front of us extended westerly from the turnpike to a point perhaps one hundred yards west of a line drawn through our right. It was bordered on the west by a thicket which ended in woods on the west. This thicket ran to a

thin piece of woods on our right and rear. This piece of woods bounded an open plain in our rear on the west for half a mile, and a continuation of the woods bounded my vision as I looked across this plain to the north and as far to the east as I could see. So we had a patch in front of us three hundred yards deep and several hundred yards wide, and a cleared field, which had been ploughed and at this time was pretty smooth and hard and level, in our rear, nearly half a mile deep, and which, from the woods on its west to the turnpike, was about a quarter of a mile, and from the turnpike east was half or three-quarters of a mile, in width. The Chancellorsville house was not over twenty rods in rear of the left of our brigade.

We were not long left in peace here, for the enemy came up the turnpike from the south and began to engage our skirmishers in the woods in our front early in the day, making manifest, what we had supposed before, that every soldier of our army had been withdrawn from the advanced position on the south held by our army on the day before, and the skirmishers of our brigade, not half a mile south of the Chancellorsville house, marked the extremity of our front in that direction. That we should have abandoned so much was inexplicable to us at that time, though the fashion of retreating or avoiding obstacles had become so familiar to the Army of the Potomac ere this that it did not excite as great wonder as it might have in the days of Hatcher's Run in 1865.

And presently a rebel battery, which we could see through the gaps in or over the woods on a hill a mile or two down the turnpike toward Fredericksburg, probably on one of the spots our lines had occupied the afternoon before, began cannonading our brigade, which was likely as plain to their view as the rebels were to ours. The shots flew over our heads or struck in front of us, but did not do us much harm, for I think we lay in our works at first. I am uncertain whether a battery near us opened on the rebel battery above spoken of, first or not, but at any rate early in the fight this battery (Knapp's Pennsylvania, of the 1st Pennsylvania Artillery,

I believe) took position on the slope some yards in rear of our line and opened on the rebel battery. I suppose it was necessary to avoid injury from Knapp's guns that we moved back; at any rate, we lay down directly in the battery, between the guns, and there certainly were in as fine a position to be made food for powder as we could be in, for nothing affords a finer mark for artillerists than the flashes and smoke of cannon.

At first several of our men were hit and the situation was quite uncomfortable (I believe one or two of my company were hit), but the fire of our battery soon became so accurate that our real danger was considerably lessened, and our imagination was quieted. I never, unless at White-Oak Swamp where Pettit came to our rescue, saw such accurate marksmanship by a field battery, *in the field*, as this one displayed. The rebel battery was so far away (probably a mile and a half or two miles) that the men serving the guns were small spots on the hillside, and the guns and caissons did not look larger than wheelbarrows, but Knapp's gunners exploded their shells directly over them with as much ease apparently as they would at half the range; and presently a well-timed shot went into a caisson or limber box, and the white column of smoke which shot up in the air indicated that it had exploded. The admiration of our men led them to cheer, and when the same thing was repeated in a few minutes, Knapp's battery became famous in our estimation. The rebel battery fired all sorts of ammunition, and even coarse files. General Caldwell, who at this time had joined to our left with the rest of our division, picked a file up that fell near the line and remarked that that certainly was "file firing," which was thought to be a very good joke under the circumstances. But files and everything else failed to convince Knapp of anything wrong in his practice or to stir us from our position, and Knapp's fire became so destructive that the rebel battery ceased firing. Knapp's men then amused themselves with taking detached men or objects for marks, and one gunner, sighting a man who spied our position and lines from a tree-top nearly if not over a mile away,

fired, and it was asserted by him and those who could see him that he brought him down. I did not make out the man with certainty nor did I see him fall, but as the artillerists had field-glasses and asserted the fact so positively, I have not seen reason to doubt that this remarkable feat was actually performed.

I cannot now recall the exact order of events nor just how long each consumed, but after this fight of the artillery ceased, at some time in the day a furious musketry fire broke out in the woods in front of us. We, of course, watched for the retreat of our skirmishers, but notwithstanding the fire was as noisy as that of two lines of battle, it kept up for a long time and at length subsided into a growling of occasional shots without any signs of retreat from our skirmishers. Our skirmish line was made up of detachments from several of the regiments of our division, including one from the 5th under Captain Ricker and all under Colonel Miles, of the 61st New York. They were too good soldiers to make such a fuss for nothing, and our supposition that there was a line of battle opposed to them was well founded, for we learned presently that a strong line of battle had come through the woods upon them, and it was said to have been a *line of columns*. They opened the furious fire we had heard, and our men posted among the trees had replied with such precision and effect that the rebels were repelled. The remarkable bravery and skill of our soldiers will be understood when I say that our line was a single one, in which the men were probably more than an arm's length apart, and the rebels were shoulder to shoulder at least two lines deep and perhaps more, and advancing with all the solidity and regularity of a line of battle against ours, whose bravery and determination alone, without any sort of advantage in formation except an even front and the shelter of trees and bushes, won the fight.

It was peculiarly fortunate that the command of the line was in so efficient and brave an officer as Colonel Miles. That gallant man, I was told, rode from one end of the line to the other regardless of exposure, and encouraged the men. He at length received

a terrible wound through his body from a bullet, and even then rode down his line, jumped a fence, swinging his hat and cheering the men, before he would succumb to his injury. It was a wonder that he did not die, but he was back with his regiment in less than two months. I am not certain now that he was not shot through the neck in this fight, for I have an indistinct recollection of seeing him return to his regiment at Thoroughfare Gap, in the last of June following, with the wound in his neck scarcely healed; but whether it was in this or another battle, he at one time was shot through the bowels. I do not know whether the bullet severed an intestine or not, but he got well, which in itself is worthy of remark, since such wounds are nearly always fatal. Sometime during the afternoon the skirmishers from some regiment, probably the 7th New York Volunteers, ran in, or got into confusion. They were near our front, and General Hancock sent word to Colonel Cross that men of his regiment had run or behaved badly. This infuriated the colonel. He most indignantly denied the accusation, and sending down to the skirmish line for Captain Ricker, did not rest until that officer had gone with him to General Hancock and informed him that none of the 5th had been guilty of the offense charged.

Toward night the Twelfth Corps became engaged in the thicket about two hundred yards to the right of us, their line being at right angles with ours; that is, facing westerly and running north and south. I saw some of their troops move out on the road which ran along our rear, and for half an hour they were engaged so close to us that their line was within a pistol shot of our right, and I could distinguish the men, but the enemy were in the woods beyond and I could not see them. I watched their fight with great interest; the musketry fire was quite severe and I am not certain that a battery was not engaged on our side. I admired particularly a colonel[1] of an Ohio regiment whose name I learned, but have for-

[1] This colonel was killed at the battle of Ringgold, in the west, afterwards. I think his regiment was the 8th Ohio. I think his name was Clayton, or something like it.

gotten, I am sorry to say. He rode a fine-looking black horse, and without regard to exposure galloped up and down his line, urged on his men, and behaved in every way like a good soldier. I could not hear what he said, but was particularly struck with his riding, where he was particularly conspicuous (since the thicket did not conceal him in the least), apparently impelled to do so only by his ardor and sense of the necessities of the situation. The practice of riding in a musketry fight had not been followed by many field officers of the line, partly because the nature of many of our battle-fields, being thickly wooded or broken, rendered evolutions on horseback difficult, and partly because the mounted officer was exceedingly exposed to the fire of marksmen, and the great number of bullets which fly over the line through bad, or by reason of want of, aiming. I think, however, that the practice of dismounting to go into musketry fights was carried to unwarranted lengths, and that, too, by very brave officers; for many who were so believed that they ought to avoid unnecessary danger, and that the regiment could be guided on foot as well as on horseback, and this practice extended even to brigade and division commanders.

At Antietam General —— not only dismounted, but sought the shelter of a haystack, and General Richardson went into the fight with our line on foot. For General —— there was no excuse, but it may be that, as General Richardson wished to encourage the men at a critical juncture by his example, as his line had only a brigade front, and as the evolutions had already been directed on his part, it was prudent and judicious to do as he did. At any rate, to do so was brave in the extreme. It is true that when a regimental line had been reduced to the front of three or four companies by casualties, then it was easy to reach the extremities and to command it on foot, but I do not believe that where the field was clear and practicable for horsemen, and the line was to advance or fight outside of works, a colonel in command of five hundred or more men, nor the major nor lieutenant-colonel, was justified in being afoot.

It will be seen by what I have related that on the first day the battle commenced on the southern side of the field; that on the second day the enemy made a demonstration on that front with artillery and infantry, and desisting there had commenced on the western front. Now I am not certain how much I heard of it, but I know that the presence of the enemy began to be felt on the afternoon of the second day all along our western front; that part of the Twelfth Corps advanced directly out on that front and struck the rear of a column marching northwardly, and that Barlow's division of the Eleventh Corps advanced out from the northwest corner of the plain, and I think that they too found the enemy. In fact the assaults on the southern and western fronts only preceded or accompanied the rapid march of Stonewall Jackson from the south side of our position to the west side; then all along our western front, at a short distance from us to our northern front, and into position, on the north of us across the turnpike and facing the Eleventh Corps, which occupied a position in the woods parallel or nearly so with the line, and then, making a right angle with the right wing parallel with the turnpike and its right flank toward the north, so that Jackson faced this flank with his left wing.

Now, at about sunset there was a rattling of musketry all along our southern and western fronts, but nothing severe enough to cause us any anxiety. I think the fight on our right flank had dwindled to a skirmish and things did not to me look like hot work before next day. We were resting easily with our arms beside us or stacked, and I suppose about eating our evening rations. There seemed to us to have been nothing serious against us, and no one of us in the companies had reason to suppose we should be otherwise than successful, that I am aware of. We could see the situation of the troops on our right; saw the evidences of a large force of our men on the west and north fronts; knew that General Hooker was at the Chancellorsville house close by; and could see parties of the reserves who lay to the east of us; but further than this we were ignorant, at least I was, and I did not know that any rebels had

been marching along our western front; did not know anything of the contact of the Twelfth Corps with the rear of his column; of Barlow's movements; of the position of the Eleventh Corps, nor in fact anything more than I saw, and I suppose the most of the army were just as ignorant. While resting satisfied in this blissful state of ignorance, and facing the foe on the south with placidity and waiting his next advance, our astonished ears were greeted with a sudden outburst of the most tremendous musketry and cannonade directly in our rear on the north front, accompanied with all the yells and confused noises of a bloody engagement. We sprang to our feet and looked with anxious hearts across the plain to the north. The noise continued for some minutes, and then suddenly wagons, ambulances, men, artillery, and everything that makes an army, came rushing out of the woods on the north into the plain and across it and down the turnpike, and after a short interval a flying, confused, panic-stricken mass of soldiers in the direst confusion, to the number of thousands, running for life, and alas! our own men.

When this contest broke out, the presence of the enemy in an attacking force on our north front seemed so improbable that we offered ourselves every explanation but the right one. The most plausible story was that General Stoneman, who was known to have gone off in the enemy's rear, or some one else, had now come up in the rear of a body of the enemy and was driving them toward us. I was so elated with this news that I behaved quite extravagantly with cheering and "cutting up" generally, and the shells which came sailing over from the northwest high in the air, which we could distinguish by their burning fuses in the twilight now come, actually added to the delusion, since I thought with the rest that they were those of our forces advancing in the rear of the enemy. When the truth dawned upon my mind, I kept up my cheerfulness for the sake of appearances, that the men might not learn the truth, and there was need of every precaution, for in less time than it has taken to write this page, after the first group of soldiers

appeared running out of the woods, the plain was swarming with them, flying with all speed, and in such bodies and so blindly terrified that neither natural obstacles nor the well-ordered array of lines arrested their flight; and some, escaping through the south front, actually ran clear to our skirmish line and through it to or toward the enemy on the south. The musketry kept crashing away in the woods as long as there were men left to fire at, and the shells screamed through the air trailing fire like shooting stars clear over to the Chancellorsville house.

It was a trying time. No one could fail to see that our north front was broken, and it was uncertain how short a time would elapse before the victorious enemy might be upon our backs, and the flying Dutchmen, for they proved to be the Eleventh Corps, actually endangered our formation; but we made our men lie flat on the ground facing south, and then each officer with drawn sword paced in rear of his company and captured or drove back every Dutchman. Our men behaved admirably. Neither the dangers nor the panic affected them, but they lay calmly in their places, aided no doubt by their contempt for the Dutch who were running away. Some idea of the numbers who endangered us may be found when I say that about sixty Dutchmen were captured by my regiment. They were kept in our ranks and some were killed on the next day, I believe. One general came rushing over to Colonel Cross, who was lying down. The colonel arose and with infuriated looks and drawn saber rushed upon him. He fled to the shelter of a ditch, crying, "Sare, you do nod know who I am! I am a Prigadier Gineral!" To which the colonel replied, "You are n't, you 're a damned coward!"

At last the torrent of fugitives ceased, and astonishing to relate the enemy did not advance across the plain. But a tremendous artillery fire which had been opened by some batteries of ours on the north side of the plain had undoubtedly prevented his advancing farther. When order was secure, I stood a little back of my company, where I could see across the plain, and watched for developments on the north side. The firing had nearly ceased, and an omi-

nous stillness prevailed. Peering through the not impenetrable darkness now lighted by the moon, I saw moving into position in the plain facing north two or three lines of troops numbering several thousand, whose dark bodies in serried ranks holding grim silence were exceedingly majestic. I had no doubt they were our own men of some other corps who were to restore our broken lines, and presently they moved forward slowly and in beautiful order apparently with a brigade front. Their advance was pursued in silence close up to the woods, when a sheet of flame like a most brilliant flash of lightning burst out from their front, followed instantly by the tremendous crash of a volley, and moving forward still they maintained their position, and in some measure, I do not know how far, restored our lines. This, I think, was Wood's division of the Third Corps. The events of the few hours of this afternoon and evening are imprinted on my memory in a grand picture. I can now, and probably always shall be able to again bring before my eyes the dusty plain bounded by long lines of men on all sides; the smoke of musketry and batteries, whose thunders still reverberate in my ears; the gradual diminishing of the battle, and then the sudden rush of fugitives accompanied by the roar of muskets and cannon; the dire confusion of the panic; the curves of fire described in the sky by the shrieking shells; then darkness, the deliberate movements of the dark masses who constituted our attacking force, and the sheet of flame which burst out as they approached the woods; and can still hear the tumult of the battle.

By nine or ten o'clock the conflict on the north side ceased and we slept a wakeful sleep until an hour or two before daylight on the 3d. As soon as sunrise, I should think, the enemy began demonstrating all along our western and northern front. We could not determine exactly what was transpiring, but the position of our lines, indicated by the sounds of their firing, did not serve to assure us of any determined advance on our part.

That which most attracted our attention was a musketry fight in the thicket on our right, where the Twelfth Corps were engaged on

the night before, and we supposed they then were; but presently the musketry ceased and we were hurriedly ordered up and marched into the edge of the thicket facing west, and lay down waiting for the enemy at position 6 on my sketch. Some of our men on the left opened fire, I believe, but were checked by the officers or the disappearance of the enemy, and although to me there was every appearance of an utter desertion of this front by our lines, we were soon marched back to our original position.

It was at this time that the truth must have dawned upon me that our line of battle was no longer intact. The fact of our being so hastily put in position on the west, and the evidence of the enemy there seemed to prove that the Twelfth Corps had been withdrawn. The plain looked deserted and we joined nobody on the right, and I do not think we were surprised to see, soon after resuming our original position, the withdrawal of some of our troops across the plain toward the east. And it soon became apparent that our western and northern fronts had been abandoned and that our brigade alone held the southern front. I cannot recollect the order of events, but the general aspect of affairs I distinctly recall. We at first faced the south, but not long after having returned from the western front, the enemy's fire on the north front and into our rear caused us to face about. I do not know how long the enemy had swept the plain in our rear with artillery, but when we faced about they were doing so with a vengeance. Their batteries had come out of the woods and boldly taken position on the plain and were firing at us and the Chancellorsville house at short range. They sometimes hit the house and sometimes killed men in our line. Pettit's battery came up and took position directly in front of us and opened on the rebels, and the fire on both sides was terrific. It was during the time Major Pettit was firing, or else while a battery in nearly the same position was firing on the night before, that I saw Lieutenant Mitchell, aide to General Hancock, ride with great speed along directly in front of the guns, which seemed to be a venturesome thing only justified by the most urgent necessity.

The enemy began to manifest their presence in the thicket on the west front, and some of our men in the right companies (now the left) opened fire and drove them off. Lying where we did we could distinctly see the rebel artillery not over five hundred yards in front of us on the plain, and their shells dealt death to our ranks, and not a soul of our army could be seen west or southwest. The enemy's approach on the south sufficiently indicated that we had no line there, and our own skirmishers held the west front, and no one could fail to see that our field had been abandoned and that our brigade remained in its position only for the purpose of delaying the enemy until the rest had got well out of the way. Nothing could be more uncomfortable and few positions more dangerous than ours. Any minute might bring the enemy up the turnpike to attack us on the south; their inclination to do so on the west had already been demonstrated, and they were most vigorously doing so in front. The fire was furious. I do not know how many in our brigade were killed, but I saw several. One shot struck a stump of a tree behind which several rested, and hurled it and them into the dust. Lieutenant Byron Fay, of our regiment, who was acting as aide to Colonel Cross, was sent to convey an order, and on his way to his destination or in return received a shrapnel bullet in his leg, but with great deliberation came back and reported his action to the colonel before he mentioned his wound.

Several ludicrous things occurred. Old ——, of "G" Company, whom I have mentioned as being the recipient of a homily from me on the sin of never going into a battle, got into this one, and when the shells came screaming over and through our lines here, he got an empty cracker box, the boards of which were not over half an inch thick, and setting it up in front of him crouched behind it to shelter himself from the shells. The thing was funnier than an ostrich hiding his head in the sand to conceal himself from his pursuers. Colonel Cross saw it and became so indignant that he strode up to —— and kicked him clear out of position, if not quite over the box, saying, "You will disgrace my regiment."

CHAPTER XIX

Pettit's battery fought with its usual bravery and precision, but the enemy's artillery almost demolished it. Every officer, most of the horses, and many of the men were disabled by the murderous fire and at last the battery was silenced. Colonel Cross stepped to one of the guns, sighted it, and planted a shot into one of the enemy's columns then advancing across the plain, and was about to man the guns with men from our regiment, when the order came for us to move to the east, following the rest of the army. The battery being brought away by hand, we started. Our movement was made under the eye of General Hancock. The 81st Pennsylvania, I think, moved out on the double-quick, and General Hancock sent out a rebuke to Colonel Cross in the shape of the question, "Why was his regiment running?" I recollect the colonel's indignant answer that his regiment "never ran."

As we moved along, the enemy's artillery threw shot through our ranks, and as our path lay through a thick wood (along the line from 4 to 5 on my plan), and another regiment on our left marching abreast of us broke and ran through our ranks, the time was quite trying. Our speed was rather faster than a walk after we got into the woods, and my company, like the rest, I suppose, stretched out to more than its proper length. We marched in fours left in front, and I kept at the left of my company, which was my place, occasionally crying out to my men to follow me, fearing the rate of speed, the impediments in the woods, and the fire of the enemy might cause them to lose their places in the ranks. As we were emerging from the edge of the woods near the road which led from Chancellorsville to position 5, a shell burst just above and to the left of my company. I was told that it felled and probably killed Corporal George E. Frye, of my company, who was never seen again by us. I did not see him fall nor did I know until afterwards

that he fell, perhaps because my attention was called at the same instant to ——, whom I have mentioned before and who had not found it convenient to leave us. A piece of the shell struck him in the arm and tore it so that it had to be amputated. He was about to sink to the ground when I seized him by the other arm and supported him. I thought that as long as I had induced him to go into this battle I would help him out, so I kept him along until, getting out of the fire, I found some of the ambulance corps, to whom I gave him over.

We moved not over three quarters of a mile, and then facing the enemy threw up rapidly a line of works in position 5. To the right and left of us as far as we could see, our troops occupied a line of battle facing west. The enemy soon opened on us with artillery and we replied, but we did not again encounter them at musketry range. While we lay here some of my men went to sleep. An unexploded shell dropped near me, and I trundled it along and hit the leg of one of them, who woke, apparently at first disposed to believe he had had a narrow escape. When we drew up in this position we began to figure up losses, and I had reports from my men of some eight or ten whom they had seen killed by shot and shell while we were retreating, and some of the other company commanders had the same experience. The men even detailed the manner of the deaths of their comrades, but in the course of this and the next day a part of the reputed dead men came to the companies. They had been confused by the other regiment breaking through our ranks as before mentioned, and supposing it was our own regiment had run away with them.

We had them all court-martialed and punished. Sergeant Major —— was one of these. He said he received a contusion from a piece of shell which induced him to leave the regiment, but it was not thought of sufficient severity to warrant so abrupt a departure and he was reduced to the ranks of my company. By common consent I promoted him to the rank of sergeant, as it was thought his punishment should be reduced that much.

The fact that another regiment did break through our ranks accounted for the reports of deaths of our men in some degree, for it was more than probable that some of the men of this regiment while mixed in our ranks were killed by the artillery fire, as some of our men were, and this, coupled with the disappearance of our missing men at the same time, very likely led our men to believe what they reported under the exciting and confusing influence of being pursued.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hapgood blamed my men who were court-martialed, when they alleged the confusion of the moment as their excuse for believing our regiment to have broken, for not following me, and as I was in the place assigned me by the tactics and in front of them, they certainly were to blame for not following me, and unless I had been there they could not have been so blamed; but I was very much chagrined that after going through the battle so well, I had in the first battle in which I commanded my company lost some men in this manner, and I regretted that I had not kept at the right of my company so as to have all my men in view and prevent their leaving, and I almost censured myself for not doing so. But, after all, I am not sure that I was wrong, for worse calamities might have occurred if I had been out of my place. We were informed afterwards that we had hardly left the Chancellorsville house when a rebel battery came up the turnpike from the south, which showed how narrowly we escaped. The woods between our new position and the Chancellorsville house took fire soon after we arrived, and our wounded who lay in them may have been burned, but there could not have been a great many, and it is possible that all escaped the flames.

We remained in this position until sometime in the early hours of the 5th. We were treated to plenty of artillery firing, which worked little if any damage in our regiment, as we had constructed quite heavy breastworks which the shots did not penetrate. Once General ——, whose brigade was near our own, was near us when the enemy opened a heavy cannonade and sent shots over us quite

rapidly. He, instead of going to his own brigade, ran down behind our works among our men, which excited the unbounded contempt of Colonel Cross, who was hardly restrained from driving him out of the trenches, as he considered his example pernicious to the men.

Colonel Cross's characteristic way of thinking was brought home to me by an expression of mine that I wished we were across the river, or I wondered when we should be, for, although I knew that our corps and some of the rest were uninjured, yet the fact was bald that after all General Hooker's boasting we had retreated and hid behind *our* works, and while I was ready to advance, yet I did not like our attitude. When the colonel heard me, he said, "What do you want to go across the river for?" in such a tone that I knew he was displeased at the idea of any one's suggesting retreat, and I discreetly explained my position or averted further displeasure in some way. I now think that we at this time might have attacked and beaten the enemy, at any time after assuming the new line on the 3d, under a sane and spirited commander, but my instinct that we were to do nothing was correct, and although General Hooker rode along our lines looking rosy and gallant, yet his courage or judgment was insufficient for the occasion, and we stole away before light on the morning of the 5th and crossed the Rappahannock in safety.

Once across we toiled along the roads deep with mud ground up by the feet of thousands who had preceded us, and wearily enough made our way to our old camps, which we reached sometime near nightfall. At a point about three miles from the camp, ——, who had with vigilance been kept in the ranks, came to me and with a woebegone expression avowed himself unable to go a step farther. I was satisfied at having taken him through one battle and told him he might drop out, but must be in camp at twelve that night. He dropped like a rag in the mud and we left him. He, however, came into camp that night.

The splendid anticipations which the fame of Hooker, aided by his congratulatory order on the 1st of May, had aroused in us, had

been most rudely overthrown. No one could tell what was the origin of our defeat, but the Eleventh Corps was and has been ever since well cursed for its retreat; and that, and the fact that a cannon shot struck some bricks out of the Chancellorsville house which hit Hooker in the breast and knocked him senseless, were assigned in a vague way for the causes. But a rumor that a splendid position had been abandoned by our commander on the 1st of May, when we were withdrawn from the direction of Fredericksburg; the fact that we went over the river in retreat without an effort to retrieve our defeat, although we had held the enemy in check forty hours; and a rumor that when, General Hooker having preceded us in crossing the river in retreat, General Couch found himself in command on the west side, he had refused to retreat and was overruled by General Hooker, were never satisfactorily explained to us while in service, and I never was able to explain those events to myself until within the past year. But Colonel Godfrey, who was chief quartermaster of Hooker's division in the Third Army Corps when Hooker commanded it, and whose acquaintance I made at Point Lookout, in 1864, where he was chief quartermaster for General Marston, called on me at my office within the year past, and said that, knowing Dickinson and some other of Hooker's staff well, he had after Chancellorsville conversed with them about the battle. They, who were with Hooker in the battle, had told him that in fact the successful crossing of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps over the Rappahannock had, as Hooker supposed, compelled the enemy to come out of his intrenchments to give him battle on the north of Fredericksburg, and that he had advanced down the turnpike to accept it, but that on the 1st of May Colonel Daniel Butterfield, his chief of staff, who was with the advance, sent word to him that the enemy were intrenched in the front of our advance; that General Hooker, relying on Butterfield's word, said that he was not going to fight the enemy in their intrenchments, but that they must come out, and immediately issued orders for the advance to withdraw. He then placed the troops in the vicinity of

Chancellorsville, and on the 2d of May he early received intelligence of the movement of the rebel column from our south front along our western front to our north front, and that he communicated it to General Howard and relied upon him to repel any attacks that might be made; that upon the morning of the 3d the bricks hurled by the cannon shot which struck General Hooker made him senseless for an hour or two; that the staff, never having contemplated this emergency, did not send intelligence of the event to the general next in rank; that the enemy pressed so hard that demands for troops and instructions came in constantly from the quarters attacked and the individuals of the staff took upon themselves the responsibility to direct movements and in fact carry on the battle. This was necessarily without a preconceived plan, and in consequence things speedily went wrong; that in an hour or two General Hooker revived sufficiently to mount his horse, and that he then resumed control, but that the effects of the blow were such as to make him no longer himself, and things speedily took the complexion I have described.

How it happened that the Eleventh Corps was driven in I have heard partly explained. A friend has lately told me that General (now Judge) Devens, who commanded a division of the Eleventh Corps in this battle, told him that his right flank was pointed toward the north as seen in my diagram, or at any rate his line was at right angles with the main front of the Eleventh Corps, and that no troops joined his right; that there were no pickets out to cover his right flank, and that Stonewall Jackson rushed upon his flank without his having had any warning from General Howard, while his men's arms were in stack and all unprepared for the attack.

Now, if (as I do not doubt he was) General Howard was informed of Jackson's movements, he was very culpable in not informing General Devens, who was so exposed, and he was also culpable in not having pickets, to say nothing of scouts, out beyond General Devens's right flank. I presume General Devens has a reason to offer, but I do not understand why he did not see that pickets were

out far enough to warn him of the approach of an enemy. The report of Colonel Butterfield and the resolution of General Hooker to make the enemy come out of his works to fight him explain our withdrawal on the 1st of May. It is easy to understand that General Hooker should doubt that the enemy would have the temerity to march clear around him, subject to being cut off, and attack him on the north front; or that, if he believed him capable of it, he viewed the movement as the most favorable one for himself, and that his warnings to General Howard were sufficient to guard against surprise. The exposed condition of General Devens and the absence of pickets are sufficient explanation of and almost an excuse for the rout of the Eleventh Corps (or its two divisions, for Barlow's division was not routed, I believe. His position was near the northwestern corner of the field). The vigorous resistance which Jackson met as soon as he met the reserves, and the bold attack to restore our lines on the night of the 2d, seem sufficiently to refute or make improbable the assertion that the rout of the Eleventh Corps had disheartened Hooker. The want of decisive action on our part on the morning of the 3d I have not seen justified or explained; the retreat after Hooker was hit is explained by Colonel Godfrey's story. And our inaction prior to our retreat and the retreat on the 5th are unexplained to me unless General Hooker's mind was still disordered from the blow he received. The loss of my regiment in this battle was about forty.

The camp when reached on the night of May 5 was miserable enough. The fires were out, the huts were wet with rain, as the canvas had been stripped from them in breaking up camp, except where it was not worth taking as in the case of my cabin. When we went into it, we found the rain streaming through the roof, but a dry spot, a good fire, and a glass or two of whiskey with some of the 81st Pennsylvania made us feel something better after a while. We resumed our old ways and wondered what would turn up next. It proved to be a change of camps for us, which occurred within two weeks, I should think. We moved southwardly across the plain

in front of us, and camped on a slope facing westerly. In front of us was a crest whence Fredericksburg could be descried, I think. The mildness and indeed warmth of the weather rendered any building of huts unnecessary, but I had walls of logs put up and covered with a tent fly, making quite comfortable quarters.

My men's quarters were in their shelter tents arranged in a row upon a street which ran down the slope. Their tents were surrounded by ditches, and in front of them, the whole length of the street, I had a paved gutter made in which I took some pride. My sergeant, ——, whose fortunes I have mentioned before, took a fancy to get drunk here, which brought about his reduction to the ranks again. At this place we had little to do, and consequently played poker a great deal. Once I sat upon my bed playing twenty-four consecutive hours, and all night the bet was five dollars blind on every deal. I think when we rose I was loser of eighty dollars.

Lieutenant ——, who had been promoted from the ranks, was a very green and quite funny fellow, too much addicted to drinking. I recollect his coming toward this camp with me once, growing drunker every step. He at first boasted that his father was worth ten thousand dollars, but every time he renewed his boast he increased the sum, and at length, when he sank down in the bushes, he protested in broken accents that his father was worth several hundred thousands. The poor fellow died afterwards, and was always brave and ready for duty. Colonel Cross at this place once or twice invited me to dine with him to try a new pudding he had concocted out of hardtack. He also kept a couple of tortoises tied near his tent, whose habits he watched. He termed them his "monitors."

We quite enjoyed the warm weather and hazy days of spring, when the army blasted landscape assumed quite a soft look.

On the 1st of June, the anniversary of the battle of Fair Oaks, our regiment with the rest of the old brigade paraded and was reviewed by General Howard. General Barlow was also present. He

had been promoted after Antietam to brigadier-general and then commanded a division in the Eleventh Corps.

Many recollections of Falmouth occur to me which are hardly of enough importance to record, which, however, hang about the place and camps and add to what I must confess are pleasant memories attending our stay there, notwithstanding defeats and casualties.

I had almost forgotten to mention an old stone mill which I found on the east bank of the Rappahannock. It was very ancient and in ruins, and vines wound over and through the walls and almost covered them. I have wondered when it was built and what its history has been. It was while I occupied the log cabin at the camp before the last one named that I received my first letter from Sarah. It was an invitation to visit Bradford Academy on the occasion of exhibition. She also inquired how many of the "dear negroes" I had liberated, which seemed to me quite funny. I was a complete believer in emancipation, but I had not grown to regard the negroes with great affection. My experience with one while I was in the log cabin was not conducive to great esteem. He was an old fellow who had followed Captain Perry as a cook and came to our mess with Hale. He was a pious man and constantly sang religious hymns and was nicknamed "Gabriel." While he cooked for us he occupied a small tent beside ours, and there he would cook and sing all day — cook, I say, but I should add that he washed also, for the thrifty old saint was not content with his wages from us, but took in washing from the men. I soon discovered that the small tent in which he did our cooking was half filled with clothes, dirty and otherwise, and in the most alarming proximity to our provisions. As the dirtiness of the clothes was sufficient to make our food repugnant, and as it was not infrequently the case that they were the abode of lice, I could not endure this thriftiness of Gabriel, and told him that he must not bring the clothes into his tent. He could not be made to see the justice of this command and chose to part company with us. I afterwards heard that he wished himself back, but we never concurred in that wish.

At the camp we moved to last, ——, a member of Company "E," came to me for permission to get drunk. It was an astonishing request. He was a little Irishman, neat and trim and conspicuous for his cleanly appearance and soldierly conduct. I learned that his only vice was a periodical spree, and that whether he got permission or not he would get drunk about once a month, but preferred to do so with permission. As this was the time for his spree I gave him permission, and the same thing occurred afterwards. He absented himself each time a day or two, got very drunk quietly, lay down and got over it without noise or turbulence, and then came back to duty as shamefaced as possible, not because he had been drunk, but because his uniform and accouterments had suffered a little soiling or neglect. He went through three years, was wounded one or more times, was promoted to corporal, and since the war has reformed his habits and now lives a sober and orderly citizen in Northboro, Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XX

The weather had got warm, the roads were dry, the army seemed to be in good condition, and various surmises were entertained as to when we should move again, and at last the time came when unexpected. On or about the 7th of June Colonel Cross informed us that an order had been issued from Army Headquarters for the selection of 5000 of the best marching and fighting men in the army, of the kind whose power of endurance would enable them to keep up with cavalry, they to prepare at once to march in light order, and that all the men of our regiment of that description were to be of the 5000. This was esteemed a great honor. There were selected from our ranks 125 men, who were divided into two equal companies. Captain Larkin was put in command of one of these companies and I was given the other. We each of us had two lieutenants. All the rest of the officers and men, about a hundred in number, were left in camp. There were selected from our brigade enough more to make our number 500, and Colonel Cross was put in command of all. On the 8th, rather late in the day, leaving everything but blankets and arms and equipment in camp, we marched away to the north with lively curiosity and pleasure excited by the entirely unknown undertaking we were destined for. We marched by our old camp through the 3d Division of our corps, and at about nightfall reached Stafford Court House, where we camped for the night. Early in the morning we resumed our march northward. We joined during the day detachments from other corps and learned that we were all under the command of General Russell, of the Sixth Corps. Our march on this day was over twenty miles, and the softness of our bodies after six months in camp made it a very tedious march for us.

At dark we camped near the Rappahannock River in a meadow. We stirred around and got our suppers. After we had eaten them,

all the officers of our detachment were summoned to Colonel Cross. He addressed us in this wise: "Gentlemen, I have called you up to tell you that we are now at Kelly's Ford. Upon the other side of the river the rebels have a strong battery; the cavalry who are with us are to cross the river to-morrow morning, and we are to clear the way for them. We have been selected as a forlorn hope to storm that battery. We shall move down to the river before light. You will see that the utmost silence is preserved in the ranks and that the men's dippers do not rattle against their bayonets, as we do not wish the enemy to know of our approach. You will cross the river in boats, and will storm the battery without firing a shot, and your uncle [meaning myself] will be there to lead you. Now go back and go to bed, but do not expect to sleep more than a week, for we shall move at two o'clock in the morning."

We turned away and went to our companies. Of course the prospect was a startling one. To meet death was our business, but this certain and accurately located battery to be stormed by us in so desperate a manner as to have us termed a forlorn hope, when it seemed inevitable that many of us should be killed, was a little startling. However, we made our beds, prepared everything for the work, and gravely went to bed. Before doing the latter, however, Lieutenant McGee and I, thinking it should be well to know the ground we were to fight on, went to Colonel Cross and asked permission to go down to the river, which was concealed from our view, and reconnoiter the enemy's position. He declined to give us permission, and we went back. My sleep was sound and undisturbed by the danger, but something more provocative of discomfort roused me in the middle of the night and deprived me of an hour or two's sleep. Rations arrived, and as we had neither quartermaster nor commissary to deliver them, I was called upon to do it.

There were two or three days' rations for 500 men, of pork, coffee, sugar, and hardtack, all in bulk, and undivided, and I had to divide it without scales or measure into eight or ten parts.

The pieces of pork I divided into eight or ten piles, the hard

crackers I counted, and the sugar and coffee I measured with a pint dipper. This, done in the middle of the night by a sleepy man with sleepy aides, was a tedious task, but was at last accomplished, and I went to bed again; that is, lay down on my blanket spread on the ground.

It was four o'clock when we were got under way in the morning, but it was still dark and we filed silently down to the bank of a little creek or bay which ran into the river. Here were two canvas boats, each capable of holding eighteen or twenty men.

Larkin and I aspired to cross first, but he was sent with one boat and another captain of another regiment in another. This was fair enough, but disappointing to me. General Russell stood by the bank and superintended the embarking, and as one of the sappers who tended the boats very awkwardly did something to prevent wetting his feet, the general kicked him into the water. The two boats shot out into the stream, and at that moment two or three very loud musket shots rang out right over our heads, and then all was silent except the boats in their passage. They were back in a very short time, and I and part of my men went over next. As we landed on the other side, we found a bank ten or fifteen feet high. This we climbed, and finding ourselves among those who had preceded us we crouched down in the herbage. The boats plied to and fro rapidly, and while waiting for a force sufficient and our orders to advance, the darkness changed to twilight and then day dawned. We peered anxiously ahead for the battery. We perceived a gentle slope inclining toward us about half a mile wide. At its farther and highest side there was a long bank of red clay resembling an earthwork, but we could see no guns pointed over it, nor any evidence of a strong force in its vicinity. A few rebel horsemen traveled about at a safe distance from us and watched our movements, but by the time our whole detachment had crossed we were satisfied that within the range of our vision there was no rebel battery to storm. Directly on the brink of the river we found a slouched hat and other articles which

had been dropped by the rebel videttes, who had fled at the time the shots were fired, I suppose. Part of our detachment were thrown out as skirmishers and the rest acted as a reserve following them at a short distance. We turned our faces up the river and advanced along at a little distance from its right bank over the plain to the village at Kelly's Ford. The few rebel cavalry hovering in our front kept at a safe distance and receded as we advanced. As we marched in among the houses, our cavalry, whom we had perceived trooping down to the opposite bank of the river by thousands, forded the river at the village, and briskly moving through the street dashed up the slope beyond the village, and firing a few shots at the rebels they met disappeared from our sight.

The rest of the infantry having joined us we soon took up the march. Skirmishers were thrown out from our detachment of the Second Corps, a section of artillery was brought to near the head of the column, and we advanced in every way prepared for an engagement. We took a road running nearly in the direction of the Rappahannock River, which led to the Orange & Alexandria Railroad at a point about two miles west of the river. We had not gone far when our skirmishers opened fire, and at about the same time we heard rapid firing[1] away to our left in the direction which the cavalry had taken. We presently emerged from the woods and saw in the cleared land in front of us, skirting along another piece of woods, a rebel cavalry force, who, while they bravely rode along in front and near our skirmishers with a flag flying, did not attack. The force, however, was serious enough to bring our section of artillery into position and to make it open fire, and our skirmish line was reinforced from our reserve until at one time I found myself supporting the artillery with my company alone, a circumstance which fell to the lot of few infantry companies.

[1] Larkin says we waited two hours at this point and that at the end of that time the firing on the left commenced and then the rebels in front of us ran away. I recollect that we waited some time, but had forgotten that we did not hear the firing on our left for a long time.

At this time, when the firing on our left in the distance sounded very much like that of infantry or cavalry dismounted, and when our skirmishers and artillery were briskly engaged, General Russell, who was sitting on his horse near me, attended by other mounted officers, expressed his concern at the indications of such large hostile forces in his vicinity, and I think was questioning whether he ought to advance or not, but at length said, "General Hooker assured me that there was no infantry over here"; and we soon began to push ahead. The rebel cavalry careering along in front of our line presented a pretty spectacle, but our advance caused their disappearance in a short time.[1]

We marched down from the elevation we had attained and pursued our way through a country diversified with woods and clearings. Several times we saw cabins and tents near the road, presenting the aspect of having been hastily abandoned by the rebels upon our approach. The firing in the distance never ceased for a long time, and at the distance of three or four miles from the point of our encounter we found ourselves nearing the scene of a lively battle of artillery and small-arms. We could not see the contest on account of the woods, but the sounds were sufficient to assure us of the doings ahead, and presently shells began sailing over the trees and exploding so near us as to spur us ahead to meet the worst. We finally emerged from the woods at the railroad, and then saw in the plain to the left of us large bodies of our cavalry galloping, wheeling, and charging, and the horse artillery hotly engaged with the enemy. We turned to the left and the region of the fight, and advanced for half or quarter of a mile west, expecting to engage in it at once.

But our cavalry seemed to be victorious, although soon hid from us by the irregularities of the ground, and we halted, and had not remained at the halt long, when we were ordered to turn our faces to the rear, and pursuing our march in that direction we in

[1] From what Larkin says it would seem that the attack of our cavalry on the left, and the sound of which we heard, was one of the causes for our opponents leaving our front.

a little while without molestation reached Rappahannock Station and crossed the river. We here saw a large number of rebels who had been taken in the day's battle, which extended from "Beverly Ford" to "Brandy Station" and bears both names. Our regimental detachment now formed ourselves on or near the very spot where in March, 1862, we had first come under fire, and having come through the country the rebels had occupied then we had seen how trivial were the obstacles to passing the river at that time. I think I passed the night with the rest of the detachment near Rappahannock Station, but either on that night or the next day I was sent with my company to Beverly Ford about two miles above Rappahannock Station on the river of that name. I there found a small company of cavalry who were watching the ford. They had feared a crossing and attack by the rebel cavalry in large force, and welcomed my company as if it had been a regiment. I was not loath to an encounter with the rebel cavalry if they attempted to cross, and so I had my men, who went down to the river-bank, sling their rifles across their backs as cavalrymen did their carbines, and kept the rest concealed in a piece of woods in the rear, but I did not entice any one to come, and it was lucky for me.

And here I may explain the situation of affairs which I have since learned, but which then was a riddle to me, or rather which I supposed I understood and in reality was ignorant of. General Hooker had heard that there was a large cavalry force at Brandy Station, which is on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad about eight miles west of the Rappahannock River. Whether he supposed this was assembled for a raid, or whether he anticipated that this was destined to be the advance in a second march of the rebel army northward I do not know, but the remark made by General Russell in my hearing convinces me that General Hooker did not know that the rebel army was already on the move northward, infantry, cavalry, and all, as it was on this 10th day of June, 1863. General Hooker, at all events, directed General Pleasonton

to attack the rebel cavalry at Brandy Station and to aid him he sent the 5000 infantry.

A part of the cavalry force, with the infantry under General Russell, crossed the river, as I have related, at Kelly's Ford, which lies to the south of Brandy Station, and the other part of the cavalry with the rest of the infantry crossed at Beverly Ford, where I was sent, as just related, and which lies to the north of Brandy Station. Those who crossed at Beverly Ford met the rebels at once, and the cavalry had a severe fight there. The cavalry who crossed at Kelly's Ford pressed on toward Brandy Station, and whether the two bodies joined, I do not know. At any rate, in the vicinity of Brandy Station our cavalry met the enemy's cavalry in a fierce fight, and then to their astonishment encountered the rebel infantry, which induced our cavalry to cease their attack, although I believe they were not driven off. Whether the encounter we saw at the railroad was that of our force advancing from Beverly Ford, or was the last encounter of our cavalry (whether the whole or part) after meeting the infantry near Brandy Station, I never learned. It must have been this meeting at Brandy Station which apprised General Hooker of the fact that the enemy were marching northward, if indeed it was not the first indication to him of their intention to do so.

I, at Beverly Ford, in blissful ignorance of the fact that the rebel army was marching along in front of me, wished for an encounter with their cavalry which never came. I remained here all the 11th and I think until the evening of the 12th, perhaps the 13th.

The cavalry company left me, my pickets saw a few rebels now and then, I believe, and we distinctly heard the discharge of firearms a mile or less away across the river, sounding like those of an infantry force cleaning their arms.

I posted pickets in the woods facing up river, and covering the road, which came down along the river, and once hearing horsemen coming, I deployed the line quickly and encircled one or two men who came down rapidly toward us, before they knew

of our presence, much to their astonishment. They were some of our own cavalry belonging to the same command as those whom we had found at this place, and had expected to find that company there, and almost if not quite supposed they were in the enemy's hands when they found themselves surrounded by infantry.

We also amused ourselves with deploying and catching a stray pig or two, which we ate. I am not certain we learned from the two cavalrymen above mentioned that the rebels were crossing the river above in the vicinity of Sulphur Springs; at any rate, such, I think, was the fact. On the 12th or 13th, late in the day, I received orders to join Colonel Cross's command. I learned that it had moved back several miles, and I marched until nearly nightfall before reaching it. On my way I halted at a large house to get water. We saw there the owner, who sadly informed us that he had owned a large number (forty, I think, he said) of houses in that vicinity, but that they had all been destroyed but the one we were then at.

I found my destination at a point near the last station on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad before Rappahannock, the name of which I forget.[1] My march had been alone, and I had not seen a soul of our army until I reached Colonel Cross's camp. I found him in a little piece of woods encamped with his 500 alone. That evening, as I visited him, he informed me that "the last pig of the Rappahannock" had "just come in and surrendered himself," and that he was being cooked, which was a good commentary on the condition of that region, which in March, '62, fertile and well stocked, was at this time almost bare of crops, houses, and stock.

I do not remember that we yet knew what was transpiring, but on the next day the Third Corps came pouring along the road by us from the south, and we soon learned that the whole army was on the march northward, and the truth must have dawned upon us that another Antietam or Bull Run campaign was ahead. The Second Corps moved from its camp in Falmouth to Stafford

[1] Bealton.

Court House, and then eastward toward the Potomac, and then northwest to Sangster's Station on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. I cannot make up my mind what was our exact route from this point, when I saw the Third Corps come along, but my impression is that we marched rapidly toward Bull Run, keeping on the south side of the railroad; camping one night, then moving across the plain around Manassas Junction, where we saw the ruins of a railroad train which had been destroyed by fire in the Second Bull Run campaign; crossing Bull Run near Union Mills, and then moving down the railroad or across the country to Sangster's Station. That we got to Centerville heights I distinctly remember, but whether it was in more than one day's marching after leaving Sangster's Station I cannot affirm.

Hence we (the Second Corps) crossed Bull Run on the turnpike which goes to Groveton. We saw some evidence of the old battle of Bull Run before leaving this vicinity, and among other mournful reminders of that event I have an indistinct recollection of seeing some skeletons close to the Run partially buried, but am not certain of this. But when we had marched about a mile toward Groveton we found the ground thickly strewn with pieces of clothing, accouterments, and arms in two regular lines parallel with each other, and crossing the turnpike at right angles with it, marking the position of our and the rebel lines in one of the fiercest fights of the Second Bull Run; and there were a considerable number of small mounds where our soldiers were thinly covered with earth; sometimes the bodies had not been lowered into the little hollow from which the earth was taken, but were covered as they lay on the surface, and from almost every mound hands or feet projected, withered and brown, or the bones of them.

We marched along the turnpike through localities which had been struggled for in desperate conflicts, and camped near Groveton, almost if not quite where one of our lines of battle had met the enemy. I think we had but just established ourselves comfortably

for the night when we were called into line again and started. This spot on which we had made our bivouac was on the right-hand side of the road leading to Thoroughfare Gap. Near our right was a clump of trees, and in front of us we had seen the setting sun illuminate a pleasant level country agreeably diversified with woods and openings. We started at nightfall and marched rapidly for some time until we reached the vicinity of Thoroughfare Gap, where we bivouacked for the night.

In the morning we found ourselves facing the Gap at a distance of about a mile from its entrance, and here our haste seemed to end for a while. The enemy, I suppose, had been marching up through Warrenton and the Loudoun Valley in a route parallel with ours, and we had hurried up to the Gap to prevent them from coming through to our side of the mountains, I suppose. We rested here one or more days, and at this point I was detailed upon a court-martial convened to try Captain ——, of the 61st New York Volunteers, who was accused of cowardice, the charges being preferred, I think, by Captain ——, of his regiment. We held our sittings in a tent; I cannot now recollect who composed the court. We heard the evidence for and against him and then cleared the court for our deliberation. We, all but one, voted for his acquittal. One member who voted guilty was not satisfied that the testimony of one witness was what the rest of us thought it was, and some fatality led us to adjourn until the next day (it being then near the close of the day) for the purpose of recalling the witness to satisfy the dissenting member.

It was unfortunate, for early on the next morning we were ordered to march and our court never afterwards convened. Colonel Miles, of the 61st New York, joined us here with his wound hardly healed, being anxious to take part in the campaign. We got under arms and lay waiting for some time, and while we were so waiting we heard our skirmishers in and about the Gap engaged with the enemy. I saw Captain Ricker pull out a substantial Waltham watch, and asked him what he would take for

it. He said thirty dollars, and I took it, he giving me credit, which was taking more than the ordinary risks of trade, for, to say nothing of the possibilities of the great campaign which seemed to be before us, the enemy at that moment were engaged with our men not more than a mile away. My brother Charlie has this watch now. Toward the middle of the forenoon we marched away from our camp and the enemy, they pursuing and annoying our rear with artillery and skirmishers. We marched slowly or with no undue haste, and the enemy's missiles did our part of the column no harm, but I recollect to this day how much more uncomfortable I thought I felt than I should have if we had been facing the enemy. I suppose that the pursuers were in no great force, for in a little while we halted in line of battle near a few houses which were called a town or village, or something of the kind, and waited for half an hour or an hour, but the enemy did not come within range of our rifles.

CHAPTER XXI

While waiting here Colonel R. N. Batchelder, chief quartermaster of the Second Army Corps, who was quartermaster of the 1st New Hampshire Volunteers and who recollected me as a member of that regiment, rode along, and in a serious, businesslike tone asked me if I would like to join the staff of the Second Corps commander. I was astonished at the proposal, and upon inquiry was informed that the position of chief of ambulances was vacant and was about to be filled, and that if I would like the place he thought I could be appointed to it. He at the same time mentioned some of the desirable features of the office. The proposal took me completely by surprise, as I never had looked for a staff position since resigning my office of inspector and was not discontented with my command. But the offer was tempting. The brigade or division staff was thought by company officers to be a fine one to serve in, but the corps staff was something which not only was even mysterious in its supposed advantages, but was thought (if thought was taken about it) to be about as hard to be appointed to as Congress or other high places of equal dignity. The position of chief of ambulances, I was informed, gave me quarters and recognition as belonging to the staff at corps headquarters, gave me horses without expense, gave me an independent command of considerable magnitude, plenty of transportation, and comfortable quarters. This roseate prospect, opening up the romantic side of war, brought to my astonished mental vision by so direct an offer, was at once contrasted with my present situation. It was true I was captain of a good company in a good regiment, not disliked by my superiors, in good health, and up to that time contented. But that very day I had perspired in a hot and dusty march; that night I should lie on the ground with little if any shelter; my coffee would be drunk if at all from a tin cup;

my meal would be rounded out with a slice of fat pork, salt beef, or fresh-killed meat boiled in an iron pot, and hardtack; if it rained while we were marching I should be soaked and my feet would be clogged with mud; and I had all the morning felt all the miseries of trudging slowly along with the enemy pelting our rear, and I ignorant of our fate, whether to stand and fight or to submit to pursuit all day. It had been well impressed upon us that Colonel Cross was exceedingly hostile to detaching officers from his regiment, for the reason that he wished their services with the regiment, but reflecting that while we had but about three hundred men in our ranks, we had between twenty and thirty officers to command them, I made up my mind to request permission to be detached from my commanding officer, and I told Colonel Batchelder that I would ask him and if he consented I would accept the appointment. He thereupon said it was all right. So I at once walked over to Colonel Hapgood, who then commanded our regiment, and told him of the offer, and that if he consented I would accept. He without the slightest hesitation said: "Yes, Captain, take it. It's a good chance for you and we have plenty of officers and can spare you without injury to the regiment," or words to the same effect. I walked back and told Colonel Batchelder the result, feeling that I had done my whole duty, for I needed not to say anything to my commander, as the order of the corps commander would have detached me whether the colonel assented or not. Colonel Batchelder rode away saying he would see that I was detached. I saw Colonel Hapgood, in a few minutes after I left him, walk over to Colonel Cross, who then commanded the brigade, and talk with him a short time and then return, and he at once sent for me. I attended his call, and was informed that he had changed his mind; that he was new to the command of the regiment and needed my aid, and he preferred that I should not leave the regiment. Colonel Hapgood's retraction of his permission, given five minutes before, savored of the complimentary, but whether what he said was true or not I felt morally certain that Colonel Cross in the interview

I had witnessed had been the means of bringing it about; but whether he had commanded Colonel Hapgood to revoke his permission, or whether he had convinced him that he needed my aid, and whether Colonel Hapgood spared my feelings in not divulging the fact whatever it was, or spared himself humiliation, I never learned. Coming as it did after I had possibly set Colonel Batchelder to work for me, and when I might not see him, to prevent that consummation, for days, this retraction embarrassed as well as disappointed me, but still feeling that my fealty was due to my regiment, I told Colonel Hapgood that I would not leave it, and went back to the company, and in a few minutes trudged on at its head, if not quite as well contented as before, still determined to stay there, though perhaps contemplating a change in the determination of my commander at some time which might give me the appointment.

We marched away from this place in the course of an hour, and no longer molested by the rebels we moved rapidly along until after dark, when we halted for the night at Gum Springs, which must be nearly south from and within a few miles of Leesburg and near Ball's Bluff. I think it was raining when we bivouacked. At any rate, I have an indistinct recollection of great discomfort. Captain Larkin commanded a skirmish line from our regiment, which as soon as we halted was thrown out in our front. Colonel Broadie, of the 61st New York, was officer of the day, and Larkin tells with great minuteness to this day how Broadie came to him and said, "Now, Captain, the enemy is close upon us and an attack by him is expected. Ye will put yer men at intervals of exactly four paces. Ye will pace the ground yerself and ye will keep a strict watch for the enemy"; all this in a brogue which cannot be reproduced on paper.

Larkin did as he was directed, and there he and his men were kept all night without relief and without a chance to cook coffee or indeed do anything for comfort. Larkin paced the line all night to see that the men were awake, and as often as he visited them

found them asleep, such was their weariness, and it was an unsoldierly and culpable thing for Broadie to leave them without relief. In the middle watches of the night Larkin heard, coming up a road which passed through his line, some artillery. He could hear in the distance the rattle of wheels and clank of sabers. The sounds came nearer and nearer, and finally, with everybody on his line aroused, Larkin halted the head of a column which proved to be some of our artillery which Larkin thinks belonged to Blenker's division. He would not let them go through without orders from his superiors, and after a great deal of hard swearing and a long wait they got the required permission from some commander inside our lines and went through.

This weary and comfortless night was supplemented by the carelessness of Broadie, who left them on post in the morning while the brigade marched away, and Larkin followed it on his own responsibility after ascertaining the facts. He thought of preferring charges against Broadie, but the great battle which followed and the detachment of our regiment from the army afterwards prevented him. I well recollect the indignation the men manifested at Broadie, and that day and afterwards they often mimicked Broadie's commands to Larkin on that night, brogue and all, and sometimes when he was near enough to hear them.

I do not recollect the features of the country through which we marched on the day when we left Gum Springs, but I distinctly remember the open bluff and plateau skirting the Potomac which we reached that afternoon about sunset. We halted on the bluff for a while, and indulged in the usual luxury of fires made from rail fences, which stood here unscathed by the ravages of war. As we looked down toward the Potomac and saw our columns crossing the plain toward it, and as we took up the march to follow them, the certainty that we were leaving the unlovely soil of Virginia for the delightful corn and potato fields, abundant sheep pastures and excellent roads of Maryland, to say nothing of her civilization and pleasant landscapes, came over us in the most

agreeable way, and I don't believe there was a murmur at leaving our fires and marching after dark over the pontoon bridge into that realm of felicity.

The bridge was laid at Edwards's Ferry, and as we passed over it the cool waters, gliding under us in an expanse which the darkness made very broad, were a sight refreshing to the eye and which suggested to the imagination all manner of vague mysteries which even a mud puddle and a few bushes can do for me in the night, if I am not familiar with them. We bivouacked somewhere near the shore in Maryland and on the next day marched northward.

I was delighted to find that our route would take us through Poolesville, where I heard first the enemy's artillery, and provided myself with pipes and tobacco to ingratiate myself with in the hearts of the 1st New Hampshire. As we passed through the few houses at the crossing of the roads in the town, I recognized the features of the town and looked, with almost the fondness which seizes me when I see a former home, toward the grove where I first shouldered a musket and passed my first wakeful night, with the tread of the sentinels sounding in my ears, and the expectation of meeting the enemy filling my heart.

But our rapid movement left me no time to visit the old haunts, and we sped toward the Monocacy. Our course was north, or nearly so, until we reached a mountain called Monocacy Mountain, I think, in the vicinity of which, after a march of twenty miles or more, we camped at nightfall. On the next morning we turned eastward, and skirting along this mountain on its north side, I think, marched rapidly, and in the afternoon we passed through several small villages situated on the highland overlooking the Monocacy Valley, and at last came into the road leading north into the town of Monocacy, and then followed it across that river, and to the highland between Monocacy and Frederick, where we camped before sunset, having marched over twenty miles. Just before we reached our camping-ground we

passed an ammunition wagon which had been blown up by the explosion of its contents.

We were now on the very ground we had passed over in 1862 on our way to Antietam. Captain ——, whose name has appeared in my narrative as one not of the highest honor, but who, with bravery which he was confessed to possess, had gone into the fight at Fredericksburg and got wounded, rejoined us here for duty, and it came to my ears that Colonel Cross had at once, upon learning of his return, recommended him for the position of chief of ambulances of the corps, which had been offered to me. This news, in view of the circumstances I have related as regards the offer to me, and of the several disgraceful things connected with Captain ——'s career, naturally made me indignant. Had Lieutenant —— never been promoted, it possibly might have occurred to me that Colonel Cross so recommended him to get rid of him, but he had, after all his disgraces, been promoted to captain, and I did not know but he was forgiven. There might have been some reason to suppose that his recent wound entitled him to a detail which would give him a horse to ride, if his disposition and habits had not precluded the supposition that he had returned with it, and perhaps my disappointment made me a little more suspicious than usual. However it was, although I do not think the thought that Captain —— was preferred to me on account of his being a greater favorite with Colonel Cross, yet I did think that the attempt to procure the position for him was for the purpose of forestalling me, and was made only upon the supposition that my promise was not sufficient security that I would not take the place; and this idea was strengthened by the news which reached me at the same time that Captain ——, of the 61st New York, who was then serving on the staff of Colonel Cross, had also been recommended for the position (in the alternative, as I supposed). Captain —— was an awkward, uncultivated man, and his recommendation was not acceptable to me.

Actuated by the feelings above suggested and the fact that

Colonel Cross had, in recommending Captain ——, confessed that an officer could be spared from our regiment without detriment to it, which it was to be presumed Colonel Hapgood acquiesced in, I made up my mind to thwart him if possible, and get the position, which I thought I was not bound to refuse after my word had been rejected as unworthy of being relied upon, and it may be presumed that the comments of my brother officers on the proceedings and my own pride had brought me into a not very reasonable frame of mind. The baggage wagons fortunately arrived before night, and obtaining from one my valise, I extracted from it my best uniform, and having donned it, I made my way to the headquarters of the corps. I well recollect that it was with a kind of awe that I approached that formidable camp, which I never had visited but a few times if more than once. It was situated upon a beautiful lawn in front of a mansion of handsome proportions; its wall tents, spacious and clean, were arrayed in lines of geometrical precision; a sentry paced to and fro in front of them; quietness reigned about the camp, and the blue swallow-tailed guidon, ornamented with a white clover leaf on which was the figure "2," flying in front, indicated that here the general commanding the corps was camped.

I found Colonel Batchelder, and being received in a kindly way inquired how my detail was progressing. He said it was all right, and then I informed him that I had heard that another officer was to be detailed; he said he thought no one else was detailed, and taking me out with him said he would see about it. We went to the medical director's tent, and introducing me to him, Dr. Dougherty by name, informed him that I was the one he had recommended. Dr. Dougherty then sent out to one of the officers, and ascertained that the order had just been made out detailing another officer for the position of chief of ambulances. Colonel Batchelder said that I was the man who was to be detailed, and after a little conversation I left, assured that the matter would be settled in my favor.

The next morning before light we resumed our march. We left

Frederick on our left hand and, turning to the northeast, crossed the Monocacy on a large and handsome bridge, and mounting the bluff on its east side we moved rapidly along a fine road toward Uniontown. Various rumors flew through our ranks on this day. One was that the enemy had appeared and been engaged at Westminster, some miles ahead of us. I do not remember the particulars of all of them now, but their drift was that the enemy had marched along our left flank and in our front until they were close to Baltimore, and were making into Maryland and Pennsylvania with rapidity, and we all knew that we were marching to battle. I never knew our regiment and indeed all the troops to have lighter hearts than on this day.

Our pace was rapid and the most rigid orders to keep the ranks closed up were enforced; we even were obliged to keep the regulation twenty-eight inches only between the men and their file leaders in fording streams, and no one of us was permitted to stop long enough to remove our shoes or stockings, and as we forded several early in the day and drenched our feet and their apparel, we became footsore very easily on the hard roads. But the country was green and cheerful, and from the elevated land on which our road lay we got the most beautiful views of the valleys and the blue mountains on the north of us; the crops were smiling; the grass was green; the lands seemed to be improved and cultivated in the highest style of art when compared with the forbidding soil of Virginia on which we had spent many months; the day was lovely, though hot, and the people were demonstrative in their admiration and affection for us and the Union, and in the streets of the villages and at the corners of the country roads the farmers distributed bread to the soldiers from their wagons, children ran along the ranks with pails of water, and every one was open-handed and smiling, and it seems to me impossible that the good treatment and hearty, loyal demonstrations we met with did not brace our courage, and make us more willing to fight the invader when we did meet him.

The very names of the towns we passed through were reviving, such as Liberty, Uniontown, etc., and they seemed almost like New England in their neatness. I recollect a negro, who had come from Virginia with us, as he trudged along beside the ranks, and who hearing some one inquire how far it was to Liberty, said, with a broad grin, "It's a long way to liberty, sah!" But though we thoroughly enjoyed all these scenes, we never ceased, for a time longer than necessary for rest, to press on, and when night came, and we constantly looked ahead to see the column turning into the fields for the bivouac, we still hurried on. My men came to me one after another to say that they were tired out and could go no farther. For I had made the rule that I would forgive no man who left the ranks on the march without first reporting to me his inability to go farther, thereby insuring a knowledge of the cause of absence and at the same time making the confession a hindrance to a too easy giving up. Field after field and wood after wood were reached and passed, and at last we realized the fact that it was not a good camping-ground we were marching for, but a position, and those of us who stuck called up all our determination and hurried on through the shadows. But there was little heard in the ranks but the tread of feet, the clanking of arms and equipment, and an occasional oath or grumble from some tired mortal. I never have made so long a march as that before or since, and I perhaps have never been so tired, but it was a principle with me never to give out on the march, and I reached the camp, with perhaps half my company, at two o'clock in the morning, near Uniontown, after marching thirty-two miles. That may not be a great walk for an unencumbered pedestrian, and armies have doubtless gone farther in one march, but I thought that, considering our wet feet, our loads, and the worry of walking in a column in a June (almost July) day in Maryland, it was a wonderful march, and so did the commander of the army, who congratulated us in orders on the next day. And that makes me think to say that before marching in the morning we had learned that General

George G. Meade had been put in command of the army. General Hooker and General Couch had gone from it, and General Hancock had taken command of the Second Corps. I do not think we greatly regretted the loss of General Hooker, but neither did we welcome General Meade with enthusiasm, since we knew but little about him. We halted, as I have said, near Uniontown (it was a little beyond that place in a piece of woods on the side of a hill), and lay down there to rest our aching members. We rose from the ground on the next morning rested, but stiff and sore.

We had in our progress from Falmouth consumed twenty days, and it being now June 30 it was time for company commanders to make out their muster rolls, which were required at the beginning of every quarter. We sat down on the ground and wrote upon cracker boxes, and I believe that I completed a rather dirty and perhaps incomplete roll, as it seems to me our baggage was not up with us, so that we could not get at our books, though it may have been otherwise.

Lieutenant Hale, of my company, was serving on the staff of the brigade, and I played a practical joke on him about this time (a day or two before, I think) which might have resulted seriously for him if hand-to-hand encounters had been the fashion for staff officers. He still wore the leather scabbard upon his infantry sword, so I proposed to him to trade temporarily my sword with the steel scabbard, which was what staff officers usually carried, for his, saying that mine was more appropriate for him and his for me under the circumstances. He quickly embraced the offer, and without drawing my blade, which, as I have related, was broken in two pieces, he buckled it on, and as he did not draw it until he got into the battle on the 2d of July, and I did not foresee how soon he would be in battle and did not see him to effect a change, he did not discover the joke until, I think, in the presence of others, he with military grace and ferocity drew from the scabbard the piece of blade about eighteen inches long which adhered to the hilt. It was considered very funny.

CHAPTER XXII

In the evening of June 30 I was sent on picket. My picket line was in a wheatfield about half a mile from our bivouac, and that part which came under my command was perhaps a quarter of a mile long. The wheat was tall and ripe and afforded luxurious resting-places for those who were permitted to lie down. My own post was at a farmer's house with a few men held in reserve. The farmer, notwithstanding his wheat was being sadly injured by our tramping, was very friendly and insisted upon my coming into his house to sleep, which would have been a luxury, but I did not deem it compatible with discipline or duty when my command were outdoors and in front of the enemy, so I lay on his barn floor with hay or straw for a couch with the rest, which itself was far better than what I had been accustomed to for some time.

In the middle of the night Lieutenant Dan Cross, who was serving on the staff (at division headquarters, I think), came around to my post and informed me that I was appointed as chief of ambulances of the corps. The news, although not surprising, was grateful. In the morning, before or about daylight, the farmer invited me to breakfast with him, which I did, and his table was spread with all the preserves and sauces his house could muster, I should think, in honor of the occasion. As soon as I had finished, I bade the good soul good-bye, and collecting my command marched to camp. When I got there an aide of Colonel Cross's staff came over and informed me that the colonel sent word that I was detailed as chief of ambulances of the corps, and I would report at the headquarters of the corps immediately; that he had recommended another officer for the position, but as his recommendation had probably not reached corps headquarters yet, the detail had not been made, but as soon as it did I would doubtless be relieved, the propriety of which I would undoubtedly see

I knew better than the colonel the reason his recommendation had not been complied with. I thought the latter part of his message was needlessly and purposely calculated to remind me of my supposed powerlessness to oppose his wishes, and for the first and last time I was perhaps disrespectful to him, whom I respected as highly as any one in the army, when I sent word to him, in answer to his suggestion that I doubtless would see the propriety of my being sent back on his recommendation, that I did n't see it.

I hurriedly donned my dress coat, packed my valise, and hastened to corps headquarters. When I got there I found the camp struck and the general and his staff gone, as the corps was already on the march, but luckily Colonel Batchelder was there, and seeing me, he at once in the kindest manner furnished me one of his horses and directed me where to find my command, which was on the route with the corps. I mounted and rode ahead at a rapid rate past troops and trains to find my train. My feelings were certainly as buoyant and cheerful, with this change in my circumstances, as they ever were afterwards at any promotion. My legs were still sore from tramping in the column; I had just arisen from a barn floor which was far more comfortable than my usual bed; I had for a writing-desk but the day before the end of a cracker box; the mess I had left was neither inviting nor bountiful, and I was lucky to see my valise with spare clothing once in two or three days; my command was thirty men, and my wishes were bounded in their effects by my company limits. But now, speeding away on a spirited and strong-limbed horse, I looked at marches with indifference. I knew that my quarters would be in the comparatively spacious tents at headquarters of the corps; that my baggage would be with me every night; my bed would be comfortable; my mess far better than I had known; my command two or three hundred men, a dozen officers, and a large train; and my position in all respects far more comfortable than that I had held.

The duties of chief of ambulances I had only been informed about in a general way. I knew that he had a general direction of all the trains; that he was to see that every one in his command was busied in gathering the wounded; and that he was to superintend discipline in general. I also had shared in a feeling prevalent among the infantry that the men and officers of the ambulance train habitually kept away from danger and only came up to get the wounded when they could in safety; and certainly as far as my own regiment was concerned, I think we never had seen the ambulance men near us in a fight, and our wounded had shifted for themselves until well out of range unless our own musicians or men had carried them away. From what I subsequently learned I am satisfied that at Chancellorsville, at least, Lieutenant Anderson and his command had behaved in the bravest manner, but at the time I took command I had fully made up my mind to make the ambulance corps learn what fighting was from actual experience. The column was on the road to Taneytown, and at a point several miles southeast of that place I reached my train and, passing to the head of it, found the officer in command, Lieutenant Sullivan, and took command. He was pleasant and imparted information to me as I inquired about the details of conducting the affairs of the corps.

The ambulance corps consisted of three trains, one for each division of the army corps. Each train consisted of forty two-horse ambulances (in the proportion of three ambulances to each regiment, I think), with a few for the artillery, several wagons with four horses to carry forage and rations in, and a forge wagon for repairs and horseshoeing, with several old-style four-horse ambulances. The men were selected proportionately from the regiments, and consisted of a driver for each ambulance and wagon, two stretcher-carriers for each wagon, and several blacksmiths and supernumeraries. The train of each division was commanded by a first lieutenant, and under him were a second lieutenant from each brigade in the division (three in

all usually, never over four), and a sergeant from each brigade, the lieutenants and sergeants all being mounted. There being three divisions in our army corps, there were three of these trains. The total force of the ambulance corps was, in round numbers, 13 officers, 350 to 400 men, and 300 or more horses, with a little over 100 ambulances and 10 or 12 forage and forge wagons; and these were my command. Each two-horse ambulance was a stout spring wagon very much like an ordinary express or grocer's wagon, with sides a little higher than theirs along each side. Inside this wagon were two seats the whole length, like those of an omnibus, stuffed and covered with leather. Hinged to the inner edges of each of these seats was another leather-covered seat, which could be let down perpendicularly so as to allow the wounded to sit on the first seats facing each other, or could be raised and supported horizontally on a level with the first seats, and, as they filled all the space between the first seats, thus made a couch on which three men could lie lengthwise of the ambulance.

In the rear end of the ambulance under each seat was a water keg with the end out and containing a faucet, which contained fresh water for the wounded. In front, under the driver's seat, was a supply of beef stock, and I believe bandages and other hospital stores. On each side of the ambulance there was hung a canvas-covered stretcher to carry the wounded on, and the whole ambulance was neatly covered with white canvas on bows. The horses were all good ones and well kept; the men were stout, and the officers were intelligent. Each division train was complete in itself and could, independently of the other, follow its own division, equipped to supply its own forage and rations, make its own repairs, and, in short, act alone. Each one had a separate organization and made a separate report. The lieutenant commanding each division train was responsible for the horses, wagons, and all its property, and made returns of them and the men to the chief of ambulances. The officers of each train camped,

marched, and lived with it. When I took command Lieutenant Sullivan, of the 8th Indiana Volunteers, commanded the 3d Division train, and under him were Lieutenant Pelton, of the 14th Connecticut, Lieutenant Nolan, of the 1st or 2d Delaware, and the other one I forget. Lieutenant Searles, of the 1st Minnesota, commanded the 2d Division train, and with him were Lieutenant Heulings, of the 72d Pennsylvania, and two others whom I forget. Lieutenant Anderson, of the 53d Pennsylvania, commanded the 1st Division train, and under him were Lieutenant Mitchell, of the 81st Pennsylvania, and two or three others whom I forget. It is strange that I should fail to recollect the names of the others, but I suppose that the many incidents of subsequent service drove them out of my mind, and as I never became intimate with some of them there is no reason why I should retain their names, though I should recognize them quickly enough were I to see them in their old garb.

The ambulance trains of each division had been, by orders from army headquarters, put under the command of a captain who was to be attached to corps headquarters, and they were to be entirely free from the control of the division commanders, and it was to this position I had been appointed.

I learned that my duties were to direct the ambulance corps in all things, but that I was to be one of the staff of the general commanding the corps, and in matters relating to the care of property, discipline, marches, reports, etc., I was to receive orders from the general through the adjutant-general's chief quartermaster, and in matters pertaining to the collection, care, and transportation of the wounded I was to receive directions from the medical director. In practice I found that I was not only at liberty, when my duties about the ambulance corps permitted, to act as aide to the general on the march, in camp, and in battle, but my services as such were acceptable. My horses and horse equipment were to be furnished from my trains.

The prospects seemed good, for while my authority over a large

command was full in every particular, I did not incur the responsibility of the property, and although my position was not in my estimation quite as honorable as that of an aide or other officer whose duties were always at the front in battle, yet I had the opportunity of often being in that position, and my liberty to go all over the field in battle and to travel almost anywhere on the route was greater than that enjoyed by others of the staff, who enjoyed the privilege of always being in the front. I did not learn all this at once upon joining the train as I have related, but found out enough to start with.

We halted near the middle of the afternoon within a mile of Taneytown. When I had seen my trains drawn up in "park," as the arrangement of a train in camp is called, I rode forward into Taneytown. Its one street that I visited was uninteresting in itself, but the hurrying of mounted officers to and from the general's headquarters indicated some unusual emergency, and soon after I heard the sound of rapid artillery firing some miles ahead of us toward Gettysburg, if I had not heard it before we halted, which I am uncertain about. The omens were not without result, for after a short halt our camp, which we had supposed was for the night, was broken, and the whole corps again took the route. We marched through Taneytown and toward the quarter in which we heard the firing. The face of the country in Pennsylvania was not as pleasing as in Maryland, and the people were not nearly as friendly toward us in their conduct, and it was said that some of our men paid them for water from their wells.

I think I tasted my first "applejack" on this march, which I obtained at a dwelling by the roadside and found it not bad. We continued our march until somewhere near midnight. When we halted I was directed to bring up ambulances for the general and staff to sleep in at the headquarters, which were near a house at the roadside. Upon the road I had learned that a part of the army had met the enemy in a severe engagement on that day near Gettysburg, and that General Reynolds, the commander

of the First Corps, had been killed, and if my memory is correct, his body was carried past us by some of his command in an ambulance, that afternoon, toward the rear. When we halted I learned that General Hancock had assumed command of the forces on the field in the absence of General Meade, and that General Gibbon, the commander of our 2d Division, was in command of the corps.

We were roused before light, and in a march of a mile or so we reached the open country in the rear of the cemetery of Gettysburg and there our corps went into line of battle. As I rode up on this ground I saw many troops moving around, cooking coffee and getting breakfast near their stacked arms. Our corps went into position on the left of the road, and as daylight came on, and I rode over its line, I saw the field, which is depicted on my map of the field of Gettysburg by Colonel Batchelder.

The left of the line of the Second Corps, as will be seen by this map, rested on the third day at a point near the road leading from Mr. Frye's house to Abraham Trostle's house, and, although I do not see it so shown on the map, the 1st Division took up nearly, if not quite, the same line on the morning of the second day as that in which it is shown in the map; on the third day, the 2d Division joined its right, and the 3d Division joined the right of the 2d, as shown in the map. I placed the main portion of my train at a house on the right-hand side of the Taneytown road, around a house near which was an orchard. As this house was a little to the left of the left rear of the 1st Division, I think it was Mr. Frye's or Jacob Swisher's or Sarah Patterson's. At any rate, it was a house of considerable dimensions and its vicinity afforded clear ground for the park. As soon as the train was established, I sent up to the rear of each division a detachment of ambulances, perhaps a dozen in number, and officers to direct them, and they sent stretcher-carriers to each brigade, having instructed the officers to have all the wounded brought to the house where the park was. I then was at liberty to inspect the situation, and I rode along the whole of it.

The 1st Division was on the top of a gentle rise of ground which commenced on the other side of the Taneytown road. In front of the division the ground descended gently to the vicinity of the Emmitsburg road, and then rose gently to the horizon. Looking away to the left, I saw woods which obstructed the view at the distance of half a mile or so, and in front of the woods obliquing toward our front was the Peach Orchard. The 2d Division was at the top of the same rise of ground, which in its rear was somewhat steeper, but in its front the ground dipped and rose again at about the same inclination as that in front of the 1st Division. The 3d Division occupied the same crest, which was the culmination of a steeper inclination in its front and rear, and this crest curved away to the right and crossed the Taneytown road. I rode into the Cemetery, where the Eleventh Corps was posted, and at this point I looked down a pretty steep hillside to the town of Gettysburg and the meadows to the right of it. My recollection is that this crest, along which the Second Corps rested, was sufficient to obstruct the view from any point on the Taneytown road in the rear of the corps. Between the crest and the Taneytown road in rear of the 1st Division were some scattered trees, and there were several houses and outbuildings at various points in rear of the corps, but in the main the view of our rear was unobstructed.

In front of the corps the ground was almost clear of obstacles which could hide the Emmitsburg road and the ground for some distance beyond.

The Third Corps prolonged our left, but I did not get a clear view of their line. The Eleventh Corps prolonged our right, and the Twelfth Corps occupied Culp's Hill to the right of the Eleventh, but I do not recollect that I saw their line at all, for I think it was hidden in the woods.

Our position was a fine one for defensive purposes, and nothing could be more satisfactory than the clear view of the ground over which the rebels must come to attack the Second and Eleventh

Corps. I should have said that the troops which I saw on the field when we came were a part or the whole of the First Corps, who had been engaged on the previous day, and they remained massed or in line near the Second Corps on the second day. I do not see the position of the 1st Division, First Corps, laid down for the second day, but presume they were in reserve or consolidated with the other divisions.[1] Toward noon I was down in front of Colonel Carroll's brigade of the 3d Division, and saw some lively skirmishing between our skirmishers and the rebels in the vicinity of the Emmitsburg road and had occasion to direct the stretcher-carriers in carrying away some wounded. I think this skirmish was the result of moving our skirmishers out to take an advanced line. I think I saw one or two dead rebels on the ground our men passed over. My men behaved very well and took the wounded away where the enemy's bullets flew savagely. I believe I got within range in the operation.

I do not think the rebel lines of battle were visible along our front in the fore part of the day, and I do not recollect much skirmishing until this I have just mentioned.

[1] Since writing this I have perceived that the 1st Division, First Corps, was on Culp's Hill between the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps.

CHAPTER XXIII

The rebels had reached the town of Gettysburg, driving the First and Eleventh Corps through, on the night before, and I presume were closer to us in front of Carroll's brigade and the Eleventh Corps in the early part of the day than elsewhere.

As I could not see the rebel lines in front of the rest of our corps, they being hid, I presume, in the woods and hollows beyond the Emmitsburg pike, I do not know how early they assumed the position they occupied there, but think it likely they did not do so until after daylight.

During the day the rebels assaulted the hill occupied by the Eleventh Corps and I am informed dislodged a part of that Corps, whereupon Carroll's brigade of our corps went over and drove them back. I did not see this and do not know just how much the Eleventh Corps gave way, but General Underwood, who then commanded the 33d Massachusetts, which will be seen on the right of the Eleventh Corps, says, with what I do not doubt is the truth, that his regiment stood firmly in its place. But as I received my impression of this part of the action while in the Second Corps, as I think, I presume that a part of the Eleventh Corps did break, and I think this is indicated by the position of Carroll's brigade, and the 54th New York, as laid down on the map. I went into the Cemetery either on this day or the next (I think it probable this day), and rode among the artillery which, posted in the midst of the graves, was thundering away at the rebels near Gettysburg, and this was the second graveyard in which our armies had contended in battles in which I was. My impression is that at this time I saw dead men and horses lying among graves. I do not know of a stranger thing in the war than these contentions over the heads of the dead who died in peace and the expectation of having their bones lie in that most peaceful solitude which civilization permits.

Toward sundown (possibly not later than three o'clock) I happened to ride to my regiment, which was stationed near the left of the Second Corps, and passed a few words with Colonel Cross, who was then commanding the 1st Brigade, in which the regiment was. He spoke pleasantly, and after surveying the field in front of us, in which there did not seem to be anything but skirmishing transpiring in the way of fighting, he laughingly said to me, alluding to my ambulances, "We shan't want any of your dead carts here to-day!"

I was glad to be joked by him, because I did not wish to have him cherish ill-feeling toward me on account of my receiving and accepting the staff appointment, and I concluded from this that he had not conceived much if any enmity toward me. I rode away, and I do not think it was ten minutes before the sounds of rapid artillery firing and musketry drew my eyes toward the Peach Orchard, where I saw our artillery, as I think, advancing and firing, and evidently from the quick reports and flashes it was hotly engaged. I do not know how long I watched that part of the field nor where I then went, but soon after I learned that the 1st Division of our corps had been ordered to hasten to the scene of this fight, and I at once proceeded to ascertain if the ambulances and stretcher-carriers had gone with them.

I pursued the track of the division to the left and through some oak woods, and was evidently close upon them. I found that the ambulances and stretcher-carriers had left the posts at which they were stationed and followed the division, but while pursuing the division through these woods I found some of the stretcher-carriers lagging behind, evidently afraid to go after the division. I accordingly made them go along with me until I had got them up to the division or close to it and well under the artillery fire, which was uncomfortably savage.

I was tempted to follow the division farther, but as it was detached from the corps and I could not tell whether the corps would be engaged or not, I left the conduct of the ambulance

corps to the lieutenant commanding the division train and went back.

I think our division became engaged very soon. It will be seen that they fought in the woods and wheatfield to the left and rear of the Peach Orchard. To give an intelligible account of this I will relate how this engagement happened. General Meade directed or at least designed to have the Third Corps prolong our Second Corps line exactly, which, as I understand his design, would have brought it on or near the "Little Round Top" or "Weed's Hill," as it is called on the map.

General Sickles commanding the Third Corps, through misapprehension of his orders, or possibly too great confidence in his idea of the best line of battle, instead of prolonging our line on the same line with it pushed his corps out in front of that line from half a mile to a mile, and if I am correct in supposing that the 1st Division, Second Corps, occupied nearly the same position in the fore part of the second day as it did on the third day, as shown on the map, then General Sickles's corps extended in front of the Second Corps at least the length of the 1st Division, Second Corps, for it will be seen on the map that General Humphreys's Division of the Third Corps extended to a point beyond Peter Rogers's house.

Mr. Ropes says that General Meade either reported or told him that he stayed at his headquarters that day until two o'clock, writing dispatches and directing movements, etc., and at that hour first rode out to view his lines (and Mr. Ropes justly remarks that it seems that General Meade was remiss in his duty in delaying this so long, but we can well forgive him this in view of the victory).

When General Meade met General Sickles, having learned of the erroneous position his corps was in, he said to him that he was entirely out of the line and must move back at once. To this General Sickles replied that he could not, for he was at that moment engaged with the enemy (so Mr. Ropes says); and sure

enough he was, for General Lee, perceiving the exposed position of the Third Corps, had sent Longstreet to attack him, which he did with all his might. I do not know just where Longstreet first attacked, but I presume it was in and to our left of the Peach Orchard, because, standing where I did with the Second Corps, I should have, as I suppose, seen an attack in the front of our 1st Division had it taken place before or simultaneously with that in the vicinity of the Peach Orchard; and the fact that our division moved to the left to reinforce the Third Corps adds weight to my supposition. The 1st Division moved into the woods and through the wheatfield, and encountered the enemy, who had driven the Third Corps and were advancing victoriously. I do not know the order in which the brigades of our division moved up to engage the enemy, but it will be seen that the 2d and 3d Brigades became engaged between the wheatfield and the Peach Orchard, and I suppose they met the enemy driving a part of the Third Corps from the direction of the Peach Orchard. Here General Took was killed and the two brigades were either driven back or relieved by the Fifth Corps. At all events, about dusk I met the regiments of the 2d Brigade, and I think the 3d and 4th Brigades, coming in great haste and disorder across the Taneytown road to the rear just by my ambulance park, and the bullets of the rebels were then flying across that road.

I do not know whether the 4th Brigade went in with the 2d and 3d or not, but I feel certain it did not before the 1st Brigade, for it will be seen that the position it occupied was in front of that of the 1st Brigade, and the 1st Brigade relieved no one, but moved forward and met the enemy in the position shown on the map.

When the 1st Brigade moved into the woods, but before it became engaged, my regiment was detached and sent down some distance to the left to guard the flank, but in half an hour or so was hurried up to join the brigade, which then moved up to the position in which it is shown, to engage the enemy. It will be seen

that the 61st New York and 81st Pennsylvania were in and to the right of the wheatfield, and one half of the 148th Pennsylvania and the 5th New Hampshire were in the woods to the left of the wheatfield. In front of my regiment and on its left were many rocks, some of them very large, and the enemy were concealed behind these. The regiment opened on the enemy and effectually repelled all advances, and were engaged here for half an hour or more without losing ground.

At the end of this time the enemy in front of the regiment were almost silenced, when it was discovered that they were stealing around among the rocks on the left to flank the regiment. A company was thrown back and faced to the left and opened fire upon them. Colonel Cross, who was commanding the brigade in the action, came down to the left wing of the regiment, no doubt anxious for the good behavior of his regiment as well as to win the fight, and was reconnoitering the enemy and directing affairs when a rebel from behind a rock shot him through the bowels. He fell mortally wounded and was carried to the rear. After his fall the regiment maintained its position until some aide of General Caldwell, I think, informed the commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Hapgood, that the troops on the right had fallen back and that he must do so. In fact all of the brigade except the 5th New Hampshire and that part of the 148th Pennsylvania in the woods had been driven back. Colonel McKean, of the 81st Pennsylvania, was the officer next in rank to Colonel Cross, and besides being without a brigade commander our regiment and the left wing of the 148th Pennsylvania were prevented by the woods and rocks from seeing the retreat of the rest and might have been captured if they had not been warned as above related. I have been informed that the rebels had so nearly encircled their right flank that the regiment was enfiladed or nearly so by their fire as they retreated.

I have been informed that the regiment was relieved by the Regular brigade and by the Pennsylvania Reserves of the Fifth

Corps, and I have also been informed that no troops relieved it when it fell back. I now see that these troops are shown to have been in a position in rear of the line from which the regiment retreated, and taking into account the fact related to me by some of the regiment that it again halted and fronted the enemy, I am inclined to think that in fact when the regiment had retreated to a position even with the rear end of the wheatfield it halted and after facing the enemy awhile it was relieved as stated.

It has been said to me by some one that one of the officers of the Regular regiments in rear of ours was greatly impressed at seeing ours execute its movements under fire by bugle calls, which he had seen no other regiment do, and I believe that Colonel Batchelder, the originator of this map, relates the same circumstance of the regiment.

When I was going from the field toward my park, after I had taken my stretcher-carriers forward as related, I met General Williams, at the head of his division of the Twelfth Corps, hurrying to quarter where the fighting was going on. He inquired of me concerning the road and I told him what I knew, when he hastened on.

I went up to the position occupied by the other divisions of our corps soon after meeting General Williams, and there witnessed a very gallant and handsome encounter of a long and regular line of our troops with the enemy in front of our 2d Division down by the Emmitsburg road.

These troops were, I suppose, a part of our 2d Division and perhaps General Humphreys's division of the Third Corps. The latter were the right wing of the Third Corps and were engaged on that day. I think the enemy attacked them. The troops of the 2d Division of our corps went out in front of our line to aid the Third Corps and had a severe encounter.

As I have said, I do not know which corps it was I saw here engaged, but I think it was ours. The line stood up in perfect array and fired rapidly. The smoke of their rifles encircled them, the

flashes lighted up the field upon which the shadows of evening were advancing, and the scene resembled one of those battles which are seen in pictures, where the lines of battles are formed with mathematical exactness, but which were rarely witnessed in our war, in which thick woods, hills, valleys, and rivers were so frequently in the fields of battle. This part of the battle was terminated soon after I came to the place where I saw it.

I will note here that the extent of this battlefield may be comprehended in some degree by the following circumstance: Captain Phillips, of the 5th Massachusetts Battery, tells me that he was stationed where shown on the map, between the Taneytown road and the Peach Orchard, facing to the left of our general line of battle; that when the rebels drove the Third Corps from the vicinity of the Peach Orchard the rebel line swept down toward the Round Top; that their left flank passed along his front several hundred yards distant; that he fired into them continually as they passed; and that during the whole of the battle he did not see any fighting on the right of the Peach Orchard, such was the inclination of the ground toward him and the distance from Humphreys's division; and of course the distance between him and the rebels who passed his front was considerable or he would not have remained unmolested. I suppose that there were few fields which were more striking than this. Standing where I did on the line occupied by the Second Corps, in front of me in the open fields stood this beautiful line of battle wreathed with smoke and emitting fire. On the left, where my own regiment was engaged, the rattle of musketry denoted the conflict. All along the line in front, and on the Cemetery Hill, and Culp's Hill, the artillery roared and flashed.

Having performed such duties as I found necessary I left this part of the field, and, going to my park, prepared to go to the scene of the battle of the 1st Division in the woods. It was now past twilight, and at this moment I was grieved and surprised to see coming across the Taneytown road hundreds and perhaps

thousands of the 1st Division of our corps in hasty retreat and great disorder. There was no organization among them, and they bore the appearance of having been broken by the enemy. At this time the enemy's bullets flew close to if not across the Taneytown road. I met Colonel Byrne, of the 28th Massachusetts Volunteers, who was retreating with the rest, and he informed me in an excited manner that his regiment had fought bravely, but had been overpowered or had lost too heavily to continue the fight. I did not see any of my own regiment among them, and as I have before stated it did not retreat with the rest; and Colonel R. E. Cross informs me that when it came out it formed a line near the Little Round Top, called Weed's Hill in the map. I started with a party of my men for the woods where the 1st Division had fought, to collect all the wounded who had not been brought out. It was now dark and the firing had ceased. We followed the road which led to the wheatfield from the Taneytown road, and which was but a cartpath, was obstructed with rocks, and led through the woods. The firing had ceased and there was no sound to indicate to us where our lines were or where the enemy was; but under the guidance of some of the men who had helped to bring out the wounded, we reached the wheatfield, where we came to a little house to which many of the wounded and dead had been brought. We passed no line of battle and still were ignorant of the position of our lines, and I was here informed that our skirmish line was posted in the wheatfield a few yards in front of us, and think I possibly assured myself of the fact; at any rate, I concluded that it was not prudent to go farther toward the enemy than into and half across the wheatfield.

I was informed that the 1st Division had fought in this wheatfield and I accordingly made sure that there were no wounded left inside the skirmish line above mentioned.

At this time I had not seen a man of my regiment nor did I know where nor how hotly it was engaged; and indeed, except from seeing the retreat above mentioned, I had no means of judg-

ing how hotly any of the division had been engaged, and I could only rely on my men for information as to where it was engaged.

I did not explore our skirmish line to the left or right, and this is now a source of regret to me. I relied upon the statement of some of my men that the division had fought in the wheatfield, which was true to a certain extent; but it had fought beyond and on the right and left of the wheatfield, and my own regiment had fought entirely in the woods on the left. Had I known this I should have made an effort to reach the positions occupied by the division in the fight by riding along the skirmish line to the right and left, but I think it is highly probable that at this hour our skirmish lines were not as far advanced as these positions and my efforts would have been useless.

Riding back to the other divisions I found a great deal to do in superintending the collection and dispatch of the wounded to the hospital. While engaged in this work I received word that Colonel Cross had been mortally wounded and that he desired to see me. Nothing but the most imperative duty could have detained me from him, but the removal of the many wounded who might perish, if not cared for, was of that character, and I found myself unable to go to him until midnight, when I rode to the spot where he lay. It was a little dell, possibly one through which a little stream ran, between the Taneytown road and the Baltimore road, and from a quarter to half a mile from my park going toward Gettysburg. Here under the shelter of some boulders lay a large number of our wounded and dead who had been brought from the field. They lay upon the ground covered with their blankets, and the living were nearly all silent, having fallen asleep from fatigue. I picked my way among their prostrate forms to the spot where the colonel lay, and inquiring of an officer of my regiment, whom I saw, which was the colonel, he pointed him out to me, indicating that he was dead. I went to him and turned his blanket back from his face, and saw it was true that he was dead. The moonlight or starlight enabled me to see his features

distinctly. They were placid and exceedingly lifelike, and it was hard to persuade myself that the flush of life had gone from them. His lofty forehead was smooth, his long, silky beard lay upon his breast undisheveled, and he looked more as he would if he slept than seemed possible. I was told that he had called those of his regiment who were about him and told them that he did not regret death, except that he had hoped to see the rebellion suppressed; that he hoped they would be good soldiers and keep up the discipline and good conduct of the regiment. He sent for various members of the regiment, myself included, and also my little boy Charlie, to bid us farewell.

Sitting beside the colonel listening to what the officer told me about him at midnight, surrounded by many wounded, was a sad experience and one which can never forsake my memory; among the other circumstances which I recall is this, that lying close by us was a lieutenant of the 2d New Hampshire Volunteers mortally wounded (I think his name was Patch), and it was a mournful thing to think of his dying there, not only away from home, but away from those of his own regiment who might have cared for him.

I was oppressed with great regret that I had failed to see Colonel Cross before he died, but I took his sending for me as proof that my course had not given such offense to him as to forfeit his friendship.

With Colonel Cross's death the glory of our regiment came to a halt. The memory of its achievements were never effaced, and the veterans who had fought under him never forgot their training, but the substitutes who came, the officers who commanded, and the fortune of war which came afterwards, all served to make its history under him conspicuous in contrast for all that was soldierly and gallant.

It is true that the regiment maintained a good reputation to the end of the war and did some splendid fighting, but it was not the old regiment. Colonel Cross had been a severe teacher,

but he had impressed those under him with his martial spirit, and I believe that the regiment as little contemplated retreating as he himself did.

He was a very brave man, and clear-headed in a fight; he took the most excellent care of his men in a sanitary way, and was a good disciplinarian. He had his faults which injured him more than any one else; such as jumping at conclusions, and criticizing and condemning men and measures without stint. It was his too free animadversions in political matters at home which prevented his promotion, which he had long deserved before he died, and it is or ought to be a reproach against those politicians who were instrumental in retarding his promotion that they allowed his words to weigh against his deeds; for I am informed that it was his criticisms on the administration and Republican politicians that convinced them that he was a Copperhead, when no man was more earnest for success in the field.

If all the colonels in the army had been like him we should never have lost a battle. Other volunteer regiments, many of them, were composed of as good men as ours, but I do not think there were half a dozen in the army which were as good in every respect as ours, and we owed that to the colonel. If we had had either of certain New Hampshire colonels for ours, we should have been as poor a regiment as was theirs. In the first place, Colonel Cross taught us — by rough measures, to be sure, sometimes — that implicit obedience to orders was one of the cardinal virtues in a soldier. Then he imported several excellently drilled men into the regiment, who aided us exceedingly in acquiring a correct drill. He taught us to aim in battle, and above all things he ignored and made us ignore the idea of retreating. Besides this he clothed us and fed us well, taught us to build good quarters, and camped us on good ground, and in short did everything well to keep us healthy, well drilled, and always ready to meet the enemy. I never shall forget his half-astonished and half-protesting tone at Chancellorsville when, after we had re-

treated to our last position where we remained, I having lost confidence in the wisdon of our movements, said in his hearing that I wished we were out of the business, and he said, "Why?" and added something to the effect that he thought we ought to whip them still and that I ought not to express such opinion. It did me good then and I think it did afterwards, and it was that same spirit that he infused into the regiment.

If McClellan and Hooker, and even General Meade, had at all times been actuated by the same spirit, the army would not have come to look upon a retreat as the natural sequence of a day when we did not succeed, and there would have been fewer defeats and more victories (though I honor General Meade as a splendid soldier). I believe that same belief, that we are always able to whip the enemy until we are whipped, would be the winning of any war we could engage in and is worth all the other maxims.

CHAPTER XXIV

This second day's battle at Gettysburg was harder for our army than the third day, although the nature of the battle was such that in the eyes of the world, and even of the army itself, it did not seem to be nearly as great an engagement as that of the next day, for it was fought chiefly in the woods and out of sight. On this day the rebels fell upon the Third Corps in an exposed position, and having driven it had the advantage of approaching our left flank under cover of the woods, rocks, and irregularities of ground, and consequently came up to the encounter with our lines at close range, with full ranks and unbroken lines, and it was only by the most desperate fighting that they were repelled. But it was different on the third day.

To make a complete sketch of the battle on the second day, I should add that when General Williams left his position on Culp's Hill to come to the aid of the other corps in Sickles's fight, the rebels took a portion of his works, which were the object of a severe battle on his return. I believe that I found enough to do to prevent my sleeping more than an hour or two on this night.

On the morning of July 3 I found opportunity to ride again over the position held by our corps. I believe it was on this day, too, that by direction of Dr. Dougherty, the medical director of our corps, I selected a place removed from the range of projectiles for a general field hospital, where all the wounded could be carried and provided with shelter and treatment until the battle was over. I selected a spot on Rock Creek about a mile and a half down the stream from the crossing of the Baltimore road, I should think. At this point it was of sufficient volume to afford water for all necessary purposes. The left bank was a hillside, and the right bank was level and low and perfectly accessible

from the road leading from the field of battle, and both hillside and level were clothed with trees nearly free from undergrowth. The hillside afforded a fine place for the wounded, being sheltered by the trees and having perfect drainage, and the level was needed for hospital wagons. My selection met with the approval of the medical director. I believe that the creek was raised by a rain which followed the battle, and drove some of the wounded from the right bank, but they ought not to have been there.

I cannot now recollect just where I went during the forenoon, but about noon, I should think, finding myself at liberty to do so, I joined General Hancock and staff on the line of battle. General Hancock had, when he first came on the field, commanded all the forces present, but on the arrival of General Meade, had resumed command of his corps. Nothing remains to impress my memory with all the localities into which I rode with the staff, but I recollect distinctly riding along from the 2d Division's rear to that of the 3d Division, and while in rear of the latter, the crest on which its line was formed was so high as to conceal from us the rebel line; but just at this moment a large number, perhaps fifty, of our corps came rushing through the line to the rear in a great panic. They were our skirmishers, who had been driven in by the enemy. When General Hancock saw them running past his front, he turned about to his staff, who were following him, and in a tremendous rage cried, "Go after them! Go after them!" Whereupon as one man, the whole of us started on a keen gallop after the fugitives, and by dint of hard words and sabers stopped their flight. I shall never lose from the retina of my mind's eye the picture of Dr. Dougherty at this juncture. The doctor was a very fat man, and the picture of good-nature. His uniform, which was never, or very seldom, renewed, did not serve to lengthen his short and broad figure, and he rode a very fat and sturdy black horse as phlegmatic and good-natured as he. The doctor, as may be inferred from his presence on this occasion, was not one of those members of the medical profession who so rigidly

sheltered their bodies by the privilege of being non-combatants as never to visit the field in time of battle, but was noted for his frequent presence under fire, where he encountered danger rather with the equanimity of a philosopher than the martial spirit of the professed fighting man. Now, when the general turned about with the explosive command above quoted, the doctor did not deem himself a whit excused from the chase, and accordingly put spurs to his good-natured beast and, on the lumbering gallop, pursued the fugitives. He rode just ahead of me on the start, and it is his figure firmly seated in the saddle, radiating with a philosophical anger at the fugitives, his coat-tails flying, and his elbows out, as his horse rose with ponderous momentum to take a two-barred fence in front of him, that still is vivid before me and never fails to make me laugh.

Every one knows that at about noon on this day, the enemy opened on our lines, chiefly on the Second Corps, and those troops near it who faced the plain through which the Emmitsburg road runs, a furious cannonade from a hundred pieces of artillery, and that this lasted an hour and a half. During a portion of this cannonade, I was with General Hancock at the headquarters of General Meade at a little house between our line and the Taneytown road, marked on the map as Mrs. Leister's, and General Meade's headquarters. The projectiles of the enemy mainly flew over our front lines of infantry, who lay flat on the ground, and took effect chiefly among the reserves, who lay in considerable numbers behind the front lines, and the artillerymen and horses, with the limbers and caissons, which, as always in battle, were posted in rear of the pieces. General Meade's headquarters were situated just where very many shot and shell struck or exploded, and it was a very uncomfortable place while we were there. After the battle, I saw in the yard of the house a dozen or twenty dead horses, which were a part of those ridden by General Meade and his staff as I believe.

This cannonade continued for about an hour and a half. Our

artillery replied but very little; anticipating, no doubt, the need of all their energies and ammunition in repelling the charge which was to come.

When the cannonade ceased, the enemy advanced across the plain directly against the 2d and 3d Divisions of our corps, in three lines of battle, one close behind the other, and in front of a portion of the First Corps, which was on the left of our 2d Division, and our 1st Division, which now prolonged the line of battle on the left of this portion of the First Corps. Two brigades of the enemy advanced in support of the flank of these three lines of battle. Our artillery opened upon the enemy with great fury, and with such an unobstructed field and at such close range did the most terrible execution, and made many breaks in their line; but they still came on with the utmost gallantry, until within range of our infantry, when the tremendous musketry fire of the latter checked their organized advance. A large number of them turned and fled to the rear; a large number, being too close to our lines to retreat without almost certain death from our rifles, threw down their arms and passed through our ranks as prisoners. But in front of our 2d Division a portion of their line effected a lodgment in our line, or so close to it as to drive Webb's brigade (or part of it) or prevent it from dislodging them for a time. One regiment from Georgia or Alabama actually charged into and took a battery of ours, and were about turning the guns on our infantry in the rear when the 19th Maine Regiment (I think it was this regiment) charged up and either shot or took every man of them a prisoner. I am not aware that I have seen this stated in any print, but I received this account from the colonel or lieutenant-colonel of the regiment that night, whom I found lying inside our lines, *where he fell*, as he said, shot through the body, and whom I removed to the hospital at that time.

Colonel Palmer, of the 19th Massachusetts, informs me that he was serving as a company officer with his regiment on this day; that it was directly in the rear of a grove of trees which I

recollect well, and that when the rebels began to lose their organization very many of them crowded in a great mass toward the front of this grove, actuated partly by an instinctive feeling that the fire from our lines was not so hot in front of the grove, and that they rushed up into this grove in a dense mass, and right upon our line at this point; that then the file closers of his regiment joined their hands behind the ranks and by main strength held or helped hold their thin line against the onslaught of this mass; and that as the rebels came in contact with our line, our men clubbed their muskets and for one moment there was striking between them, when the rebels, giving up hope, dropped their arms and passed through our lines prisoners.

Colonel Palmer or others have told me, too, that when it was seen that this great mass of men were converging on this grove, a number of our regiments, in fact all in that vicinity, as of one accord, rushed up to the grove to meet them, and I believe it is a matter of dispute which if any general or brigade commander first gave the command to concentrate on this grove. General Stannard, with his Vermont brigade of the First Corps, which was on the left of our 2d Division, moved his brigade forward as the enemy came up, and changing front so as to face the right flank of the enemy, opened a furious fire upon them, which of course aided greatly to decide this struggle.

The conduct of General Webb's brigade, as above mentioned, I have related as told to me, for I did not see it, and I am informed that General Webb himself, who was a very brave and efficient officer, was much chagrined at its behavior. I think this was his first day in command of this brigade. I understand that Rothermel's picture of the battle, painted by order of the State of Pennsylvania to celebrate the valor of her troops in this engagement, represents the conduct of the Pennsylvania regiments in this brigade quite differently, but I don't believe it can pervert history.

At about the same time this struggle in the grove took place,

the rebels who supported the right flank of their charging lines weakly advanced against Stannard's brigade and our 1st Division, but were broken by the artillery, and Stannard's regiments captured great numbers of them, and my regiment (in the skirmish line, I think) also took a number of them.

Now so long a time has elapsed that I cannot tell where I was during this charge, or how much of it I saw.

As I have said, I was with General Hancock during the cannonade at General Meade's headquarters, but whether I went with him away from that place I cannot tell. Nor can I tell whether it was on our way there that the staff drove the runaway skirmishers back. Our direction would indicate that it was, but if the cannonade had commenced at this time, it seems impossible that artillery alone could have driven those skirmishers in and *through* our lines. I am almost persuaded that it was this very charge of the rebels which drove them in, for it seems to me that nothing but a charge would have so engaged the attention of our line of battle as to have caused it to permit the passage through it of these runaways. And I can see now as plainly as possible the spectacle of a great number of rebels coming through our lines where they stood on this same high part of the crest, in such numbers as to make me think they had *broken* through. Now if these skirmishers were driven in by this charge, then I must have seen these rebels come through immediately after them, and in that case it must have been after we left General Meade's headquarters; but this seems impossible because General Hancock was wounded during this charge, and I was not with him then, and he must have been wounded right after I saw these rebels come through. It's all a confused time to me. I know I saw our skirmishers come through. I know I was at General Meade's headquarters during the cannonade. It seems to me certain that I saw the rebels come through our lines, but I can't arrange the events chronologically, and I almost fear I have heard about the rebels coming through so many times, that I have blended these accounts with my intimate

knowledge of the looks of our lines and made myself believe I saw them come through when in fact I did n't.

Soon after the charge had been made, I met an ambulance between the Taneytown road and our line of battle coming off the field with General Hancock wounded, and this was the first I knew of that misfortune, I think. I at once made my presence known to the general, and escorted him to the hospital. When we had reached the vicinity of the Taneytown road, the general, who was somewhat excited, insisted upon halting for some purpose — I think, indeed, it was just as I met him — I think to write a dispatch. At this time the rebels had a piece of artillery posted in the vicinity of the town of Gettysburg with which, at intervals of three or four minutes, they threw shot or shell down the Taneytown road which must have gone as far as Weed's Hill, and it was directly in the range of these shots that the general caused the ambulance to halt. I suggested to him that he had better move on a little, as the rebels were enfilading our line with their shots and we were directly within their range. To this his reply was: "We've enfiladed them — d——n them!" — and added that we had so completely beaten them that if other troops were only now sent in, we could rout them. Fortunately the shots did not hit the ambulance, and I got him safely to the hospital.

It is this meeting General Hancock that confuses me as to the time of seeing the skirmishers come through, and as to seeing the rebels come through; for it seems impossible that I could have been in the vicinity of the 3d Division when the rebels came through and yet meet General Hancock so near the Taneytown road going toward our hospital, if, as I suppose is the fact, the charge occurred along the whole line at once, and the defeat of the rebels was finished all along the line at about the same time; but yet it would take only a few moments to ride swiftly from the rear of the 3d Division, where I saw the rebels come through, to where I met General Hancock, particularly if I had then heard of his being wounded and was hurrying to meet him.

If I had been serving with my regiment, I could have told just what I did at all times, and if I had had no duties but those of an aide to perform, I could probably at this time have told all I saw; but my duties were first to see that all my ambulance corps was properly at work, which carried me to every point where our corps was engaged, and to the field hospitals, and, in fact, to the one on Rock Creek; and, secondly, I was at liberty to join the general when I could and do what was required of me as an aide, and Gettysburg being so great a field, I was obliged to ride constantly to and fro, and being new to my duties, and to the ability and willingness of those under me, my riding was more rapid and constant than it otherwise would have been, and left me very little leisure to ride on the staff. Now, although it was a matter of great interest to me to acquit myself well as chief of ambulances, yet the duties of that position were not such as to cause me to recollect just when I visited any part of the field, nor indeed where I went. Of course, some incidents were impressed on my mind, but it was of little consequence to me to note the order or time of my movements as far as the history of the battle went, for what I did in charge of the ambulances was, so to speak, behind the scenes. This necessity of a constant supervision over men in all parts of the field necessarily prevented any service on the personal staff of the general for a long continued time, and I have not the benefit of the sequence of events which would have been witnessed by me if serving as an aide all the time, or for a considerable time at once. Again, I having just come out of the line, I did not comprehend the signs of battle. If I had, I should have known that the cannonade was a prelude to a charge and could have been certain of seeing it.

When I was with General Hancock at the Taneytown road, I saw the smoke and flashes of quick artillery firing in the Cemetery, but could not hear a report of a gun, and yet we were not as far down the road as Weed's Hill.

After the charge and almost all night I was extremely busy in

collecting the wounded and carrying them to the hospital. Before nine o'clock I think we had collected all our wounded, but General Webb complained to the authorities at headquarters that his wounded were not collected. I, upon being informed of this, asserted that all were collected that we could find, and I believe that a renewed search in the places indicated by General Webb confirmed my statement. I am inclined to think that General Webb had heard of wounded whom we had taken up after he had heard of them, or else referred to men who upon search proved to be outside of our skirmish lines, but whose groans and calls could be heard through the darkness. We ventured out, I believe, beyond our skirmish lines, but as the rebel skirmishers a few yards in front fired at every one they could see, we could not get those wounded who were within sight of them; but the darkness favored us very much.

I went out on the field where the rebels had charged up to our lines, and there I saw men, horses, and material in some places piled up together, which is something seldom seen unless in pictures of battles, and the appearance of the field with these mounds of dead men and horses, and very many bodies lying in every position singly, was terrible, especially as the night lent a sombre hue to everything the eye rested on.

After we had cleared the field of the wounded, we took those who had been carried to the houses amd barns along the Taneytown road. One poor fellow I found in a cow shed lying on his face. A cannon shot had carried away all the flesh of his hams so that his bones were visible. He was not complaining in the least. I asked him if he desired to be moved. He said in a calm tone that he did; that if he lay there he should surely die, but that if he got to a hospital he might live. He told me that he was an artilleryman and that his position in the battery caused him to stand with his side toward the enemy, and that a shot coming from the front had gone through his hams from side to side. He said he hated to be shot in the rear, and seemed to care more for that than for being

so grievously hurt. I had some men lift this poor fellow up and put him in an ambulance, and neither while they did so nor as the train moved away over the rough road did I hear a complaint from the brave man.

Having had very little sleep for three nights, I found myself on this night so sleepy that I was obliged to keep my horse trotting, for when he walked I fell asleep. I found also during the day and night that it was necessary for me to drink whiskey to keep myself up, and it was astonishing to see how much of it without water or sugar I drank without feeling it.

There was no fighting of consequence between the infantry after the charge on the Second Corps, but I should mention the fact that before this charge, in the morning, the Twelfth Corps had fought a very hard fight on Culp's Hill to regain the intrenchments the enemy had taken possession of when General Williams's division had left them to help on the other end of the line. The cavalry also had two engagements on our flanks, I believe, but I did not see either the fight on Culp's Hill or the cavalry fights.

The losses from my ambulance corps were six or seven horses shot, six or seven men shot, and three ambulances struck by cannon shot, and I believe that this list of casualties was taken at headquarters as a guaranty that my command had been under fire to the full extent required by its duties.

On the 4th of July there was skirmishing all day, but in the night or early in the morning of the 5th it became apparent that the enemy had retreated.

CHAPTER XXV

A BRIEF sketch of the campaign and battle of Gettysburg would be this.

The two armies lay confronting each other at Fredericksburg and Falmouth, a hundred miles from Gettysburg. June 10 General Hooker sent his reconnoitering force across the Rappahannock River above Fredericksburg to Brandy Station, when it was discovered that the rebel army was moving northward to cross the Potomac. Then the Army of the Potomac started in the same direction, and the two armies, pursuing almost parallel courses, marched and maneuvered for twenty days — the rebel army a little ahead and seeking to reach Washington, Baltimore, or Philadelphia if possible, and at any rate to reach Northern territory; the Union army striving to overtake and fight the rebel army, and all the time striving to interpose itself between the rebel army and Washington and Baltimore — until at last the advance of the Union army overtook a portion of the rebel army and attacked it just beyond the town of Gettysburg.

In this fight the rebels were victorious; whereupon the whole rebel army concentrated at Gettysburg, because they had been victorious in this day's battle and because it was impracticable to do anything but turn and fight when the Union army was at its heels and in contact with it.

The Union army was seeking a battle to drive the enemy south again, and upon finding what an excellent position had been assumed after the defeat of the first day, General Meade determined to wait the attack of the enemy at this place.

The mistake of General Sickles on the 2d of July, in placing his corps in advance of the rest, invited the attack which the rebels made, and they succeeded in driving him from his position, but in fact our troops at the end of the fight occupied the line that Gen-

eral Meade had intended they should at the beginning. At dark the rebels attacked Cemetery Hill, but were repulsed, and the only place where they effected a lodgment in our true line of battle was on our right flank, where General Williams had vacated.

On the 3d our troops, in the morning, regained the intrenchments on the right by a hard battle, and at about noon the rebels made their last and supreme effort by the charge on the front of the Second Corps which resulted in their defeat and eventual retreat from the battle-field.

I think that my regiment was in the skirmish line when the rebels retreated in the night and the men were among the first to discover the retreat. Some one of the regiment picked up on the field where the rebels had been one of their sabers which he gave to me, and which, having restored Lieutenant Hale's sword to him, I wore until the spring of 1864, I think, and which I now have. The blade is of United States manufacture, but as the scabbard was not made for it, and it was found far in front, it seems highly probable that it belonged to some rebel.

On the 4th we heard of the surrender of Vicksburg and the day was especially glorious.

I visited the field hospital where the wounded of my regiment were and saw Captains Ricker and Larkin and Goodwin, I believe, and others.

It became necessary while we were here to forage on the country for provender for the horses of my train, as supplies had not reached us, and I sent out parties who took grain from the farmers, giving receipts therefor, which I hope have enabled the farmers to get paid by the Government, though those in Pennsylvania deserved little sympathy from us, as they had little, if any, for us who fought to protect them.

We marched on the 5th or 6th to a place called "Two Taverns" and thence to Emmitsburg.

General William Hayes commanded our corps at this time. On the second morning Lieutenant Haskell, aide-de-camp of General

Gibbon, joined our staff. He had on this morning, while still on the staff of the commander of the 2d Division, ordered an officer of some regiment, who was committing a nuisance close to the tents of the headquarters, to move off, and upon his refusing had shot him, not mortally, however. Lieutenant Haskell was sent to our headquarters under arrest, I believe, but his offense was not considered serious, and in fact I think his action was the cause of bringing him to our staff.

From Two Taverns we marched to Taneytown. I am a little in the dark as to our route from this point, but I think at Taneytown we diverged to the right a little and thence pursued a somewhat devious course by country roads, crossing branches of the Monocacy River, and perhaps the river itself, to Woodsboro, whence we followed a turnpike to Frederick. This turnpike was the best road I ever saw. It seemed to me to be as smooth as it was possible for a road to be, and the thousands of wheels which had preceded us had made only a slight rut in its hard surface.

We camped at night on the left bank of the Monocacy about a mile from Frederick. Our headquarters were established at a fine farmhouse on the left-hand side of the pike. That night I rode into Frederick, and indulged in the luxury of being shaved by a barber, but while I was in his shop my rubber coat was stolen from my saddle at the door.

On the next day we marched through Frederick to Middletown, where we camped another night. On the next day we crossed the South Mountain by the pass in which Franklin had his fight in September, 1862, and at night camped on the other side of the mountain.

I heard a laughable incident, which is in some way connected with this night in my mind. When General French commanded the 3d Division of our corps he had a son on his staff as aide who was rather an effeminate youth, and this son went with a message from the general to Colonel Carroll, commander of the 1st Brigade, who was a very brusque soldier. He said to Colonel Carroll: "Pa

desires you to do so and so"; to which Colonel Carroll replied, "Who in hell is *your pa?*"

I do not now remember whether we passed through Boonsboro, but by some road we reached the turnpike leading to Hagerstown, near that place, and in this vicinity our advance encountered the enemy, and we soon were in line a mile or two from Williamsport and facing that town. I suppose our corps took the circuitous route I have described to prevent the enemy from reaching the Potomac south of Williamsport. General French, who commanded at Harper's Ferry, had gone up to Williamsport and destroyed the pontoon bridge which the enemy had laid across the river there, so that when we arrived in front of Williamsport the enemy were there without a bridge, and the Potomac, swollen by recent rains, was supposed to be unfordable. General Lee made the best of his situation and, selecting a good position in front of Williamsport, threw up a good line of breastworks and awaited our attack.

When General Meade found out the position of General Lee he called a council of his corps commanders and asked their vote upon the question of assailing the enemy's works, and the majority voted against it, which decided General Meade's mind and we did not attack. A good deal of criticism has been made upon this decision and also upon the slowness of our pursuit of the enemy from Gettysburg, and General McClellan's friends have drawn some comfort from the comparison of this with the course of that general after Antietam. I was so new to the staff that I did not at the time get a very comprehensive view of the situation, but by a good deal of study since I have been able to get a pretty clear idea of the campaign.

Mr. Ropes has lately in a conversation with me remarked that in the first place General Meade was utterly unacquainted with his command and did not know what he could rely upon it to do; that General Sedgwick, to whom was entrusted the advance in the pursuit (his corps was the only fresh one), was a very cautious general and was the best man for that duty who was left. General

Reynolds, commander of the First Corps, had been killed and his corps defeated. General Hancock, commander of the Second Corps, and General Gibbon, the next in rank, had been wounded, and the corps was commanded by General Hayes, who was a very poor general. General Sickles, commander of the Third Corps, had been wounded. The Eleventh Corps had been defeated; the Third Corps had been defeated; the Second, Fifth, and Twelfth Corps had suffered greatly; and of the four old corps commanders left, Generals Sedgwick and Slocum were the only efficient ones.

Under these circumstances I am inclined to think that history must vindicate General Meade's judgment in deciding not to risk the result of a defensive campaign on an assault on the enemy's works. At Antietam we had two corps fresh; General McClellan was well acquainted with and much beloved and admired by his army, and he had lost only one corps commander.

The enemy were able to cross the river by fording in a few hours, and shortly after we arrived in front of their line it was discovered that they were retreating. Our corps crossed their works very soon and followed the cavalry, who were engaged with the rear guard of the enemy at Falling Waters, and I think some of our troops got engaged also. General Hayes rode to the enemy's breastworks and there halted with his staff, and in his usual deliberate and exasperating style dispatched his troops division after division to the pursuit, remaining at the works a mile or two in the rear all the time, not from cowardice, but from inability to comprehend that his place was at the front or else to exert himself enough to ride ahead.

One after another every officer of his staff had, on one duty or pretext or another, left him and gone to the front. I went ahead a mile or two, and finding the whole corps up there and likely to be engaged, I suppose I thought it time to see that all my train came up, so I rode back. Far to the rear I met General Hayes riding at a gentle pace toward the front and unaccompanied except by a single orderly. General H., upon seeing me, serenely beckoned

me to him, and upon meeting he said, in a deliberate tone, "Don't you belong to my staff?" "Yes," said I. "Then won't you come along with me, for I am deserted by all of them?" said he. So I turned and rode to the front with him again, leaving the train to be brought up by the lieutenants.

The enemy with whom our advance was engaged soon escaped, or were captured at Falling Waters, and our corps halted. I rode to the river at Williamsport, and its swollen and turbid waters presented a very different aspect from that which they did when, in 1861, I forded it here in the ranks of the 1st Regiment.

I should here remark that the enemy's breastworks in front of the Second Corps, which we crossed in the morning, were well situated at the top of an excellent slope for defensive purposes, but were not at all formidable in themselves. They were simply good breastworks which would have afforded excellent protection against our artillery and musketry, but which could have been surmounted by infantry with no difficulty if they reached them.

Our headquarters were established for a night at the house of a gentleman near Williamsport, and I think on the next day we marched rapidly down the river, making, if my recollection serves me, the whole distance to Pleasant Valley, near Harper's Ferry, in one day. And I recollect very well that the animals of my train were very tired and had short allowance of forage. I think it was at the noon halt near Sharpsburg that I rode down to the field of Antietam, but the time was so short that I believe I only reached the edge of the scene of action before I was obliged to turn and rejoin the corps.

We marched through the streets of Sharpsburg, this being the third time the exigencies of campaigns had led me through it. We crossed Antietam Creek on the bridge near its mouth, and climbing over the eastern spurs of Maryland Heights, arrived in Pleasant Valley, which lies between these heights and South Mountain, and camped after dark this night. I distinctly recollect the pleasure which I experienced upon going into camp — in relinquishing my

horse to my orderly as soon as the general alighted at the spot selected for our camp, lying down by a fire lighted by some of the attendants, and luxuriously resting until my tent was pitched by the men who were attached to the headquarters, my bed made by my boy Charlie, and my good supper prepared and put on the table by the servants of the mess to which I belonged, and, after eating my meal, going to bed and sleeping as long as I pleased in the morning. For this was, indeed, luxury compared to the routine with my company, with which, for instance, I had, not a week before, marched thirty-two miles in a day, lain down after roll call at two o'clock in the morning on my blankets, with the sky for a tent, upon perhaps a cup of coffee and crackers and salt beef for supper, arisen at réveillé, worked hard all day at the muster rolls, gone on picket the next night, reaching my luxurious bed in a barn at a late hour, and slept with one eye open all night, roused at intervals by the callers at my post. On the next day our headquarters were moved to a point close to the Potomac River, and we remained here a day or two for rest, I suppose.

The boy, Charlie Fullerton, who had come to serve my lieutenants and myself at Falmouth, and had remained with us until I left the regiment, chose to go with me to the staff, so that I was provided with a very good servant. A cavalry soldier from the company attached to headquarters was detailed to attend me on all mounted duty and in fact whenever I rode out, if I desired it. Sergeant Freer was the one who finally became my regular "orderly," as this attending cavalryman was called, and I was taken into the mess with Dr. Dougherty, the medical director; Dr. Monroe, his assistant; Captain Brownson, the commissary of musters; and Lieutenant Haskell, the aide who had just joined. When I had fairly taken the government of the ambulance corps, I had appropriated a bay horse called "Major," which my predecessor had ridden, a famous animal, very good-looking, capable of long-continued exertion, and which had, as I was told, run a

mile in two minutes in a race a short time before. My constant work on horseback was too much for one horse, and at Frederick, where, I forgot to mention, I, with my officers, picked out and drew from a Government corral, as it was called (that is, a pen), for horses which are destined for army use, a number of horses to replace those which had been shot or worn out, and among these was a very fat, and handsome black horse which I picked out for my own riding; but he proved after a little while to be too heavy and soft for my use. My horses were cared for, with those of the rest of the staff, by the detailed men at headquarters, one of whom, a soldier of the 7th Michigan Volunteers, became, finally, my hostler peculiarly, and used to ride my spare horse on the march. So with a servant, a hostler, an orderly, a mess provided for by the cook of the mess, and my ambulance corps at my command, I was in a position to thoroughly enjoy whatever comforts could be extracted from a campaign.

We marched within a day or so. Our route took us down a road cut in the side of the steep bank which rises above the Potomac near Sandy Hook, and then we marched up the river on the road between the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, to a point just below the confluence of the Shenandoah River with the Potomac, where we crossed into the Loudoun Valley in Virginia between the Blue Ridge and the Short Mountains.

I followed the troops of our corps, immediately, with my train, and as we were going down the road cut in the bank before mentioned, I saw, in a road which came into this one on the right, a train of wagons which proved to belong to the Third Army Corps, which had preceded our corps in the march. The officers in command of this train manifested their intention to come into the road which I was on, and follow our corps ahead of my train, which it was quite natural they should desire to do, as they, even then, would be several miles in rear of their own corps, from which for some reason unknown to me they had been separated by our corps. I represented to these officers that it was a matter of great im-

portance that the ambulance corps should be with the troops, and seeing the truth of this they desisted from contesting the road with me. I waited there until my last team passed them.

Immediately following me came the half-dozen wagons which carried our headquarters baggage, camp equipage and forage, and although I was very anxious that they should follow me, yet having no control of them I could not intercede for them, and as there was no commissioned officer in charge of them, I had very great doubts whether they would be able to hold the road against this Third Corps train, the first team of which, as soon as my last team passed, whipped up to press into the road just behind me. The leading team of our headquarters train had four handsome and very large and powerful white horses, and when the six mules of the hostile team presented themselves in front of them and tried to crowd in ahead, these horses, incited by their driver, fairly leaped on the mules and forcing them aside rushed on after my train. I had no desire to be identified with this mêlée, and seeing the probable success of our train I rode ahead and they followed me into camp that night, but how many of our corps wagon train followed them, if any, I do not know. This collision ought not to have happened, of course, but probably the Third Corps had started behind time, so that their trains could not get into the road before our corps came along. Of course our troops had precedence of trains which were behind time, but whether that train had precedence of our wagon train was not settled by any rule, as the commander of the army and his chief quartermaster probably did not contemplate troops or trains being behind time; so the law of the road was that of the *vis major*.

After we crossed the river a long halt took place on account of some delay in front, and I went into a field beside the road and lay down in the grass with my bridle over my arm, and overcome by the heat probably, I fell asleep. When I awoke the train was moving by in the road, and my horse was nowhere to be seen. Divining that he had of his own accord gone ahead or that he had been taken by some one, I immediately dismounted one of my sergeants, and

mounting his horse rode rapidly ahead. Half a mile or so in front I saw a drunken artillery soldier astride of my horse. I dismounted him in a twinkling and reporting him to his commanding officer went back a wiser man. The man was afterwards tried by court-martial for the theft.

CHAPTER XXVI

We were now pursuing the same road which we had traveled over after Antietam, and this time, as before, the enemy were hurrying down on the northwest side of the Blue Ridge and we on the opposite side, and this time, as then, we tried to get the advantage of them by passing through the gaps and attacking them; but I think the attempts of 1863 were more in earnest than those of 1862, and of course we had a better chance because we were following an enemy who were retreating hurriedly from a field where they had been very badly beaten, while in 1862 their retreat down the Blue Ridge was after a rest of a month following the battle of Antietam. The very next morning after crossing the river, the Third Corps, which had camped ahead of us, and which was ordered to move at an hour which afforded them ample time to get all their troops and trains on the road, started late, and the result was that when I reached the point whence they had started, I found that our troops had again separated their train from them and it stood at the side of the road all ready to move in ahead of my train, which followed the artillery of our corps. As we reached them, they attempted to rush into the road ahead of me, but several of my leading ambulances were too quick for them and succeeded in keeping the road. They then broke in behind these few, their six-mule teams being too heavy for my two-horse ambulances. In the struggle some of the men came to blows, and one of my drivers cut a severe wound, with the butt of his whip, on the head of one of their wagonmasters. At this juncture I saw a regiment of infantry of the Third Corps bivouacked beside their train, whereupon I rode up to the commander of it and represented to him that the Third Corps train was unwarrantably cutting my train off from my corps and requested him to interfere to stop it; but he took a contrary view of the situation, and coolly posted some of his men to resist my attempts to keep or take the

road. Whereupon, seeing that there was no use in contending against a regiment, I halted my train and waited until the Third Corps train had all filed into the road ahead of me, and then followed them. This Third Corps train was of the 1st Division, formerly Kearny's, and the men and officers of that division fancied that they were a little superior to any other troops; and it would not surprise me if the regiment which stopped me had been left there for that express purpose in view of what had taken place on the previous day.

We had proceeded but a short distance on the road when I saw a score or more of quartermasters, wagonmasters, and other men belonging to this Third Corps train afoot and horseback, waiting on the side of the road. I passed them with the head of my train, not suspecting their intent, and had not proceeded far when I heard a clamor behind me, and perceived to my astonishment that they were delaying my train and assailing some one belonging to it. I rode back at once with all my mounted officers and men and found that they, bent on waylaying the driver who had struck their wagonmaster, had commenced pulling him out of his seat, and some of them, in their rage, were endeavoring to pull a sick soldier out of the ambulance. The party seemed to be inflamed by drink, and were headed by one Captain ——, a quartermaster from Maine, who, I have since been told, is considered a pretty good fellow. I interfered with my party and stopped the assault on the driver and the sick man without blows, and then remonstrated with the officers against the outrage, which was a grave offense against military law, but they with many oaths vowed they would punish the man who gave the blow. I told them that they might try him by court-martial, but that they could not touch him there, and demanded that they should not interfere with the progress of my train. This took but a minute, and in the meantime the altercation going on between several of each party, a burly wagonmaster raised his whip to strike Lieutenant Searl of my command, and quick as a flash his mounted orderly whipped out his saber and cut the wagonmaster

severely on the arm, which prevented the blow. Then the orderly, frightened at the uproar which they raised against him, instead of remaining to be defended by us, jumped his horse over the fence beside the road, and rode furiously ahead, and every man of them pursued him with vengeful cries.

I started my train in good order, and then, followed by my orderly, rode fast to overtake our fugitive orderly and to protect him if attacked. About a mile ahead I saw our artillery drawn up in a mass and waiting beside the road while the Third Corps train passed by. The few ambulances of mine which had preceded the Third Corps train had drawn up and were halted in rear of the artillery, and the orderly had stopped with them. The pursuers, whom I had been passing all along the road, had some of them come up with him and were all fast nearing him. As I neared him I saw a portion of the company of cavalry attached to our headquarters lying in a grove with their bridles on their arms, sleeping during the halt, and I shouted as I passed, unavailingly, to them to come along, but fearing my man would be overpowered I did not stop, but rode to his side. The few who had reached him waited for reinforcements before assailing him, and I waited their attack. Then some of the artillerymen of our corps, hearing the row, came running up to us, pulling off their jackets to fight for us, and the battle was very imminent when to my great joy the sergeant commanding the party of cavalry I had spoken to, having been roused by my orderly, rode up with his fifteen or twenty men and saluting asked what I would have of him. I then was master of the situation and triumphantly directed him to drive the Third Corps men off. He turned and ordering his men to advance on them, drove them in shame away. One stoutly swore he would not go, when the sergeant, cocking his big revolver, put it to the man's ear and told him to go or he would blow his brains out, which persuaded him to go, and that ended the skirmish. I dismissed the cavalry. The Third Corps men went on with their train. Our corps soon started, and I fell in behind and came into camp at night all right.

It was about sunset when we went into camp, and I recollect very well the looks of the house at which General Caldwell, commanding the 1st Division, camped, and as I rode up he laughingly, in his hearty, good-natured way, cried out to me, "Livermore, what have you been doing?" I replied the truth, and he rejoined with "Well, the next fight I go into, I am going to get you with your train in my skirmish line." The news of this encounter at headquarters did not tend to my injury, as may be believed.

We pursued our course down along the Blue Ridge rapidly until we reached Manassas Gap, which we marched into. About at the entrance our headquarters halted an hour or two at the house of some "Judge" or other who had been an intimate friend of "Colonel" Ashby, a rebel officer who had been distinguished as a dashing cavalryman who waged war at the head of a small company in this region for a while and had been killed. The judge was hospitable, or at least desired our friendship for the time being, and brought out some wheat whiskey which was as colorless as spring water and smooth, though new.

The Third Corps preceded us and came in contact with the enemy beyond the Gap, and we pushed on until we came up with that corps and went into line after dark, but I believe the enemy had got by and the Third Corps had only met their rear. Our headquarters were placed in the grounds around the house of the Marshall family, who were the descendants of Chief Justice Marshall, of the U.S. Supreme Court, the head of the family being, as I was told, the son or grandson of that eminent jurist. His son was a colonel in the rebel army which we were opposed to, and the family had not heard from him since the battle of Gettysburg; it so happened that our provost marshal had personally witnessed his death at Gettysburg, and brought that as the first news to them, and the mourning in that family affected us all, although they were our enemies.

We marched back out of the Gap, and through Upperville to White Plains and thence by Georgetown, Greenwich, and Auburn

to Warrenton. We passed through Upperville a little before midday. One of our ambulances had been previously delayed on the road by the breaking of a hind wheel, and with a rail under the axle had moved so slowly as to be entirely out of sight when the last of my train (which through some strange oversight brought up the rear of the corps with no troops of any kind behind it) went through the town. I accordingly halted with my orderly, and dismounting waited for the ambulance. I found that I could procure a dinner in one of the half-dozen houses of the town, and I went in and ate it. When I came out the missing ambulance was still out of sight, and there was not a soul of our army in sight except my orderly and half a dozen stragglers.

This town was noted as the very rendezvous of Mosby, the guerrilla, and his band, who it was reported assumed the garb and conduct of farmers when our army overtook them in their homes, and were ready to take up their arms and waylay our men whenever they found a safe opportunity. This was no place for me with but one reliable supporter, so I clapped spurs to my horse and started for my train.

The black horse which I got at Frederick had been exchanged, a day or two after we crossed the Potomac, for a bobtailed, bony animal which some of my officers had selected for me in drawing new horses because he was a fiery animal with a capacity for jumping, and he proved to be a very strong and enduring horse, but was as homely as Rosinante and had a very hard gait. He looked in every respect like an old hackney coach horse, and I think he was. I submitted to him for a while, but finally got tired of him and took another. On this day at Upperville I was riding this bobtailed animal, and when I started for my train he struck into a swift trot which he never slackened until I reached the train. The day was clear and the sun was extremely fierce and the sweat poured from the old fellow, but his courage never fell. My orderly was mounted on a young and spirited horse which had just been put into the service, and I supposed that he, as fresh as he was, could, of course, stand

what the old bobtail could, but when we hauled up beside the train at the end of perhaps a five-mile ride, to my astonishment the young horse lay down and died from fatigue and heat, and the old bobtail carried me the rest of the day without being jaded.

That night we camped at White Plains and the guerrillas manifested their presence by firing one or two shots from an ambush into the camp of some one of our division or brigade commanders. I believe that my stray ambulance never came to us, and what was worse my led horse "Major" and my hostler who was riding him did not come into camp. I never saw the horse again, but two or three months after an exchange of prisoners brought the hostler to us, and he then related that on this day he was riding out on one side of the road, as was his wont for the purpose of getting forage for the horse at the houses, when some one in the bushes ordered him to halt. He thought it was our provost guard attempting to arrest him as a straggler, but soon saw the rebels were on him, and trusting to Major's speed he attempted to reach the train, when a shot from the guerrillas, for such they were, hit the horse in the thigh and brought him to a halt. They then marched horse and man away. During the day the horse's wound became too severe for him to move farther and he was abandoned, and his bones have whitened on those barren plains for many a day, probably. The fact that this capture was made so close to the train as to make the hostler think it was our own troops' hail that he heard shows how these guerrillas crept on us and how lucky my own escape was.

On the next day Major Bull and Lieutenant Mintzer and the provost marshal and his assistant were out at a distance of several miles from the corps, looking after these guerrillas with a squad of cavalry, when the guerrillas made their appearance in such force as to induce them to retreat. They unfortunately got cornered in some stone walls which they could not leap on horseback and were obliged to leave their horses and run. They were much chagrined at losing some valuable horseflesh. At Greenwich we passed a large and handsome house owned and occupied by an Englishman. His grounds

were laid out and ornamented in handsome style, and although the march of the troops through the grounds somewhat hurt them, yet the house had escaped the injuries which the war had inflicted on the country generally, and was a pleasant thing to look on in that war-worn region.

I think we halted a few days in the vicinity of Warrenton, and my impression is that it was here that I drilled my ambulance divisions in moving in line, wheeling in sections of fours, coming into line in columns, and other maneuvers calculated in my estimation to make the long train more wieldy. As I had buglers, and the train in column was nearly half a mile long, it was a really fine sight to see the drivers execute these evolutions with precision at the signal from the bugles.

CHAPTER XXVII

In a few days we moved on down through Warrenton, and just after we passed through that town I received word that my regiment was ordered to proceed to Concord, New Hampshire, there to recruit. The chance to go with them had some temptations, but as there was no disposition manifested at our headquarters to order me to go with the regiment, I concluded to stay in the field. The regiment left us the next day, and we moved on to the vicinity of Bealton Station, where the corps went into camp and remained a month or more. Our life here was as tranquil as possible, exertion being distasteful in hot weather. We rose late, rode leisurely about our duties, and reposed as much as possible in the shade of tents and arbors of boughs erected in front of them. Old General Hayes, our commander, used to be very fond of whiskey, with sugar and water, particularly so when mixed in a delectable way by Lieutenant Haskell. The general, however, made it a rule not to drink before 10 A.M., but at about 9.30 A.M. he would be seen at his tent door, his red nose shining in the morning sun, while he questioned what the hour was from its altitude. Finally he would loudly, but moderately, say, "Mr. Haskell!" — when the following colloquy would take place: "Yes, General!" "What time is it?" "Half-past nine, General." A long pause. "Suppose we call it ten, Mr. Haskell!" — and thereupon the aide would come out of his tent and gravely go into the general's and mix the morning toddy.

Captain Ricker wrote to me to ask me to get a gray horse from some one in the corps which had become his property, and I did so, and rode him as one of my saddle-horses. He had been in my regiment for a long time, where he was ridden by several, and he then was used by an aide on the brigade staff, whom he had once saved from capture by his speed. He was a good jumper, but was a very hard trotter. His color was a dapple gray, and his exceeding tough-

ness was proved by his being ridden until April, 1865 (when he was killed by a bullet), and in good condition all the time. Soon after I took him, a ruminating or hungry mule, which was hitched near him one night, employed himself in browsing on his tail, which was so long as almost to touch the ground, and on the following morning it was found clipped off like a hunter's.

While we were here I was called upon to testify before a new court-martial convened to try Captain —— for his old alleged offense for which we had tried him at Thoroughfare Gap, and notwithstanding his previous trial, and my testimony that all but one of the former court had voted for his acquittal, he was convicted and cashiered, which result he said was brought about by malice on the part of his superior officers. In 1865, when I was marching through Washington, he hailed me, and told me his sentence had been reviewed at Washington and that it was either revoked or his disabilities removed. He was then engaged in the Treasury, engraving the plates for the fractional note currency.

Our long inactivity here induced me to believe that I could go to New Hampshire on a leave of absence and make up my returns as a company commander, which I had neglected to do from want of opportunity up to the time the regiment left the field, and which I could not do without my books, which were with the company; at the same time an absence of two years made me wish to go North for a few days. The orders were that no one was to have leave of absence unless it was necessary to save his life or unless there was a case of life or death in his family. I, however, told Dr. Dougherty that unless I could have the leave, I must ask to be ordered to my regiment, for it was important to me to have my returns straight, and the good doctor, by a certificate that my health required it, got me the leave, and I started for New Hampshire.

Arrived in New Hampshire I went to Concord, where my regiment was stationed, and completed the returns due from me as a company commander. I then went to Milford and, staying at my grandmother's, busied myself in seeing my friends. My twenty

days' leave of absence expired quickly, and its end found me back at headquarters of the Second Corps.

Soon after my return we moved across the Rappahannock River. I cannot tell now where we went, because our marches and countermarches through that region which ensued were so numerous that I am not able at this time to be quite certain of the order of time in which we went to certain places. I feel almost certain, however, that at this time we crossed the river without opposition and, preceded by the cavalry, went as far as Culpeper Court House, near which place the cavalry immediately in front of us had a fight with the enemy, and I now remember seeing the rebel wounded at Culpeper Court House.

When we started out on this march I was concerned in two incidents which recall to me some of my trials as chief of ambulances. Orders issued by the commanding general of the army had placed all the ambulance trains attached to divisions directly under the command of the chief of ambulances of each corps, and entirely independent of the generals commanding the division. On one or two occasions I had been obliged to oppose my authority to the commands of generals laid on my men, and on the morning we started on this march, as we at headquarters were standing around the camp-fires before mounting, General Alexander S. Webb, then commanding one of our brigades in the Second Division, came up to us, and upon my name being mentioned he turned around to me and with a laugh and significant tone said, "So this is Captain Livermore. I have heard of him often, but have never had the pleasure of knowing him before." General Webb, I think I have said, complained at Gettysburg that the wounded were not taken from the field quickly enough, and unjustly, as I convinced myself, and as probably he was informed, and I presume subsequently my authority had been interposed against his, as I have related. His manner on this morning was such as to make me like him more if anything, and since then he has been quite pleasant when I have met him. General Harrow, too, commanding the 2d Division, on this

day ordered his division train to follow his division, which command I was obliged to disregard in directing it to make a considerable departure from the route of the division to avoid obstacles, and he became very indignant, but with no effect. He was soon afterwards relieved from his command, and I was glad of it.

On the road to Culpeper Court House, as General Warren (who I have forgotten to say had assumed command of our troops before we started) was riding along ahead of his staff, he gave me a ferocious look because in jumping a ditch or stream which crossed the road, my horse shot ahead of his, and I was careful not to repeat the offense. Just before we came to the Court House we passed the house of Mr. Wallack, who was editor of "The Star," a newspaper in Washington, and who was mayor or ex-mayor of that city. I think he accompanied our advance to his house, which the exigencies of war, I suppose, had prevented him from visiting before. We camped in his front yard overnight.

I think we remained in this vicinity only a day or so and then marched back to the vicinity of the Rappahannock River, where we pitched our headquarters camp around the house of a Colonel Thorn, who being of rebel proclivities had deserted it. The house was large and much finer than the most of them in that region. Captain Brownson and I took a room in it together and considered ourselves very cozy, especially as we had gathered from other rooms a marble-top bureau and several other articles of quite elegant furniture which Colonel Thorn had found too much to carry away. But our comfort was short-lived, for the medical director took the upper part of the house, including our room, for a hospital, and we once more took to our tent, for the captain and I had become, and thereafterwards remained, tent mates.

We stayed at this place some days and possibly weeks. Captain Brownson suffered the loss of a fine horse by theft one day, but he was recovered. I forgot to say that our mess, consisting of five, used the kitchen of Colonel Thorn's house for a kitchen and dining-room. It ran under the whole house and was in the place of, and

about as dark as, a cellar in our Northern houses. It was floored with great flagstones and had for a cooking apparatus an enormous fireplace with hooks and like appurtenances, all of which served our cooks, who were used to camp-fires, very well, but which seemed strange accompaniments of "marble tops" and a modern house overhead.

This house stood on a hill overlooking the plain through which the Orange & Alexandria Railroad ran between Brandy and Rappahannock Stations; and this position served an admirable turn for us one day as a station for General Warren when directing a drill of his entire corps. This extraordinary affair (for it was the only drill of an army corps I ever saw) was projected by General Warren for the diversion of some English officers who were visiting the army, and possibly to impress them with our efficiency and General Warren's skill. The three divisions of the corps were drawn up in the plain below the hill, and on the hill stood the general, his staff, General Meade and his staff, I think, and the English officers. General Warren would dispatch his staff officers simultaneously to the different divisions, and then all at once the division generals would give their commands by voice to the brigadiers, and then the latter to the colonels, then the colonels to the captains, and the captains to the men, and with wonderful precision the ten brigades would execute the evolutions. I did not have the full benefit of the sight, for I had to carry orders to the division commanders and the evolutions would be under way before I got back. I rode a new gray horse on this day, which behaved very well as to speed and in a little jumping, in both of which I did my best for the credit of the corps.

The drill closed with a charge which was directed against the hill, and it happened very ludicrously that the Irish Brigade came up just opposite the general's staff and the English officers on the hill, and incited to the mischief, probably, by the English uniforms charged right down on us and dispersed the dignified assembly, with hilarious cheers. The incident, however, was looked upon as funny by all, I believe.

These English officers, I think, were staying at army headquarters, and I must confess that I think it probable that this drill was directed to take place from those headquarters rather than being projected by General Warren for his own and his corps' glorification. One of these English officers was Colonel Earle, of the Royal Engineers, and another was Lord Castleclough.

We amused ourselves with horse-racing here. Captain Rose, a commissary, had won some races, with a war horse he had, in very quick time, and in my 1st Division ambulance corps there was a black gelding which had been picked up as a stray, worn out and foundered, but by good treatment he had become a handsome horse and had evinced signs of speed, and I won fifty dollars one day in running him against a white horse. I think we stayed at this place a week or two, when our corps struck tents and we all moved out to meet the enemy, who had advanced from the Rapidan toward our right flank. We bivouacked some ten miles northwest from Rappahannock Station, in a spot fixed in my memory by the circumstance that here my hostler came to us among our exchanged prisoners, and that our mess received and tried to eat and drink a keg of ale and another of oysters which had been brought from Washington for us on an order given before we started in ignorance of the movements to come. Our efforts in this last particular were in vain, for that night after midnight we moved in great haste toward Rappahannock Station, and in the absence of a quartermaster I was obliged to conduct another train besides my own over the fields and rough roads and in pitch darkness ahead of the corps, and in the course of some rapid riding lost a rubber coat from my saddle-straps. The details of this march are a little obscure in my mind, but I remember that toward the close of the day following, our corps was about to cross the Rappahannock at the railroad bridge, when the enemy pressed too close on our rear. Thereupon General Warren faced the corps about, on a plain near the river, and forming the infantry in three lines of battle, each division making one line, with the artillery in appropriate intervals, moved the whole

corps simultaneously forward against the enemy. The general and his staff were on a considerable eminence at the commencement of the advance, so that we had a perfect view of the movement, and certainly the ten or fifteen thousand men in three perfect lines, one following the other, made a very beautiful spectacle, and one sufficiently imposing to cause the enemy to flee incontinently before our skirmishers until the dust they raised receded out of sight. I suppose there were but a few of them, and I do not know whether General Warren really deemed it necessary to move against them as he did, or whether his movement was designed to conceal our purpose of crossing the river.

I believe it was that night that I groped in the darkness to the crossing of the river with my train. I do not think I took it over, but preceded the corps the next day and crossed on a pontoon bridge half a mile below the railroad, where I had a little difficulty in getting over early enough on account of the crowding of other trains, for the whole army was moving to the rear. We learned that the enemy were crossing the Rappahannock above us, and consequently we were moving back either to save ourselves or Washington. We marched down the railroad toward Bull Run and the enemy were marching nearly parallel with us, a few miles to the left of us. So the Third Corps, followed by the Second Corps, moved out to the left of the railroad, in the vicinity of Bealton Station, and pursued their march toward Auburn. I was lying in my tent at night at the close of one of these day's marches when Mr. Swinton, correspondent of the "New York Times," whom we knew at headquarters, put his head in and said, "Is there any place for a stranger here?" And on being welcomed, he rolled in with us and slept all night.

It was just before daylight in the morning that I came to the spot where our corps had turned away from the railroad; the trains to the Third and First Corps were parked there, waiting the passage of our corps in front of them to move on down the railroad. A slight halt, to receive in my train some ambulances which awaited

me here, made an interval of a few rods between me and the rear of our column, which I never should have allowed had I known that the aforesaid train were waiting for a chance to cross my track. No sooner did they see the interval than three columns of six-mule teams were driven at the run across the road in front of me, and I was brought up standing. I rode up to the quartermasters who were superintending the crossing and remonstrated, but in vain, for my old antagonists, those of the Third Corps, laughed me to scorn on account of old scores, and those of the First Corps said that it was true I had the right of way, but that it would do me no good for their trains to stop unless I also stopped the Third Corps trains. So there I sat nonplussed, and in a very bad fix, for our corps was moving out directly in the face of the enemy, and not only might my train be needed, but if I allowed any considerable interval to be made between the troops and my train there would be danger of a capture by the enemy, and there seemed to be a thousand wagons or so, waiting to cross in front of me. I deliberated a few minutes, when up rode in the twilight Captain Gleason, a burly, good-natured Irish quartermaster of our 2d Division, who said, "Captain, what are ye stoppin' for?" "Because I can't help it," said I. I told him the trouble, and he told me that he had an ordnance train which he was to follow me with, and said he, "Let 's go through!" I replied that I was willing, and thereupon he said, "Ye get all your mounted men here; have your teams ready; I 'll have mine; then ye stop one line of teams and I will the other, and we 'll go through;" the teams having by this time reduced themselves to two lines. So everything being ready and my teams arrayed in columns of fours, the bold captain dashed at the First Corps column and I at the Third Corps. I seized the lead mules of a six-mule team by the bits and carried them around on the gallop until they faced the rear; this of course brought the team up as if anchor had been cast. The driver swore and threatened and I silenced him, and Captain Gleason having brought the other column to the halt, my train went through on the run, followed by his, while we stayed at the breach

to prevent interruption. Back came the quartermasters of the rival trains, swearing vengeance, but they made no impression on us. Finally they threatened to report me to our chief quartermaster, to which I assented, for I knew nothing serious would come of it. They rode off, and presently Colonel Batchelder came riding up to me, they having reported to him evidently. Said he, "What have you been doing, Captain?" "Getting through," said I. "Hmm," said he, smiled broadly, and rode away. We succeeded in overtaking our corps after a while and camped with them that night.

Our headquarters were at the house of a family the head of which I think was an engineer in our navy. I think the Third Corps had a slight engagement in front of us that night or the next morning. We were on the road before daylight the next morning, and as we approached Auburn we could see our skirmishers, cavalry, I think, engaging the enemy on our left flank not half a mile from our column. We were close upon Auburn when suddenly a heavy volley of small-arms and artillery broke out right ahead. The troops who were in the rear of my train hurried by me and everything savored of a battle, though I could see nothing because of the thick woods we were in. Presently the road in front of me was clear and I moved on and came into the open ground where the engagement was. It turned out that as our column turned to the right at Auburn to go back to the railroad, the Third Corps having passed straight on, a brigade of rebel cavalry was seen posted directly across our path and between us and the railroad. They had opened fire and our skirmishers (Carroll's brigade, 3d Division) had advanced rapidly and driven them away in hot haste, they leaving dead and wounded on the ground. At the moment they attacked, the rebel column, which had been moving parallel with us on our left flank, opened fire with artillery on our advance, and accordingly a line was posted on the hill near the corner of the roads to oppose them, and as I came up this line was the only one of ours engaged. I was ordered to turn the corner, and, taking the fields, to go to the railroad as fast as possible. I put a number of men at the head of the

train who took down the fences and filled the ditches in our path with the rails, and moved fast enough to get out of the way of our troops. I left Lieutenant Anderson with a few ambulances to take care of our wounded of the rear guard as they were hit.

Soon after the trains were out of the way our corps followed me, its skirmishers in the rear being engaged for some distance with the rebels. Lieutenant Anderson remained on one occasion clear behind our skirmishers to pick up a wounded man whom he took on his horse with him. As he rode back with him, a line of rebel skirmishers opened fire on him, but when the commander of them saw what Anderson was doing, he caused them to cease and allowed Anderson to ride safely within our lines. A gallant act of Anderson's and a generous one of the rebel's, particularly as Anderson was mounted and armed and had nothing to distinguish him from any other officer of the line. When I reached the railroad I crossed it and moved toward Bristow Station, and at about that time I met General Meade riding rapidly with all his staff in the opposite direction. He hailed me, and with great earnestness ordered me to get every team I had on the other side of Bull Run as fast as possible. I stopped at Bristow Station and allowed my team to feed, as our corps had not then come in sight, and then, leaving ten ambulances to receive any who might be wounded in the engagement which it seemed likely might take place, I crossed Broad Run with the rest and moved on toward Manassas Junction.

About a mile and a half beyond Bristow Station I saw the Fifth Corps in line and halted facing to the left of our line of march, and I believe that General Sykes, commanding the corps, or one of his staff, inquired of me where the Second Corps was, which I informed him. When I had reached the vicinity of Manassas Junction I heard a battle open in the rear, and looking back saw the smoke and flames at Bristow Station, and feeling certain the Second Corps was engaged, I entrusted the conduct of the train to a lieutenant and hastened back. On the way I

met the Fifth Corps marching toward Manassas Junction, while yet the fight was going on at Bristow Station in full view of them, which seemed an extraordinary thing to me, and I doubt that it was at all consistent with the duty of General Sykes. I arrived at Bristow Station about sunset or a little after. I found General Warren on the hill overlooking the railroad. Down by the railroad our troops and the enemy were firing scattering shots, and the enemy's artillery, posted on the crest beyond the railroad, occasionally sent a shot across and uncomfortably close to our heads. I learned that when our troops were marching down along the railroad the enemy (Hill's division) had made his appearance on the other side. Our 2d Division was posted along the railroad, the embankment of which served as a breastwork and to effectually conceal them. The enemy came charging down to cross the railroad, and our men, rising up, delivered their fire at close range, and so utterly routed the enemy that our men, charging back, took a rebel battery on the other side of the railroad, which we brought off. The enemy did not renew his attack, and, darkness falling, the battle ceased.

We immediately prepared to renew the march to Bull Run. It was fortunate that I had not literally obeyed General Meade's order, for our wounded were so many as to exceed the number the ambulances I had left could carry. We pressed into our service a portion of the ambulance train of the cavalry, who were near us, and I succeeded in starting toward midnight with all our wounded (two or three hundred, I believe), but I had to leave some of the enemy's wounded who were in our hands, and the poor fellows lamented their lot piteously as we moved away in the darkness. Pressing on, we crossed Bull Run before daylight, and drew up our lines on the heights beyond.

This retreat or change of position — for I do not know to this day what to term it — was executed in great haste. The rebels followed us to Bull Run, and as General Warren sat mounted with his staff on the hill overlooking the run soon after daylight,

they threw some cannon shot over, which whistled over our heads, but they did no harm; and as our army had arrived at the point where it was to deliver battle, if the enemy desired it, as I suppose, the enemy chose to come no farther, and in fact turned about and took the back track and we pursued them. The enemy made a stand at the Rappahannock River, and I think it was at this time that the Sixth Corps effected a crossing at Rappahannock Station by a brilliant engagement in which many rebels were taken prisoners; the Third Corps also engaged the enemy successfully at Kelly's Ford, across which we followed that corps, after forming line of battle in their rear to support them. We (that is, the Second Corps) crossed once at Rappahannock Station — once, but it seems to me now that this must have been at another time, perhaps previously, when we turned upon the enemy as related a few pages back. We followed the enemy clear to the Rapidan, which he crossed. Our corps went down by Cedar Mountain or Slaughter Mountain, where Banks had fought in 1862, and our headquarters were established at a station on the railroad (Mitchell's Station). Our pickets were posted along the left bank of the Rapidan and the rebels were posted on the opposite bank, and here we watched each other for several weeks.

At this place a deputation of the citizens of Coldspring, New York, came down with a sword for presentation to General Warren, and the commander of the army and the corps commanders with their staffs attended in honor of the event. The sword was a beautiful affair and costly. Speeches were made and there was much merriment. It was thought by our staff to be incumbent on them to make all that came of the other staffs as merry as possible. A washtub of whiskey punch was prepared and set out in a room of a house near our camp, and when the visitors arrived its consumption began and many ludicrous scenes ensued. Captain Labad, a Hungarian of General French's staff, drank until he was very lively, and a favorite pun of his was to say that he was "hungaree" when he wished for more punch. This officer was

the author of a book on the art of war, and was a prisoner in Libby Prison for some time.

General Warren had his quarters in this house and our tents were in the yard, and one night he and Haskell and Bingham grew so hilarious in the latter's tent that I went in. They were discussing punch and the exploits of the Second Corps in an enthusiastic way. Their lemons gave out, and I went for more, and mine soon gave out, and I invaded the mess tent to find more, without success. When I came back I saw Haskell and Bingham looking on at the struggles of the general, who had got his legs entangled among the tent ropes outside. Haskell proffered his aid, but the general gravely said, "No assistance is required," and extricating himself started for the house. He met a little sapling with such force as to prostrate him, whereupon Haskell ran to help him up. He grasped Haskell and raised a great outcry to the effect that Haskell had knocked him down, and called for the guard and threatened to turn out the Second Corps, and no expostulations of Haskell convinced him of his error. Bingham silenced the sentry, who had called for the corporal of the guard. I ran and helped both the general and Haskell up and to the door, when the former delivered the latter to Roebling, his confidential aide, who had come to the door and who took Haskell in at the front and let him out at the back door, and quiet reigned in Warsaw. I was invited in to take supper with the general the next evening, and at the table he wished to know what had happened on the night before. I told him in as mild terms as I could invent, and he vowed he would touch no more whiskey.

At this camp a man who had deserted from one of the regiments in the Gettysburg campaign was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. On the day of the execution his division, numbering several thousand men, was drawn up forming three sides of a square — on the fourth side of which the grave was open. When the troops were in order, the condemned man was brought out. First came a band playing a mournful march with rolling,

muffled drum; after the band an ambulance bearing the coffin; behind the ambulance marched the prisoner with his hands bound behind him, and following him a guard with fixed bayonets pointed toward him. I think a chaplain walked with the man. This procession moved slowly around to the grave — the troops remaining as silent as the grave itself — and the coffin was placed in front of it, and the man brought up to it, where the chaplain prayed aloud beside him; then the chaplain shook hands with him, as did the provost marshal who conducted the execution, and the man seemed to cling to the latter's hand and wished to talk. He removed his coat — and the provost marshal said he actually wished his opinion as to *whether it would look best* at the head of his coffin — and folded it and placed it on the coffin, and then his eyes were bandaged and he sat on the coffin. The guard, a few paces in front of him, took deliberate aim, the word was given, and a volley felled him from his seat, and then, before he was touched, the whole division marched around close by him in full view of his bleeding wounds. This man was said to have been not quite quick-witted. He deserted in Maryland or Pennsylvania, and there went to work for a farmer and was found in his employ. He did not seem to have the least fear of death, but conducted himself soberly, as if impressed rather with the gravity of the occasion than anything personal.

CHAPTER XXVIII

One day late in November, we got orders to march, and we at headquarters were told that the trains of the army not taken with us were to be secured in the angle formed by the union of the Rappahannock and Rapidan, and that the army was to move across the Rapidan and attack the enemy. This was stirring news and we hastened to pack up. The army crossed the Rapidan without material, if any, opposition at two fords. The Third Corps led the way at Jacobs Ford, I think, and our corps led the way at a ford lower down—I think it was Germania Ford. Our column forded the river in water up to the stirrups. I recollect seeing General Thomas Meagher, who was at this time a civilian, but who could not resist the allurements of camp life, apparently, ride over with the Irish Brigade. I stood by one of the Wauds as he sketched the column in crossing for "Harper's Weekly."

We went into bivouac not far beyond the river and marched at daylight the next morning. As I followed our artillery from the field into the road, I encountered the artillery of the Third Corps halted in the road, the head of its column having, on its way from the ford, just reached the point where we were entering the road. Seeing no reason why I should not follow my corps, I pushed into the road and on, but I had not got more than a third of my train in it before General Meade came along and ordered me to halt until this artillery passed on. I halted the teams still in the field and let the rest proceed, riding ahead myself to find a convenient spot to turn them into. I had found such a spot, perhaps a mile ahead, when General Meade again came swiftly up and said to me gruffly: "Did n't I tell you to let that artillery pass your train?" "Yes," said I, "and I have just found a spot suitable to turn into." "Well," said he, "you may go ahead—that fellow don't know where he wants to go with his artillery." I

felt much relieved, for not a team of mine had turned out. The poor officer referred to by him had the whole or a portion of the artillery of the Third Corps, which for some reason had been sent to our ford to cross, and, of course, he wished to find his corps rather than follow us. Pretty soon we heard a heavy engagement on our right, which occurred upon the Third Corps' encountering the enemy. Very soon shots were heard ahead of us, and soon after at about noon I put my ambulances in the fields just behind Robertson's Tavern. Riding up on the crest at the tavern I saw our corps engaged in a brisk skirmish with the enemy, who were posted on the other side of Mine Run, and I think the skirmish almost deserved the name of a battle, though I am not certain whether our line of battle became engaged with musketry. The tavern stood on a crest from which we looked down to Mine Run, and I could see our lines advancing into the woods and our skirmishers firing briskly. Colonel Carroll, who commanded a brigade in our 3d Division, showed us his cape with thirty-one bullet holes in it, seventeen of which were made here. I rode down to the vicinity of our skirmish line close upon the Run, to look after the removal of some wounded, and I found the bullets flying uncomfortably thick.

As I came up to Robertson's Tavern I happened to be close to General Meade as he delivered a message to a staff officer of General French, who had made his way from that officer with news of his movements. General Meade was very angry, and told the officer in no polished terms to tell General French to come to him as quickly as possible, as he had gone entirely wrong.

We skirmished away all day here, and the next day our lines were moved close to the Run and there was a good deal of firing from infantry and artillery, but it ended in no attack of any moment. The fact was, as we understood it, General French had diverged from the road he should have taken after crossing the ford, and instead of avoiding the right wing of the rebel army which was at a distance from the left wing and joining with us in sur-

prising the right wing and its left flank, he had run head foremost into that right wing near its left flank; and although with severe fighting he forced his way to us, yet the enemy, fully apprised of our intentions, had concentrated in front of us in a strong line at Mine Run, and when General French reached us we found the enemy too strong for us.

I think it was the next day after reaching Mine Run that we found ourselves moving rapidly away to our left from Robertson's Tavern, and learned that in consequence of the report of the cavalry that several miles up the Run the enemy's line could be taken in flank, General Meade had put two divisions of General French's corps and one of the Sixth Corps under General Warren, and directed him with these and his own corps to move rapidly to the point designated by the cavalry and there assault the enemy or turn his flank, and he was to cut loose from the rest of the army to do this, leaving several miles between us and it. Our advance brigade under Colonel Miles struck the enemy in small force before nightfall and made short work of him, and we came by one or more of the rebel dead beside the road. We had come into one of the main roads leading across the branches which join to form Mine Run, and our headquarters were pitched in a wood beside it after dark. This road was parallel to and the next one west of that leading by Robertson's Tavern. It was a very cold night and Brownson, Bingham, and I rolled into our blankets together for warmth. We were roused long before daylight and took our breakfast, and as we sat around a bright fire with General Warren, waiting for the coming of light, he told us of the assault we were to make and said, "If I succeed to-day I shall be the greatest man in the army; if I don't, all my sins will be remembered." We were informed that he was to assault with the six divisions under his command in one hour after our troops at Robertson's Tavern had opened fire with their artillery, which they were to do at an early hour (4 or 5 A.M., I think).

Just as twilight was glimmering we rode with the general down to

the lines, and as light dawned we took in the whole situation. Our six divisions were in line, each regiment massed, the right division resting on the road before spoken of. Our line was partly in a meadow, and the left was on rising ground. In this meadow, in front of our line, a little stream ran parallel to it, capable of being jumped, which was one of the branches of, if not the head of, Mine Run. Beyond this stream the land rose gently, and up the slope about four hundred yards were the enemy's works. Our skirmishers were within a stone's throw of the enemy's, but they disdained to fire on ours and ours were equally silent. The enemy seemed to be quite willing to have us make all preparations for the assault, and with good reason, for their works commanded a slope which could not have been improved for defense. They were breast high and apparently very thick. We counted sixteen pieces of artillery in front of two of our divisions, and there were plenty of men all in readiness for us. Some of them sat in front of the works lazily looking at us, and we saw their generals moving, mounted, with their staffs behind the works. We had seen steeper slopes and more rugged ground between us and the enemy and had seen them fully prepared for our attacks before, but certainly we never had made ready to charge a more formidable position. At Fredericksburg I think the artillery could not have hit our men if they once had reached the foot of the heights, but here infantry and artillery would have fair shooting until we reached the muzzles of the guns. Our men, who had been instructed that they were to charge, were piling their knapsacks on the ground that they might be unencumbered in the charge, and were pinning slips of paper with their names written on them to their blouses. I never saw a sight which was more impressive, as characterizing the intelligent volunteer soldiers of our army, who could be entrusted with the knowledge of the dangers they were to encounter and in cool blood voice their determination to do their whole duty by labeling their bodies for the grave-diggers.

General Warren indicated a hill, about fifty yards in rear of the

center of the line, as his post in the action, and we of the staff noted that not only was it within easy range of the enemy's guns, but there was a battery posted on it so that we should have a fine fire on us. We were to be dispatched, one to each division commander, all at the same moment with the order to charge. With these facts before us we followed the general to the hill, and, dismounting, lay with our bridles on our arms, waiting for the time to come. I had made proper disposition of my ambulances and expected to be one of those dispatched to the division commanders.

The hour for the opening by the artillery at Robertson's Tavern arrived and we heard nothing for an hour more, and then it opened with a great noise. As sixty minutes had about flown we anxiously consulted our watches, but we might have spared ourselves the trouble, for when the hour had come no one stirred, and in half an hour, after looking about to see how the general looked, I found he had gone, and believing nothing was to be done for the present I went to the rear to look after my train. As I struck the road before mentioned, I encountered General Meade riding to the front, looking as savage as any one could, accompanied by a few of his staff. They were riding hard, and had come across from Robertson's Tavern without escort, I conclude. There was an unlucky ordnance train in the road, which was much nearer the line of battle than it ought to have been, and as the general met me, he exploded thus, "What's this train here for? Your train's always in the way!" I had him at odds, and replied that it was not my train. "Whose is it?" he demanded. "I don't know." I might have directed him to one whom I had seen in charge of it, but I would not get him into a scrape, and General Meade's manner was not such as to make me very communicative on matters which did n't concern me. He rode on to the front.

I afterwards learned that General Warren had on his own authority determined not to charge and had so sent word to General Meade, and that the latter was riding to meet him when I encountered him here. I was told that General Warren offered to

charge if General Meade would tell him to, which General Meade declined to do. He also expressed himself as disappointed in the extreme that General Warren had not charged, and, refusing to look at the position, directed a retreat. Some one also told me that at the time appointed for our charge old General French, whose divisions General Meade had given to Warren to accomplish what he accused French of preventing in the first place by his blunder, taunted General Meade with "Where are your young Napoleon's guns; why does n't he open?" And as General Meade had not only hoped to change a futile attempt into a victory, but had also, in a very significant way, indicated his confidence in Warren and his want of confidence in French, the silence of the former's guns must have been particularly mortifying to him; I do not wonder that he was raging as he rode to meet Warren, who theretofore had been his favorite. General Warren was a man who was at the same time a brilliant and ambitious soldier and one who was always ready to set up his own judgment against that of his superior officers, and this failing was what, I suppose, at the very end of his brilliant career in the field brought him into disgrace, or at least deprived him of any of the credit of the splendid victory at Five Forks; but on this occasion his independence waited on, and his ambition gave way to, his humanity, and in my estimation his boldness was greater than it would have been if he had charged that formidable position. In command of nearly one half the army, the youngest major-general in it, with the hopes of General Meade resting upon his action, when to do nothing was almost as bad as a defeat; with such orders that the responsibility of defeat would have rested wholly or in great measure on General Meade; with a command full of courage, and believing that he would be the greatest man in the army, if he succeeded, he, as he afterwards said in my hearing, when he rode along his lines on that frigid morning and saw the enemy's position, thought of the wounded who were frozen at Fredericksburg and determined that he would not risk a defeat.

We lay in front of the enemy all day and that night effected a retreat in good order across the river at Germania Ford. Such had been the encounters of our corps that my ambulances were full of wounded, several hundred in number. Soon after we crossed the river I found the road occupied by wagon trains, the masters of which would not make way for me, though it was all-important that we should get our wounded quickly to camp. So I drew out into the fields and moving with greater rapidity passed them and got into the roads ahead. I heard no complaints from the wounded, but my conscience has sometimes since made me fear that the roughness of the fields caused more suffering than the delay would have if we had kept the road. The ascent from the ford which we crossed on our side was made easy by the best corduroy road I ever saw. It was constructed of sticks from one to two or three inches in diameter, and was as smooth as a good road could be, and was a great aid, as the bank rose at an angle of near forty-five degrees for perhaps seventy-five yards.

We bivouacked near our late camp and once near Stevensburg, I think, and finally drew up about two miles from that village, where we went into camp for the winter. The troops went busily to making log walls for their huts and roofing them with their shelter tents. The sound of a thousand axes rang through the frosty air each day, and pine and oak forests melted before them, and as they disappeared, the hills which they had crowned were serried with the streets of our camps arranged in military precision; and seen through the air, hazy with the smoke of innumerable camp-fires, these villages of huts, whose walls were the bark of the newly fallen trees and whose roofs were white canvas, afforded a picturesque spectacle. Our headquarters were established at the house of a planter who once, after the Virginian style, was a patron of horse-races and cock-fights, and carried his family for the summer to the Sulphur Springs with the profits of his many cultivated acres, but at this time his slaves, for the most part, had taken their freedom and left him. His farm wore a desolate aspect,

and he kept rather a poverty-stricken establishment in a great square house, with a door on each face, and numerous outbuildings for servants, cattle, and farm products. His larder was very poor, as we learned, and he and his family sat at General Warren's mess table without difficulty, which hospitality the general exercised as a recompense for occupying several rooms in the house — for his and Colonel Morgan's sleeping-rooms, their dining-room, and kitchen. I say they ate of the general's salt without difficulty, because they were rebels through and through; at least, so said the daughter, a young woman of twenty-two or three, whom I first saw when I rode into the yard at our first coming, engaged in rather rustic badinage with one of our staff, who, like myself, was a newcomer. A sloping sward in front of the house, with a pleasant exposure, was selected for the tents of the staff, and there we speedily made ourselves comfortable. In a day or two after we came here some of us quite envied Captain Bingham's lot, for he was selected by the general to take the headquarters wagon and go over to Stevensburg to get another young lady to visit the one before mentioned, whose wish for her company the general kindly gratified in this manner. We could not learn from Bingham that his drive was romantic, though we chaffed him after seeing him bring back a plump and rosy young lady.

That night a number of us were congregated in one of the tents, playing cards, when the general came in, and in a jocular way said, "Come, I want two of you young fellows to come into the house and entertain the ladies." The young fellows were all put upon their expectations, but were too delicate to volunteer, perhaps, and the general, after looking around the tent, said, "Come, Bingham, and you, Livermore." I displayed no torpidity in response to this invitation, neither did Bingham, and donning our best uniforms, we went into the best room of the house, where I was introduced to the fair ones. An old piano, much out of tune, enabled the ladies to attack the difficulties of several well-worn pieces or songs when they became sufficiently affable to call upon the muse for our

entertainment, but for a long time they amused their company by the most violent rebel sentiments and taunts concerning our defeats. These, coming from women, and particularly from those whom we had been summoned by our commander to entertain, we managed to hear without resenting by retorts in kind, and finally these bellicose females evinced signs of being more ironical to us in theory than in reality, and I am not sure that we did not act upon a hint which General Warren proffered. He came into the room and found us in rather frigid attitudes, and with that familiarity which the commander of a corps and the dispenser of bounty could assume said, "Come, young gentlemen; how do you get along? Why have n't you your arms around them?" These young ladies may have looked horrified at this, but it broke the ice for us, and, as above intimated, I do not know but it reconciled them to us so far as to allow us to capture these rebels in arms.

In a few days from our going into camp here, there came to General Warren, from army headquarters, a request from Colonel Hapgood, who was in command of our regiment, that I should be ordered to return to duty with it. The regiment had, after remaining several months in Concord, New Hampshire, gone to Point Lookout, Maryland, where it was engaged in the duty of guarding the rebel prisoners there collected.

General Warren sent for me and, showing me the request, said that it was in accordance with the rules of the army that each department must furnish its own detailed staff officers, and that, as my regiment was in another department, he felt obliged to respond to this request by relieving me from duty with him to report to my regiment. This I could not fail to see was in accordance with General Warren's duty, and I made no attempt to alter his decision and prepared to go. I was not sorry to leave the office of chief of ambulances, for I had long disliked it, because however much I might go into the battles, those who did not know that I did go under fire looked upon me, or I fancied they looked

upon me, as a sort of hospital man who did not go under fire, and I did not relish this reputation. I had hoped in some way to change my position on the staff, but as there was no opening to do so, I was not altogether sorry to leave, though I did regret very much the giving up the staff and the presence of the enemy, for my company and a prison pen to watch. And I was indignant, too, with Colonel Hapgood, for thus removing me from the field, after I had relinquished home duty with the regiment in order to stay in the field.

I did not feel certain that General Warren regretted at all the necessity of sending me to my regiment, because I had been obliged to call the attention of the authorities at army headquarters to his neglect to furnish the number of men to the ambulance corps which general orders required, and I may have incurred his displeasure at other times; and possibly he, too, did not esteem a man who was content to be an ambulance officer, though this is not probable, as he had used me, at my desire, more than once under fire, and I believe, in fact, never discriminated between me and others before the enemy or in the field. I had a feeling that he and I were not friends, or rather that he was indifferent toward me, notwithstanding I believed he knew I did my duty well; but I have just related a mark of favor on his part toward me, and sometimes, when we were bivouacked on the march and sat about our campfire in front of the tents, he would ask me to sing two or three simple songs which I knew, and he was familiar enough with all of us. He used to play cards for stakes with us, and at this last camp I was standing by the table where he was playing and he was so much the loser that he borrowed twenty dollars of me. This familiarity on his part was indiscreet in him (although we liked him none the less for it), and just before I left he got into a dispute with Colonel Morgan at the card table and, becoming enraged at contradiction, told the latter that he would not stand it, that he ranked him both in the Regular Army and in the Volunteers, and he (Colonel Morgan) should pay him due respect.

Whereupon Colonel Morgan, who was as courageous as a lion, though very quiet, replied that when General Warren condescended to play cards with his staff, he laid aside his rank, and that he should treat him as an equal then.

The members of our staff were very good men and I regretted leaving them, and especially my mess. Of it Dr. Dougherty was a very fat and good-natured man, learned in medicine and literature, and an inveterate punster. His wife was his great admiration, and he showed us her picture, which proved her a very good-looking lady, and used to read us choice passages from her letters, which he lauded as the production of an extraordinary woman. He wore the same suit of clothes as long as I was with him, and much longer, as I have heard, and smoked a meerschaum pipe, which he often filled. His face was fair and much covered with a full light-brown beard, and his blue eyes would twinkle with humor.

Lieutenant Haskell had been a lawyer in Wisconsin and was a graduate of Dartmouth College. He was over six feet tall and had red hair and beard and high cheek-bones, which, with a shrewd and argumentative cast of countenance, reminded one of a Scotchman; and his bent did not belie his face, for he was very fond of argufying, which he did in a ponderous bass voice and with great good-nature. Captain Brownson was another tall one —over six feet. He was a son of the Reverend Orestes A. Brownson, the editor of the "Quarterly Review." Captain Brownson was a well-educated man and of an argumentative turn, and although perhaps not as broadly good-natured in his ways as Haskell, yet of a thoroughly good heart. He and I occupied the same tent for a long time and formed a lasting friendship. Dr. Le Baron Monroe was from Massachusetts.

Dr. Dougherty was from New Jersey and Brownson from New York. Monroe was a little man, a graduate of Harvard College, and had such a good opinion of his State, his college, Boston, and himself, as well as his arguments, which he vented

with a snap, that we called him, after Dr. Holmes's character in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," "Little Boston." These four gentlemen were fond of whist and played together, and, being brought much together at the whist and mess tables, had animated arguments on various philosophical, social, and moral questions, and sometimes "Little Boston" would become so enraged at the grave sarcasm of Haskell as to fairly wish to assault him. I recollect once hearing him break out in a threat to do some violence to Haskell, when the latter looked down on him from his towering height and, smiling sweetly, said, "Now you would n't, Doctor?"

But blows were never resorted to and our mess table for the most part was very pleasant. These four men were much older than myself, Captain Brownson, the youngest, being, I should say, nearly thirty; and I think I did not venture much into metaphysical questions with them, but no doubt there were plenty of subjects for me to talk upon, and probably I held my own in anecdotes, and the rest were friendly enough with me. At these table talks, Haskell and Brownson would fulminate their propositions at the rest. Monroe would dart his rejoinders thick and fast, and the old doctor, while taking part in the discussions, would every little while seize his opportunity to make a pun or tell a good story which would set us all laughing and cause him to shake "like a bowl full of jelly." This was too pleasant a mess to leave without regret, and the fortune of war was such that I never saw but two of them afterwards, the old doctor, who is alive now, I believe (October 13, 1872), and Captain Brownson, who met a soldier's death soon after I met him again. I do not know what has become of Monroe, and poor Haskell, having been made colonel of the 36th Wisconsin Volunteers, was killed while commanding that regiment in the Wilderness the following spring. Old General Hayes, who is now major of the 5th United States Artillery, and in command of Fort Independence in this harbor, asked me, last summer, to name over the officers who com-

posed his staff while he commanded the Second Corps. I told him Haskell was dead, and said he, "Is he? I saw that a Colonel Haskell was killed, and wondered if it was our old Haskell. He got into trouble by shooting an officer and he ought not to have done it, but I liked him and took him on my staff."

CHAPTER XXIX

I MADE up all necessary papers, turned over public property in my hands, bade good-bye to my friends, and before light one morning galloped away with my boy Charlie to the nearest railroad station, gave my good black horse to an orderly to lead back, and took the cars for Washington. I found I had lost my pocket-book containing the small balance of money remaining after paying bills, and had to borrow of an acquaintance on the train. I passed the Rappahannock and the country between it and Alexandria for the last time, and once more put up at Willard's Hotel in Washington. Some one coming from Second Corps Headquarters handed me my pocket-book, which had been found in the best room of the house at headquarters, where it had escaped from my pocket while calling on the young lady of the house, and this incident was the source of a good deal of fun which was perpetrated at my expense among my friends of the staff.

After a day or two I took steamer for Point Lookout, where I arrived in due season. There is a peninsula about a mile in length and half a mile wide at the broadest part, at the southern point of which the Potomac River empties into Chesapeake Bay, and which is joined to the mainland by an isthmus three or four rods wide. This peninsula or point is Point Lookout, and here, in a salubrious atmosphere, was built a hospital and a prison for rebel prisoners. This point and the mainland for some distance was included in the military "District of St. Mary's" and was under the command of Brigadier-General Marston, of New Hampshire, who had under him the 2d, 5th, and 12th New Hampshire Volunteers, a battery, and a squadron of cavalry, to guard the prisoners. Here I found my regiment encamped on the water's edge of Chesapeake Bay, in what was called Camp Cross, a very

good picture of which I have. It occupied Sibley tents, which, seven to a company, were arranged in a Spanish camp, each five companies forming one of two sides of a square, the field and staff tents occupying a third side, and the fourth being vacant except for the guardhouse, which stood in the center. This square was large enough to drill the regiment in deployment of column. The tents had been floored with boards and the work of elevating them on stockades, already begun, was finished soon after I joined. When I left the staff, I had resolved to quit playing cards for stakes, but the first night I was in this camp, to overcome the lonesomeness or *ennui* of my new situation, I joined a game of "bluff" which was being played, and lost $216 or thereabouts. Of course, I was obliged to play afterwards to win this much back, and although succeeding but indifferently, I kept on playing and never again quit until I took command of the 18th New Hampshire. The result of this was that sometimes I did not have money to spend which I wished for, but I doubt if it prevented saving money, for I, with the shortest foresight, was willing to spend all, thinking that very likely I should be killed and that no one needed my savings.

I found that with five hundred men there were three field officers, a full staff, and about twenty-five company officers on duty, and it seemed to me that Colonel Hapgood had no need of my services which warranted him in applying for my return, at least without consulting me; but he may have been actuated by the pardonable desire to command as many officers as possible, and, as I have said, and told him when he greeted me as before related, I did not care to remain in my position in the Second Corps.

Probably not half of the men of the regiment were those who had belonged when I left it, and the balance were chiefly substitutes for drafted men, who for the most part had sold themselves without patriotism or a desire to do their duty as soldiers. My company had a large number of these men in it, and I at once devoted myself to training them in the ways they ought to go. The

regiment had had, first and last, enough of these men to make it eight hundred or a thousand strong, but they had deserted all the way from Concord to this camp, and were still doing so as opportunity was afforded. My company had lost a dozen or so, but I am rather proud of the fact that but one deserted after I joined it, and he, after being captured and suffering the punishment I imposed upon him, never attempted desertion again.

My lieutenants were both on duty with the company, and my first sergeant was McCrillis, who had once before held that office. With their aid I imparted a good degree of discipline to the company, and it was, if not the best, one of the best-drilled companies in the regiment before I left it. I not only drilled the company, but I insisted on personal cleanliness in the men and rigorously inspected the quarters. I also visited the cook's tent frequently and prescribed a bill of fare to be served to the men which afforded variety and profit.

When we had fairly got settled into winter quarters here, we had a very pleasant round of duty and pleasure combined. The former consisted of guard duty and drills. Each regiment at the post furnished a proportionate number of men for the guard of the prisoners, who reported to a provost marshal who had charge of the prison. Besides this, we had the camp guards. We captains served as regimental officers of the day and I think field officers of the day. In the former capacity we had charge of the order of the regimental camp day and night for twenty-four hours, and in the latter we had a like charge of the whole post, and in both cases visited our guards about the middle of the night as well as during daylight. We usually drilled by companies two hours in the forenoon, and by regiment two hours in the afternoon. The company officers attended a school in tactics and regulations in the evening, held by a field officer.

The prison here consisted of an area of twenty or thirty acres (I speak from a vague recollection), enclosed by a strong board fence fifteen or twenty feet high, around which on the outside a

ledge was fixed about three feet below the top, on which ledge a chain of sentries walked day and night, each back and forth on a short beat. Inside the yard there were houses in which cooking was done and meals were served, and a multitude of tents sufficient to cover the ten thousand prisoners confined there. One side of the yard was on the bay at the water's edge and the prisoners had ample opportunity to bathe here. They were well fed and grew fat if they chose to observe the laws of health, and when their clothes were worn out they were supplied from United States stores. There was a close watch kept on them and escapes were very infrequent, but I never heard of their being treated with cruelty, and altogether there could not be a more violent contrast than that between their treatment and condition and those of our unfortunate men who were in the hands of the rebels.

Once, two or three of them, on a cold, stormy night, got out of the yard and waded in the shallow water of the bay clear by our camps before they were discovered, when they were badly chilled.

These prisoners whittled and carved many rings and trinkets in wood and gutta-percha, which they sold, as well as pretty fans, and with the money they so procured, as well as with that they were fortunate enough to bring or receive from friends, they were free to buy luxuries of a sutler who kept a store for them opening into the yard. Once there was a rumor that a plot was in existence for the escape of a number; whereupon they were all turned out of their tents and we searched their quarters thoroughly, finding nothing more suspicious than a few (two or three) crazy boats made of such boards as they could make from boxes.

Our pleasures at this camp were many. The climate was mild, and our proximity to the water was very agreeable in the genial winter days when we enjoyed the air and watched the numerous sail which passed up and down the bay. We had a boat rigged with a sail in which we sometimes made little voyages, and used to get the most delicious oysters from oyster boats anchored in the coves.

One evening Captain Butler and several other officers and I took the boat and with several of Captain Butler's men for a crew started out on the bay. The wind died down and the men took the oars. Presently we saw a brig, three or four miles out, moving slowly up the bay, and, the spirit of adventure being upon us, we promised the men to board her and get some whiskey if they caught her. So, laying to heartily, they brought us alongside, and we, inventing some shabby excuse about hunting for deserters, boarded her, or at least made fast. The captain responded to our request for spirits with some whiskey, which the men drank, and we offered to pay for, but he refused to take pay and we cast off.

By this time a brisk breeze had sprung up and darkness had settled upon the water so that we could not see land, but hoisting our sail, we made for a light which we took to be that of the light-house at the extremity of Point Lookout. The wind cracked us along at a fine gait, and we rapidly neared the light and almost were run down by a vessel in whose rigging the light was, and to those on board of which we were invisible, as we had no light. We were sailing right across her course and she passed not a stone's throw in front of us. We then made for another light which we thought surely must be on land, and again narrowly escaped a vessel which bore it. We repeated this again, and finally became suspicious of all lights, and we bounded on over the waves at a cracking pace at a venture for a bearing point. We finally made up our minds that our course was too much to the north and directed the man who steered to veer to the south, but he and the others who were sailors seemed determined to bear up the bay, and whether for the sake of annoying us or in the hope of striking the shore above our lines, and thereby finding a chance to desert, they persisted in it until we evinced anger, at which the head of the boat fell away to the south, and we had not sailed ten minutes when our camp rose suddenly out of the darkness in front of us, and in a true sense we were borne clear upon the beach by the great waves, and gladly saw the end of our foolish adventure.

Those in camp were so alarmed at our absence as to prepare to light a bonfire as a beacon for us.

We used to ride into the country for ten or twenty miles, where we sometimes met with hospitality from the country gentlemen in the shape of bumpers from the decanters which used to grace the sideboards in their halls, and sometimes entertained ourselves at a little tavern called "The Pines." On Christmas or New Year's some officer gave a dinner here at which one of the prominent dishes was roast opossum or "coon," I forget which; at any rate, it was like young pig in taste, and good.

The original and reckless Captain —— rode his horse into the bar-room of the tavern and not only took a drink himself, but also gave his horse spirits in a basin. This madcap also took a pleasure ride of forty miles out and back, swimming his horse over the inlets where a bridge was not handy, and once he and Major Larkin were racing on the road to "The Pines." —— being behind, and spurring to reach the front, Larkin's horse fell and ——'s horse fell over him, throwing the latter over a fence and hurting him so that he was obliged to lie in a house near by all night, after which he rode nonchalantly into camp. We used to tell him that we believed it was a girl in the house, which circumstance made him so ill he could n't come home. Once we attended a country dance given at a house which we reached by riding some rough roads in the night. The damsels were of the rather poor whites of the region, and what few charms of figure they had were deformed by their limp, ill-fitting gowns, and their faces had no charms. The ball consisted of one cotillion at a time in a small room, to the music of one or two fiddles, and drinks on the part of the swains in another room. The little cupids know that these females displayed no graces which could lead us to do battle for their possession, but we dared the scowling beaux of the country (worse looking than the girls) and took partners in order to experience the full glory of the occasion.

There were some gunboats stationed behind the Point, and with

the officers thereof we sometimes made merry. Once the captain of one of them went to "The Pines" with us, mounted on a buckskin-colored horse of the 2d Regiment which was accustomed to halt suddenly at unseasonable times. We were riding at full gallop when buckskin came to a full stop without warning, and the captain was carried up in the vicinity of the beast's ears; he clung on as if he had hold of his ship's rigging in a gale and cried out, "Avast, there! whoever heard of casting anchor under full headway?"

This same captain (I forget his name) invited Captain Butler and myself to dine with him aboard his vessel. We greatly enjoyed his snug cabin and neat table, and he apologized for having no whiskey, saying it was against the regulations to have it aboard ship, but that he had some "navy wine" which he could offer us, whereupon Captain Butler, who had no liking for whiskey, took a long pull at the flask and, making an awful face, swallowed a mouthful of whiskey, for such the tar was pleased to call his "navy wine." We did not spare poor Butler for this.

Ricker had an enlisted man whom he employed as a cook. He was a Prussian, who spoke several languages, wrote a fine hand, was a good soldier, and was, withal, an ingenious and skillful cook, and he preferred to practice in this character best of all. Ricker filled his larder with a liberal hand, and his table was, I think, the best in the regiment. My mess, composed of my two lieutenants and myself, was very well served, however. Our cook was a native of New Hampshire, but he filled this position to our satisfaction, and such was the abundance and variety of our provisions that his plain cooking sufficed to give us an excellent bill of fare. We had, of course, our good ration coffee, sugar, beef, beans, potatoes, and dried vegetables. The sutler brought us good butter and cheese; the country people brought us fresh eggs, fowl at fifty cents each, turkeys, and milk; and the oystermen gave us oysters at fifty cents a gallon or bushel. Ricker was disposed to be hospitable, and I have known him to ride into camp after midnight, upon his return from some frolic, and call

for his cook and order him to prepare what he was pleased to call supper, and when it was on the table to come into our tent and insist upon our joining him at his meal.

The officers of the other regiments gave and received hospitalities with us. In the 12th Regiment they had some large tents put together and floored, which served as a dancing-hall on occasions when they, with the ladies of both regiments (the wives of the officers), reinforced by our officers and their wives, danced with much vigor until a late hour. The men of our regiment constructed a very good house, the walls of which were logs placed on end in the ground, side by side, matched at the edges, projecting ten feet or so above ground, and hewn smoothly on the inner faces. One large room with two small ones at the entrance took up the entire interior, and these rooms were nicely floored and papered. The large room served as a chapel, as a lodge for the Freemasons in the regiment (officers and men), and as a dance-hall, and it was put to the latter use very frequently. I gave a dance to the officers and ladies of the regiments on my own account once, which proved a great success, as much from the good "refreshments" as anything else, for I had coffee for all, whiskey for those who liked stronger drink (the males, of course), excellent oyster stew, and some cake, which was so artistic and good that the ladies thought I had got it in Baltimore, but which, in fact, was made in camp by Ricker's cook. With the flour, sugar, and eggs to be had there, and some canned fruits, he had constructed several large cakes beautifully "frosted," and ornamented on the frosting with layers of fruit in symmetrical array.

The routine of duty at the Point was broken once during the winter by an expedition into Northumberland County. My impression is that a detail from several companies of my regiment, formed into two, went, but it may be that a number of our companies went. At any rate, I was in command of one company, whatever its composition. There were portions of the 2d and 12th Regiments along also. The object of our expedition was said to be

the breaking up of a force of rebels at Heathville, the county seat. We embarked on some gunboats in the morning, and crossing the Potomac we entered an inlet or creek northeast of the town and pushed up through the ice a mile or two to a landing. The ice was new — an unbroken sheet — and our steamers, cutting a clean path through it, left it on each side so firm that an officer of a gunboat skated along beside the boat. Landing at a rude wharf, near which were two or three houses, we marched to the town, that was several miles distant. It was toward midnight as we approached it, and when within half a mile my company, among others, was deployed as skirmishers with instructions to move into the town without firing, making prisoners of the enemy if possible. Of course, we regarded the possibilities of this adventure with a good deal of interest, and I did my best to make our advance as stealthy as that of Indians. We effected an entrance into the streets without a shot, and at length found ourselves masters of the town without a prisoner excepting an invalid officer who was at home recruiting his health. I doubt if there was an armed rebel in the place that day. If there was he had like an Arab "folded his tent and stolen away" so silently that we heard nothing of him.

When we halted I found myself near a good-looking house around which my company bivouacked for the night. I, with my officers, was hospitably received by the elderly mistress of the house, and we lay on her carpet before an open fire the rest of the night. She had a son who was an officer on one of our men-of-war, and this, as well as her kindly conduct, induced me to be especially vigilant to prevent her henroosts and beehives from being despoiled, which mild pillaging I would not punish my men for if exercised on the premises of our enemies. I was obliged to punish one of my men who stole some of her honey on the morning following.

The next day we marched southward to another landing. The men on the march straggled considerably for the purpose of

bagging poultry at the houses, and it was amusing to witness the exertions of General Marston in riding after them to drive them into the ranks, instead of repressing their disorderly conduct in a dignified way by his guards and calling the company officers to account for their absence from the ranks.

I think we camped one night near the place of embarkation and went aboard the gunboats the next day. There was considerable live-stock, feathered and four-legged, carried away with us, but some one tried to take the horse of the before-mentioned rebel officer aboard, but was prevented by those in charge. Seeing this I captured him when abandoned, and one of my men endeavored to take him aboard, but was also prevented. This I understood to be done by General Marston's order at the instance of the rebel officer, and I was at a loss to understand that respect for his property which discriminated it from that of numerous country people not soldiers and at the same time deprived me of a good horse, but of course I had nothing to say and relinquished the animal. We arrived in camp without incident.

I profited by the exertions of my boy Charlie, who captured and brought with us a cock and eight hens alive, and I established a hencoop and thenceforward had eight eggs or so a day from my flock, which I depleted from time to time by killing and eating a hen that had lost her interest in producing eggs, and filled again by purchasing a new hen which would lay. We had been without a chaplain since little Ransom had left us, and it was thought wise by some to get another. Ricker and I, disgusted with our previous chaplain, opposed it in the meeting of the officers (who had the election of the chaplain), but the majority being in favor of having one, a private soldier named Dean, who had, in civil life, been a preacher, was elected, and until the regiment was mustered out filled the place to the satisfaction of all.

As winter wore away and rumors of the coming campaign reached us, Colonel Cross, Captains Butler and Ricker, and others

earnestly desired to be ordered to the field in order to take part in it, for as General Grant had been promoted to Lieutenant-General, and with the most exalted reputation had come from the scene of his victories in the West to Washington, and, as it was said, proposed to direct in person the operations against Richmond, we confidently expected it would be the last campaign of the Army of the Potomac. Some of the staff of General Hancock also corresponded with me, with relation to bringing the regiment into his corps again, for the general held us in very high estimation, and I was assured by this correspondence of his desire and efforts to get us back. But these aspirations of ours were not responded to by Colonel Hapgood and a considerable number of officers under him, who preferred to remain where we were, some because they had their wives there, who of course were not for war, some because they loved ease more than the country's good, and some, perhaps, who did not court danger, to put it mildly; but I am glad to say that at this moment I do not recollect an officer who, however he might regret leaving ease and peace, flinched in the face of the enemy.

I fear that the presence of the wives in camp had a bad influence on their husbands' martial spirit, and indeed I do not believe half the women of our country would have urged their husbands to the field in similar circumstances.

Partly from this difference of opinion respecting going to the front and partly from a dissimilarity of tastes, the officers withdrew socially into several knots, and I must confess that for the most part the knot who were for war were rather dissipated when off duty. I recall some nights when Colonel Hapgood did not venture to visit tents in which there was more revelry than was consistent with sobriety, and I retain in mind a picture the frame of which was my tent and the details of which were an atmosphere blue with tobacco smoke, through which could be seen a dozen or twenty officers singing, joking, shouting, and laughing and making speeches, with steaming and foaming cups in their hands,

two or three fiddlers and cornet players playing away, as it were, for dear life; servants dodging to and fro, and a flask of ale conveniently elevated and spouting forth the creamiest of ale (indeed, when the faucet was put in, it spouted ale all over the tent for some time), and at a late hour an amused circle around Le Roy Heath, a tipsy and brave bugler, one of the fiddlers, who was sneezing prodigiously by reason of pepper or snuff which my mischievous boy Charlie threw in his face and which he was too tipsy to see.

Mrs. Hapgood's humanity very materially interfered with military discipline on one occasion in such a way as to hurt Colonel H.'s reputation in the opinion of at least two captains. The deserter from my company of whom I have spoken was caught with one from Ricker's company. They were both substitutes of a low order morally and were incorrigible, but had good bodies with which to make food for powder. The usual course was to send deserters to the post guardhouse and then prefer charges against them and have them tried, when they were sentenced to death. But scores of men had gone through this and were still in the guardhouse after months of delay, resulting from the necessary approval of the President or Secretary of War of their sentences; and from time to time these fellows, bribing their friends who stood guard over them, escaped, to repeat their enlistment and desertion in some other regiment. Indeed, one man who had deserted from my company had enlisted in New Hampshire again, had been sent to one of the other regiments at this post, had been recognized and tried, and had escaped from the guardhouse, and was not executed until after I left the regiment again.

This state of affairs had not only deprived courts-martial of much of their effect, but it also detained men, who were eventually to suffer a less penalty than death, from duty for months in idleness which they enjoyed, with constantly occurring opportunities for escape. Therefore, it was agreed between Colonel Hapgood and Captain Ricker and me that the latter and I should inflict punish-

ment on these two men, Colonel Hapgood promising, as an inducement to us, that he would not interfere with our punishing.

Ricker and I, to give the matter as dignified an aspect as possible, had these men brought before us, and heard the evidence against them and what they had to say, which was nothing in their favor, as they had suffered no ill-treatment; at least, I can say positively my man had not suffered any. We then sentenced them to be shackled to each other by a hand and foot and to walk twelve hours a day for thirty days before the sentry at the guardhouse, carrying each a knapsack with thirty pounds weight of stones in it, and to remain shackled day and night and live on bread and water during the thirty days. This punishment would seem cruel to one who had not seen what these rascals could endure with indifference, but in fact it was calculated to have no evil effect on them and to be sufficiently severe from its monotony and wearisomeness to deter them from ever risking its infliction again.

They went at it and walked a week or two, when a severe storm came on which we thought especially good for their discipline; but Mrs. Hapgood, whose windows looked out on the guardhouse, thought otherwise, and down came an order from Colonel Hapgood to us to let them stop until the storm was over. Next Mrs. Hapgood's religious prejudices were shocked by seeing them walk on Sunday, and we were ordered to let them rest on Sunday, and finally at the end of twenty-two or three days Mrs. Hapgood caused the cessation of their punishment, regardless of our wishes and the promise of Colonel Hapgood.

When I heard that General Grant was coming to the field of operations around Richmond, I wrote to the Honorable E. B. Washburne, M.C. from Galena, and upon the score of my father's acquaintance with the latter and my knowledge of the country around Richmond, I asked him, if General Grant designed forming a staff in the East, to procure my appointment to it. Mr. Washburne replied that General Grant would bring his staff from the West and he did not think there was an opening.

In January a circumstance occurred which indicated that my exertions and wishes respecting getting the regiment into the field were not agreeable to Colonel Hapgood, for to no other person could I ascribe it. I was ordered January 27, 1864, to take command of the prisoners of war who were taking the oath of allegiance in large numbers, and when physically able were enlisting in the United States service. I had no friends at General Marston's headquarters, whence this order emanated, for I was unacquainted there, and as Colonel Hapgood made no objection to my going, it must have been upon his recommendation that I was removed from my regiment which he had taken the means before related to get me ordered to. I found upon my hands, encamped near the prison, nearly a thousand dirty, enfranchised prisoners who were reinforced by enough to make fifteen hundred before long. They were examined by a surgeon, and those found unfit for service, some five or six hundred, were sent North and set free, and of the remainder a few enlisted in the navy, leaving about seven hundred who enlisted in the army, and these, as they came to me from time to time, I formed into seven companies of a regiment.

As soon as it had been explained to me that I was to organize and encamp a regiment, I selected a camping-ground near the 5th Regiment, but some staff officer induced the general to order me to camp in another spot, which he afterwards saw the folly of, when in a high storm the sea broke into the camp. However, in fine weather the camp was a pleasant one. It was on the beach of the Chesapeake about a quarter of a mile north of the 5th Regiment, facing the road and near to the water. I was provided with good tents, and by clearing the ground of stumps made good streets and parade ground. The first thing I did to make United States soldiers of my men was to strip off their gray clothes, cause them all to bathe in the bay, and have their hair cut short, and put them in good new United States uniforms, and they then looked well. I had no officers, and managed the whole seven hundred alone, but I speedily found two Germans, one for sergeant

major and the other for quartermaster sergeant, who became great aids to me in clothing, feeding, and ordering the men. I also selected the best men I could find for first sergeants, whom I put in charge of the companies, and in a short time with seven full companies I could form a longer line than either of the other regiments. I instituted drills and enforced discipline. The latter was an easy task, for so well disposed were the men that I never was obliged to punish one for a serious offense, and although I had no arms for my guards, not one deserted and they stayed in camp as ordered. I now found myself as independent as either of the colonels. I had a horse furnished me by the post quartermaster, and neither I nor my men had any duty outside of my camp. I, however, retained my place in my mess in the 5th.

I found myself popular with my command, which arose partly from my getting tobacco from the Government stores for them, and partly from a habit of jumping my horse over a ditch in front of the camp habitually instead of passing from the road into camp over a bridge. These simple Southerners would stand and watch for this jump and shout when my horse made it. They were physically a good set of men, and perhaps a third of them were bright fellows, but the remainder, who, I fancy, represented about two thirds of the rebel army, were so ignorant as not to be able to write their names, as the clothing rolls, which I have signed with their marks, will evince.

This Government horse above referred to got me into a mess once. Miss Sallie Bouton, of Concord, New Hampshire, was at General Marston's headquarters on a visit, and having made her acquaintance at a dance in the 12th Regiment camp one night, I rode down to headquarters the next morning, attired in my best uniform, to call on her. I met her with several officers and ladies riding out on horseback, and on being invited I turned and rode with them. Presently a Mrs. Buntin was run away with by her horse, and I rode forward and was just about to grasp her bridle, on a little wooden bridge which was slippery with an inch of black

mud, when down went my nag and I was laid broadside in the mud. My horse got up and ran away, and I got up and ran after him and did not rejoin the party. Miss B. at a later hour rallied me a little at my desertion, but I did not linger on the subject.

Captain H. G. O. Weymouth, lately a captain in the 19th Massachusetts Volunteers, was sent up by General Butler, who now assumed command of our district in his "Department of Virginia and North Carolina," to join this regiment which I was forming. He came on a promise of higher rank than he formerly held, I think, but was to take a company at first. Captain Weymouth had lost one leg at Fredericksburg, and of course could not do duty as a company officer, which he neither was inclined to do under the circumstances. I took Captain W. into my tent in the regiment, and allowed him to aid me as came agreeable to him, waiting for his position to be defined, for he had not even a commission as captain. It was not long before Major C. A. R. Dimon, from a regiment in the Department of the Gulf, came with orders from General Butler to assume command of the regiment. Up to this time there had been an understanding that General Marston intended to make Captain Patterson, of the 2d New Hampshire Volunteers, and myself the colonel and lieutenant-colonel of this regiment, and I was afterwards informed that I was to have been colonel, but when General Butler got command of General Marston he at once determined to have his say about the matter. Accordingly Major Dimon informed us that one Colonel Greene, formerly of the 14th Massachusetts Volunteers, was to be colonel, he was to be lieutenant-colonel, and I was to be major, and shortly a commission as major reached me; which I declined on account of my belief that the regiment would never take the field against the rebels, for the reason that any of its members who fell into their hands would be treated as deserters. So having given up command to Major Dimon on his arrival, I, upon declining the commission, resumed command of my company. Colonel Dimon and Weymouth partook of meals sent from our mess and we remained friendly.

Colonel Greene never joined the regiment. Colonel Dimon was, as he has informed me, not aware of any especial friendliness toward him on the part of General Butler, but having been taken from the 30th Massachusetts to be major of a Texas or Louisiana regiment raised by General Butler, had commended himself by his conduct as such to the latter, probably. I suppose that General Butler perhaps wished to snub General Marston in thus overriding him, but perhaps commissioned me as a peace offering at poor Weymouth's expense. However, the latter took the commission I refused. I have often congratulated myself that I was not offered the commission of colonel, for this great promotion would have been very tempting, and once having accepted it I should have lost all chance to participate in succeeding campaigns against the rebels. Old General Marston, when I met him after declining the commission, appeared to be much gratified and said I had done well to decline it.

This regiment was recruited to ten companies and afterwards was sent to North Carolina, where desertions became so numerous that it was sent into the Territories to fight Indians, where it remained until long after the war. Colonel Greene went out of it, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dimon was made colonel and finally was brevetted brigadier-general.

CHAPTER XXX

PRESENTLY the 2d Regiment (April 7) was ordered to join the forces which were preparing for the field at Yorktown. General Marston also went to take a brigade of those troops and the 12th Regiment (April 11) followed them. The 4th and 36th United States Colored Regiments came to the post, and April 4 General E. W. Hincks relieved General Marston.

All this time the 5th remained without a sign of moving, and it may be imagined some of us grew exceedingly restless. Whether my restlessness was the cause of Colonel Hapgood's action I do not know, but what was my surprise and satisfaction, April 21, 1864, at being informed by him that General Hincks, who was about to take a command in the field, wished for a staff officer, and he had recommended me and he told me to go and see the general. I at once did so, and on being introduced to him he said he wanted a quartermaster for the brigade which he was about to take command of, and wished to know if I understood the duties. I told him that I never had acted as one, but I could run a train, if that was what he wanted. He said I would do, and told me to prepare to go that night, and invited me to ride one of his horses on his staff that day in a review of the troops at the Point which he should hold. I pranced around on a fiery charger with him on the review, turned over my company property to Hale, paid my debts, and reported according to order to General Hincks, and that night, having taken on my papers, two horses, a wagon, and other property necessary to a headquarters, embarked all on a steamer and sailed away with General Hincks, Captain Carter, his assistant adjutant-general, H. F. Gerrish, whom I had secured as my clerk, he having been a very efficient clerk in the post quartermaster's office at the Point, and two orderlies. Two things were remarkable about this movement of mine. Colonel

Hapgood had voluntarily sent me away to the field when he needed me more than he did when he took me out of it four months before, and I was going to take a place open to the reproach of not being a fighting place, which I had so gladly thrown off when I left the Second Corps; and these two things happened because I was so anxious to get into the field once more. I was sorry to leave that glum-looking set of my sympathizers in the regiment, who cursed their luck and praised mine, but I sailed away a happy man with good company.

We had the steamer to ourselves and passed a pleasant hour, before retiring, in her cabin. We were at a wharf under Yorktown Heights soon after daylight, disembarking, and I had got my property ashore, when General Hincks returned from General W. F. Smith, to whom he had reported, and informed me that the latter very earnestly desired him to go to Fort Monroe and organize into a division and take command of the negro troops assembling there. He wished me to go with him, and offered to make me his senior aide-de-camp as well as quartermaster of the division. The idea of serving with negro troops was new and not very agreeable to me, but the offer he made me afforded a more agreeable prospect than returning to Point Lookout, so I accepted it, and reëmbarking with our horses and equipage on the regular boat for Fort Monroe we sailed for that point within an hour or so and arrived in two or three more. General Hincks reported to General Butler at the Fort, and having received his instructions rode with us to the vicinity of Hampton, some two miles from the Fort, where we found such of our troops as had arrived. The wharf and the mainland at its head presented a busy scene, for at this point the necessary stores for the equipment of the Eighteenth Army Corps, which General Butler was to take into the field, were collected and distributed, and the officers from the different divisions and those attached to headquarters, with the numerous laborers and animals engaged in the labors about this dépôt, and officers and sailors both civil and naval from the

vessels in the roads, made it very lively. I caused a sufficient number of tents for our quarters to be established in a convenient spot, and we went to work to form our division.

At first there were perhaps five regiments camped about us, and these were soon reinforced by two or three of those at Point Lookout and others. Our division finally consisted of about five regiments of infantry (these were, as well as I recollect, the 1st, 4th, 5th, 6th, 28th, and 36th U.S. Colored Troops), three regiments of cavalry (the 1st and 2d U.S. Colored Cavalry and the 5th Massachusetts Cavalry; the latter, it seems to me, joined us later at City Point — these cavalry regiments were all dismounted while with us), and the 1st U.S. Colored Battery. The infantry was formed into two brigades: the 1st, composed of the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 28th U.S. Colored Troops, to which was added the 5th Massachusetts Cavalry; and the 2d Brigade, of the 36th and I think the 1st U.S. Colored Troops. Colonel S. A. Duncan, of the 4th U.S. Colored Troops (since assistant Commissioner of Patents), commanded the 1st Brigade and General Wilde, of Massachusetts, commanded the 2d. Colonel Henry S. Russell, of Boston, commanded the 5th U.S. Colored Troops, Colonel Cole, of New York, commanded one cavalry regiment and Colonel Gerard (or some such name) the other. Captain Choate commanded the battery. Captain John E. White, a prospective brother-in-law of General Hincks's wife, came to us as inspector. He recommended Lieutenant Robert S. Verplanck, of the 6th Regiment, grandson of Gulian C. Verplanck, of New York, as aide, and he was appointed; the latter recommended Captain Wickes, of one of the regiments of the division, and he was appointed. I suggested Lieutenant McGee, of my own regiment, for ordnance officer, knowing he longed to come into the field, and General Butler detailed him for the place. Dr. Barnes, a surgeon of volunteers; Lieutenant Partridge, a signal officer; Lieutenant Cate, as commissary; and Lieutenant Bradley, as commander of the guard, were the rest of our staff, and we found ourselves to be a congenial set of men. At

first we took our meals at a temporary structure called the Hygeia Hotel, where, at a little table of perhaps forty, we sat at one end, together, and made merry on rather poor food. The quantity, too, was rather scant unless we sent often to the kitchen. Once the general called for mutton chops; a waiter brought a forlorn and wee bit of sheep which the general swallowed at a mouthful, and then handed his plate to the waiter, saying, "Yes, that's what I want; bring me some!"

We here met and made the acquaintance of two officers of the United States cavalry regiments in our division, whom I have met since. One was Captain Albert Gallatin Lawrence, of Newport, Rhode Island, who became distinguished; the other was Lieutenant Deacon, of Boston. The general got a mess chest which not only contained cooking-utensils, table furniture for six, and camp-stools, but also, when opened, formed a table with legs, and thenceforth we messed together with him in camp.

Of course I found myself very busy in my double capacity, which required of me not only the obtaining and distributing of all the stores and clothing for the division, but also to aid the general in anything he required. I drew horses for the most of our staff, including two for myself, a stout and handsome brown and a bay, which, although thin, had good points, and was recommended for them by an experienced man in charge of the animals. For Verplanck, who was short and fat, I drew a short and fat mouse-colored mare, and as he was totally ignorant of horsemanship I gave him some lessons, and he has often laughed with me over a toss which the mare gave him over her ears in one of these lessons.

I was in some way inveigled by Dr. McCormick, the medical director of the department, into helping him organize an ambulance corps for the Eighteenth Corps. I believe it came about through my pushing the organization of that for our division. He wished me to take the place of chief of ambulances of the Eighteenth Corps, but I had had enough of this and declined, but I

told him I knew a good man for him in the person of Captain Butler, of the 5th New Hampshire, whom I wished to do a good turn in getting him into the field, and thereupon he was detached from the regiment for that position. I think I should have got Lieutenant Humphrey away also had not events rendered it unnecessary. General Butler and all his staff reviewed us once, when our troops looked very well.

We (the staff) took occasion to go over to Norfolk to fit ourselves out with horse equipment. We found the town pretty much populated by military men, and slept at one of the two principal hotels in a room with a score of beds full of strangers. I bought of the ordnance officer at the Fort a new cavalry saber for about eight dollars, which I now have, and, sending home my Gettysburg saber, I carried the former until I left the service.

No time was lost by us in preparing for the campaign. One day I accompanied General Hincks into the Fort and waited at General Butler's quarters until they had had an interview. When General Hincks came out he informed me that the Army of the James was to move up that river at once by water; that we were to lead with our colored troops, who were afforded this opportunity to try themselves; that we should find a few rebels at Fort Powhatan, more at Wilson's Landing (or else more at the Fort, I do not recollect which is the highest on the river), and a formidable force at City Point, all of which places we were to carry without delay according to minute instructions. We at once gathered up our traps, and within a day or two embarked on transports. I then found myself engaged in new work, when I had to order up, load, and dispatch steamers, but our troops gave little trouble, and my chief labor came in loading the Matano, a New York towboat, with our headquarters equipage and horses. However, we were on board by dark with our headquarters guard, forage horses, equipage, and officers.

Our troops (the two cavalry regiments did not accompany us) were on the stern-wheel steamer, General Armstrong, and pro-

peller, Louisa Moore, and perhaps other vessels. We were instructed to move simultaneously up the river at a given signal. Accordingly a little before midnight (May 4) we got under way. The roads were full of vessels which had arrived and were departing with the other troops of the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps (we were the 3d Division of the latter), and until we turned into our bunks we could see in all directions the lights of these vessels. We slept as well as we could with a score of horses stamping the deck over our heads, and woke before reaching Fort Powhatan in the morning. That dreaded stronghold loomed up ahead of us a formidable earthwork, mounted on a bluff commanding the river in two directions, as it was in the angle where the river made a sharp bend. We strained our eyes to see the rebels, but the steamers ahead of us moved on without molestation, and the detachment of our division which took possession of the Fort scared away a picket or two, who were the only enemy there, and this was repeated at Wilson's Landing, with the pickets left out, for there were none there. There were steamers still ahead of us as we neared Harrison's Landing, for, either from the difference in the speed of the vessels or from want of concert, our division had not in fact led the expedition, which, as I have said, we were to do, preceded by the gunboats.

At Harrison's Landing, which is only about four miles below City Point, we overhauled the naval vessels under Admiral Lee, which had stopped here, and found ourselves up with or ahead of all the transports. We could see a rebel flag flying above the bluff at City Point and a white steamer and two small black steamers lying in the stream there. Our signal officer communicated with one on Admiral Lee's ship and asked what the navy proposed to do, and received for answer that "the Admiral was about to go on board an ironclad and go up." General Hincks thought this rather contemptible in the admiral, who he thought ought to push on without delay, and directed our skipper to go ahead. He started up, but displayed great disinclination to make speed for fear of

torpedoes, which were said to be fixed in the channel, but we gave him to understand that trifling with us was dangerous for him and he put on steam. We saw the Greyhound, with General Butler and his staff on board, coming up swiftly behind us, and we urged on the boat so as to be at City Point first, and we drew up to the landing just as she passed us. Without waiting to look at surroundings much, I jumped ashore with an axe in one hand with which to cut down the rebel flag, and in company with some of our headquarters orderlies and guards I ran up the bluff. Above us we saw some rebels putting their rifles out of the window of a little house, but they retreated as we climbed toward them, and, with the aid of my companions, I soon had the flag. Our guard pursued the few rebels who were there and captured the most of them. A rebel captain or lieutenant walked up to me at this juncture, and with great asperity of manner said this was a flag-of-truce station and demanded my name. I paid him the attention of seeing that he was taken prisoner, and that was all. The steamer Matamoras went by as we went up the bluff with General Smith, the corps commander, and his staff, and Captain Butler told me afterwards that, seeing an officer lead the party up the bluff, he had remarked that he would venture that it was I, which was creditable to his eyesight or the opinion in which I was held by him.

As we had come up to the landing, we came within a biscuit's toss of the white steamer. It proved to be a flag-of-truce boat of ours with a load of rebel prisoners whom it had brought from Point Lookout, from which place they were about to start when General Hincks left there, and he had remarked then to those in charge of her that he would be in City Point before the prisoners were, which came true. We hailed those we saw on board as we neared her and asked what force there was there, but they preserved silence, and we landed as I have related, without delay. It was true that this was, for the time being, a flag-of-truce station, and the force there was merely a score or so of men for guard duty, but if they wished to be treated as if under flag of truce

they should not have had a broad rebel flag flying without any, or at least with an insignificant, white flag out, for if there was a white one we did not see it until our attention was called to it; and again they ought not to have put out their guns in the threatening way they did.

We got some few articles of property here, such as tents, and also a horse which a rebel courier from Petersburg had there, and this property was afterwards demanded as exempt from capture. We returned all the tents which we could find, I believe, but the horse General Hincks kept.

The black boats we had seen from Harrison's Landing were the army gunboats of General Graham, which preceded the expedition.

We found City Point to consist of a bluff some fifty feet high at the point where the Appomattox River empties into the James; the remnants of a wharf which had been consumed above the piles by fire; at the foot of the bluff a few shabby houses ranged along two or three short lanes or streets; and the spacious grounds and dilapidated house of one Dr. Eppes. The people, except the negroes, had all fled, I believe. We disembarked our troops and encamped them just outside the place, after a reconnoissance for a mile or so toward Petersburg without finding an enemy except a few pickets, or those we had driven out of City Point, and took up our own quarters in Dr. Eppes's house and grounds.

The rest of the army sailed by us to Bermuda Hundred, which is a landing a mile farther up the James, and on the north side of the Appomattox.

General Butler had been instructed by General Grant to operate against Richmond, and in order to accomplish this General Grant had ordered him to get possession of City Point and intrench, and had "pointed out the importance of getting possession of Petersburg and destroying railroad communication as far south as possible," according to General Grant's report. As far as one can learn from that report the study of the maps had not

led General Grant to think of Bermuda Hundred as a landing-place, and one is left to the supposition that General Butler chose to disregard the intent of General Grant's instructions and not approach Petersburg from City Point. I have surmised that General Butler was led to choosing Burmuda Hundred because he supposed the approach to Petersburg from City Point would be strongly opposed. But, as I have related, at no point on the river was there any force, and General Butler, as he went by on the Greyhound, saw that City Point was not defended. This must have satisfied a military mind that Petersburg was not strongly defended on that side. But whether it so satisfied General Butler's mind or not he chose to persevere in his plan, and whereas he might have occupied high and easily defended ground at City Point for his base, might have had a railroad in running order between that point and Petersburg, might have from that point approached Petersburg on the arc of a circle only nine miles long, and might have had as fair an opportunity to approach Richmond and destroy the railroads as he could have in operating from Bermuda Hundred, he chose in Bermuda Hundred low ground and a point at least fourteen miles from Petersburg as the road runs, without railroad communication, and separated from Petersburg by the Appomattox, which is not fordable, and Swift Creek, which proved a formidable obstacle to his advance.

Dr. Eppes's house was a two-story house surrounded by a broad veranda, and was perforated with scores of cannon-shot holes, said to have been the result of a cannonade by our gunboats in 1862 in retaliation for the treachery of those in the house, who, having asked that a surgeon be sent there from the gunboats to treat a sick person, fired into the boat which was bringing him there.

This cannonade had so effectually ventilated the house that there was but one weather-tight room in it; so that we for the most part chose to sleep in our tents, which were pitched in the yard; but White and Verplanck took the tight room; we occupied

another for a dining-room, and our desks were set up in others. The grounds about the house were several acres in extent and were carpeted with grass and abounded in trees, shrubbery, and flowers, all long neglected but luxuriant. General Hincks, one morning during our stay there, picked sixty kinds of roses in the grounds. The grounds were the very apex of the bluff, so that on the northwest they looked out on the Appomattox, and on the east and north they looked on the James both ways and on the fertile lands on the opposite side of the river. There was a good stable for our horses, a kitchen, and a tunnel-shaped ice pit lined with pine logs, in which there was a good store of ice. The wharf at City Point had been burned at some anterior time, and I found only the charred piles remaining. These, however, were firm, and I succeeded in laying on these the scattered timbers which lay around sufficient for a landing, which, with one or two more like it, served us while we remained here.

As I have said, General Hincks had orders only to take and occupy City Point, and although no enemy came in sight of our pickets we were allowed to remain without moving for two days after the 6th of May. On the 9th we moved out with such troops as we had brought to City Point, four or five regiments of infantry, the battery, and possibly the 5th Massachusetts, and a company of one of the before-mentioned negro cavalry regiments (1st and 2d U.S.) mounted, under Captain Dollard. General Hincks had orders from General Butler to move up toward Petersburg and to attack that city when he (General Butler) did with the troops with whom he should advance on the other side of the Appomattox. We started early in the morning and moved on a road leading parallel with and close to the Appomattox River to a point called Spring Hill opposite Port Walthall. One of the colonels of one of our regiments had suffered the loss of his riding-horse, which had run away and outside of our lines, and I or some one had lent him the horse which we had captured at City Point, which was a fine animal; and at a short halt, just

after we left City Point, on this morning, this covetous and ungrateful officer had signified his intention of keeping this horse for his own, and was somewhat insolent when I informed him that his intentions would not succeed.

We had marched about four miles when shots were heard in front of us, and one of the three cavalrymen in advance rode back to Captain Dollard, who, with his company, preceded the column a considerable distance, and whom the general allowed me to accompany and direct, and reported, with eyes sticking out, that "de rebels in our uniforms" were firing on him and his companions. Captain Dollard asked me what course he should pursue, and I, believing that the distance from Petersburg was so great that nothing exceeding a picket could be in front of us, thought we might capture them by a dash, and told him to charge them. Dollard ordered the charge, and off he went at the gallop with all his men at his heels. At first I thought it would be silly for me to charge with them, and perhaps get killed in a picket skirmish, but another spirit prevailed within me and I gave reins to my horse, which sprang up beside Dollard's. We rode between two rows of juniper trees which lined the road and could see nothing of our enemy's position. They commenced firing and the bullets flew around us. We were at their post in a minute or so, and found ourselves halting in a farmhouse yard on the brink of the river, which flowed in front of and forty or fifty feet below us. Right there in the stream lay Graham's gunboats, and tumbling down the bank in front of us a detachment of his men fled before us. They had been posted at this point, where the road on which we approached ran into that leading from Point of Rocks to Petersburg on the east side of the river, and, not knowing which way to look for rebels, had, in a panic, mistaken our dusky-faced men for rebels, and fired at them. Luckily no one was shot, though Dollard's first lieutenant got a bullet through his cap in the charge. There was some mutual hard swearing between these marines and our side, and then we pursued our advance on the road to

Petersburg, our men having, I think, appropriated the chickens which the gunboat men had captured and then left in their haste to escape our onslaught.

We now could see the country on the other side of the river, and could distinguish the smoke of musketry and artillery, the sounds of which we had not before heard, I think. We moved ahead for a mile or two, when our advance encountered the enemy in the road, and I believe a few rifle shots were exchanged. We perceived a house standing on the right, and Dollard and I rode up to it. The people came to the door, and we inquired if the enemy had been there. They replied with great earnestness that they had seen none of them that day. We charged them with lying, and pointed out to the road where the rebels could then be seen within a few hundred yards. A surprised look crept over their faces, and finally, after an embarrassed hesitation, they asked if we were Yankees, and on receiving an affirmative reply they were beyond themselves with joy, for, as they explained, they were Northern people and had not during the war seen one of our army there, and they were now hopeful of being relieved from rebel governing. They told us that the Washington Artillery had been posted close to their house an hour or two before, but had withdrawn to a position nearer Petersburg. We found on this man's place a fine-looking horse, his possession of which in such proximity to the rebels cast doubt on his professions of loyalty; but upon being questioned he said it was a horse which strayed to him a day or two before; and so it was, the aforesaid insolent colonel's horse, by returning which I hope I heaped coals of fire on his head. I at once rode back and reported to the general these facts and he reconnoitered the ground. This house was almost abreast with the rebel Fort Clifton, which stood on the other bank of the river, and which we could see firing at our gunboats. I had written above that we heard and saw our troops in action on the other side, but it now occurs to me that we only heard our gunboats engaged with Fort Clifton, and that the fact that we had seen and heard noth-

ing of our troops on the other side embarrassed General Hincks, who had been told to coöperate with their advance, and aided him in the change of route which he now determined upon.

Finding that we might expect resistance on this road, and that not inconsiderable, for the Washington Artillery (from South Carolina, I think) was a formidable organization, and was in all probability properly supported by infantry, and that the moment he deployed his column and advanced in line of battle (which he evidently would have soon to do, for the rebel skirmishers in front of us evinced no intention of retreating until forced), he would be exposed to a demoralizing if not a dangerous fire from Fort Clifton, which he could not reach, General Hincks determined not to trust his force of two thousand or so raw troops to advance on Petersburg alone, and at once marched back a short distance, and taking a cross-road arrived on another road leading from Cedar Level Station on the City Point Railroad to Petersburg, hoping to approach it with a surprise, and certain at least of avoiding Fort Clifton. And it was at this time, I think, we heard our troops engaged across the river. Captain Dollard came upon a rebel picket at Baylor's farm, and chased them at a run out of sight on the road leading straight on. With Verplanck and two or three cavalrymen I took the road which turned to the left and started out to reconnoiter for a camp-ground at the general's desire, as night was coming on. About a mile out we ran at right angles into a road which led straight to Petersburg, and in this road we caught four mules and a wagon loaded with household goods, with which the owner, a resident thereabouts, was scurrying away, frightened by rumors of our approach, probably. When we reached the wagon he had left it and we took possession of it as prize. We followed on the road toward Petersburg and reached an open rise of ground which seemed to me to afford a good place to bivouac upon and to advance from in the morning. This was, as I afterwards learned, within half a mile of the fortifications around Petersburg, and probably, if we had been cu-

rious enough to examine a light which we saw ahead through the twilight of evening, which was now upon us, we should have found it the inhospitable camp-fire of the enemy's picket.

We (or I) started back at a brisk gallop which left our cavalrymen behind (it seems to me Bob Verplanck had gone back with the wagon), and as I came out into the open ground in front of Baylor's house, I saw indistinctly, in the very obscure light which remained, a number of horsemen on the very ground whence Dollard had chased the rebel pickets half an hour before. I thought I had certainly been intercepted by rebel cavalry, for they did not look like Dollard's men, and I approached them prepared to escape if possible, and was very much relieved to find the horsemen to be the general's staff and the field officers of the troops which had advanced to this point from the place where I had left them. I reported the result of my search, but General Hincks informed me that he had been ordered to return to camp by General Butler, which we did, very much disgusted with the result of our first advance. In fact General Butler, notwithstanding his boast in his dispatch of that day to General Grant, that of Beauregard's force "that portion which reached Petersburg under Hill I have whipped to-day," had found Swift Creek too well defended for *him*, and he, in pursuance of his intention, indicated by his order to General Hincks, relinquished his attempt on Petersburg and turned about.

We now made ourselves comfortable in City Point, where we remained for a month. A battalion of the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry joined us under Colonel Rand, and my surprise was very great at finding in one of his 1st lieutenants my old schoolmate at Mont Vernon, Jim Miller, who was the same reckless youth as ever, after having been to China and in many adventures. The general caused a redoubt and a line of works to be thrown up extending from river to river and thereby enclosing ourselves completely. McGee superintended their construction, his knowledge acquired as a sapper and miner serving us well. Our picket

line was drawn up half a mile or so beyond the works in a line which commanded the country well. At headquarters we led a comfortable life. Our table was spread in one of the rooms, and here at meal-times we all assembled with our servants marshaled by Moses, the general's boy, ranged behind us as waiters, and with many a jest and story our meals were merry enough; and as we had frequent communication with Norfolk and Baltimore we had a very good *cuisine*, as well as good ale.

There was a French man-of-war lying in the river near us awhile, the commander of which, a count, sent the general some shad caught by her crew from the river one day, with a polite note in which he said he supposed the general had no time to catch fish. The latter returned the compliment by sending the count a sheep, which animal was no rarity in the country around *when we arrived there*, and it was suggested that the general send a note expressing his supposition that the count had no time to steal sheep. I was able to do this count a good turn by lending him one of my steamers to go up river on some diplomatic mission connected with the French interests inside the rebel lines.

In the heat of the day, when not otherwise occupied we used to be on the lawn under the trees, whose shade, with breezes from the river, delightfully tempered the heat; and there, with the broad James and the Appomattox and the busy fleet plying their waters before us, affording a changing and enlivening view with the meadows and woods in the distance, we took solid comfort in our siestas, or with the iced julep, and tobacco for those who liked. In the evening we often had a regimental band at headquarters to play for us, and the officers of our command, particularly of the 4th and 5th Massachusetts Cavalry, came there to chat or make merry with us. Altogether these were very pleasant times. I, however, found myself full of business, and I think did more work than any one else. To begin with, as quartermaster I had under my orders two or three steamers, one of which plied to or remained at our posts at Fort Powhatan and Wilson's Land-

ing; another remained for our service at City Point; and a third was occupied on the Appomattox between City Point and Spring Hill, where in a short time a fortification was thrown up and occupied by a detachment of our division. I also had two or three schooners anchored in the James, where they lay all the time we were there, I believe. I had secret orders to keep these ready to be sunk to obstruct the channel at any moment, should the rebel rams, which were up the river, attempt to come down. I had to transport the commissary stores and forage and clothing from Bermuda Hundred, where they were drawn, and to distribute and account for the forage and clothing as well as camp equipage and various other quartermaster's stores. I had consigned to me there one cargo of about 125,000 pounds of oats. Gerrish proved a very valuable man for me. He, with some clerks, kept the books and papers so that they gave me no trouble, and was a very efficient overseer of anything I set him at. I went over to Bermuda Hundred to draw a wagon train for our division. The quartermaster there drew out in the yard a train made up of the skinniest old animals in the army, which he had apparently culled from his corrals to palm off on some greenhorn, with wagons and harness to match. These scarecrows would not have hauled themselves through a day's march in the mud, and although the quartermaster blustered, I told him I should never take one of those teams away, and would, if he did n't give me better ones, appeal to the chief quartermaster of the dépôt. Finding that his game would n't work, he gave me a very fair train, which I took to City Point, consisting of three or four hundred horses and mules with about a hundred wagons. It often took a good deal of persistency to get from the quartermasters what one wanted, but I formed a very pleasant acquaintance with Captain Blunt, who was one of the dépôt quartermasters, and who always treated me well.

Besides these duties I found that I was very often in the saddle on the picket line or among the troops, for my experience as a staff officer commended me to the general so that he relied on

me chiefly to conduct affairs in the field in his absence, which, as I have since been informed, occasioned some jealousy in Captain White, who, however, had the manliness not to show it to me and not to preserve the memory of it after the war. I think the captain might have well had no craving for those favors, however, for they sometimes were rather irksome, especially when in the middle of the night some alarm on the picket line demanded the presence of a staff officer. Our pickets were not in sight of those of the enemy, but sometimes our scouting parties stirred them up or encountered their scouting parties in the ground between the lines, and once or twice theirs ventured up within shot of our pickets. On these occasions I was with our pickets, and once had an exciting chase with a company of our cavalry after some of theirs whose heels were too swift for us. These fellows who came within sight had the appearance of militia, which confirmed our opinion that those troops were the defenders of Petersburg chiefly.

One day we were roused by a cannonade at Spring Hill, and looking up there could see a brisk artillery fire going on. We got aboard a steamer as rapidly as possible with our horses and went up there. The affair proved to be an attack of the rebels which was easily repulsed with small loss on our part. The rebels had appeared on the right bank of the Appomattox and fired into a passing steamer, which made our trips to Spring Hill a little spicy by way of anticipation. Once I took a heavy gun, a 32-pounder, I think, from the left bank of this river over a scow to my steamer and landed it at Spring Hill, over another scow, which almost went to the bottom with its weight, and I thought this a considerable achievement. I was at Spring Hill once when our guns there cannonaded Fort Clifton, and I think one of Graham's gunboats was destroyed by the fire of this fort that day.

The Matano, which was a fast and good freight boat, was needed at Bermuda Hundred, and they sent me the Lady Lincoln instead, a beautiful little steamer with a pretty cabin flanked by two spacious staterooms. There was just room for our horses on

her main deck, but nothing more. I went up the Appomattox on her once and made a visit to some of my friends in the 2d and 12th New Hampshire Regiments. We received news one night that our troops at Wilson's Landing had been assaulted by a force of rebels from the army around Richmond, and the signal officer reported a dispatch to me from the quartermaster to prepare transportation by steamer for five hundred men at once. This was very well to say, but impossible for me to do with nothing but the little Lady Lincoln then at hand, and making known my needs to them I received from Bermuda Hundred a large ferryboat called the Eagle, and maybe another, though I don't remember, and on her we embarked a section of artillery (with infantry on her or another). The rebels had fired into vessels above Wilson's Landing that day, and it behooved us to be ready for them, so I improvised a gunboat out of the Eagle by putting a piece of artillery at each end, and covering her engines with the solid bales of hay which we took along for the horses, while the animals were ranged along both sides of her. General Hincks and we, his staff, got aboard the Lady Lincoln and away we sailed. We reached Wilson's Landing after midnight without receiving a shot, and debarking at daylight made a reconnoissance which showed the rebels to have fled leaving traces of killed and wounded. We also visited Fort Powhatan, where they once or twice had a skirmish with scouting parties of the enemy, and in one of these a negro picket of ours was said to have killed a rebel cavalryman and captured his horse. I forgot to mention that at the affair at Spring Hill one of our black soldiers was wounded in the leg, and on being asked how he felt about it said with real enthusiasm, he was willing to lose it for the old flag.

General Kautz with his cavalry came in at our post from a raid about the middle of May, and there embarked for Bermuda Hundred. They brought in a family carriage which they had seized to bring their wounded in. It was similar to a common hackney coach, and the faded silk and upholstery in its interior showed that it

once was luxurious. The silver-mounted harnesses of an ancient pattern belonging with it were also brought along, and they were left at City Point with a large number of broken-down horses and mules. Two of these horses, of a gray color, with a little rest became serviceable, and I had them on occasions harnessed into the coach, and with a soldier on the box and another on the footboard behind, would cause it to be driven up in front of our shot-riddled mansion to receive the general and three of us, when we would drive in state to our fortifications and back, affording us a little luxury, or semblance of it, and much amusement, which latter the command shared in. With these animals left by Kautz and others collected from our other posts, I had eighty horses and over a hundred mules which I turned in to the quartermaster at Bermuda Hundred, excepting one, which I gave to Captain Ainsworth, the harbor-master there, and a white pony which I tried to keep for my boy Charlie, but which was rendered unfit for service by one of my wagon men who pretended to have veterinary skill and cut a bunch on the pony's neck which, on the contrary from subsiding, thereupon became a bad sore.

One night about the 22d of May we heard that the 1st Division of the Eighteenth Corps had crossed to our side of the Appomattox, and riding outside our lines we found some of our friends camped, who confirmed the news. That night I was aroused by some one who wanted the "post quartermaster," to whom he said he was directed to report with the vessel of which he was master. I was not strictly a post quartermaster, and there was no such officer, but being the senior one there I concluded it was me he wanted, and having received no orders concerning a vessel I told him to anchor in the stream, and tried to go to sleep again, but another master popped his head in on a similar errand in a few minutes, who got the same orders from me. I tried to sleep again with the same result, and finally was so beset by masters on the same errand that I concluded to get up and look after my fleet, which by daylight amounted to about twenty-two craft, chiefly steamers rang-

ing in size from the ocean steamship De Molay to little excursion boats. I learned that the troops of the Eighteenth Corps who had come over were to embark in this fleet, and by and by General Smith, the commander of the corps, came down to the wharf, where the troops were already pouring on the vessels which I ordered up to my rude wharves. He was talking with General Hincks, and presently the latter sent for me. I rode to him on the gallop and reported, when General Smith said that his quartermaster, Captain ——, was so inefficient that, although he knew it was not my business, he wished I would embark his troops for him, so I went to work.

I will mention here that my brown horse had gone lame and had been discarded, and though the bay which I had picked out at Fort Monroe had improved in flesh and turned out an admirable horse (no other than old Charlie), I was obliged to have two, so had taken a rat-tailed horse of a beautiful bay color which Gerrish had ridden, he being a horse I had drawn. He was fat and sleek and exceedingly tough, and was a very good-natured horse and feared nothing. At Spring Hill I dismounted and left him in the middle of the battery, which was firing, and walked away, and when I returned he had not moved. He would always stand where he was left, but he had the uncontrollable habit of rearing up and falling over on his back when his bit was pulled a little too hard, and although he sometimes could be knocked down on his feet by a quick blow between the ears, he was ever ready to go over. When I rode up to Generals Smith and Hincks, I reined up from a gallop a little too harshly, and as I jumped from the saddle the horse rose and went over. I paid no attention to him, but made my salute and had the conversation related, and when I turned around again to mount, the horse, having had his fall, stood meekly waiting for me, and I mounted him and rode off. General Smith evidently thought this was a feat of horsemanship on my part, for afterwards, when General Hincks laughingly remarked that his staff got better horses than he did, General Smith, reverting to

this, said, "I don't wonder at it when you have such jockeys as this man," pointing to me. I think he mentioned this to me also when I was on his staff, and perhaps it conduced to my appointment on it.

I rode and worked and persuaded and commanded all day in getting the vessels up, crowding the troops into them and getting the animals on board over my insufficient wharves, and finally at just about sunset had every vessel loaded and waiting the signal to sail. General Martindale, who commanded the division, had importuned me for a steamer for himself and staff, as he was unwilling to go on a steamer with troops. Finally, wearied out by his attacks on me to secure a steamer which I had not to give him, I advised him to go over to Bermuda Hundred and apply for one, so he had done so and succeeded. An hour or two before all were embarked, I was standing near where General Martindale's steamer lay at the wharf, when that distinguished officer came up and either to me or in my presence said grandly, "Having worked all day like a quartermaster in getting my troops on board, I think now I will go aboard and rest"; and he stepped on his boat and was seen no more ashore. Now the unparalleled egotism of this man led him to suppose that his ponderous efforts had given such momentum to affairs that from that moment they were sure to go on without his interposition, or else in fact he was about to do just as much in promoting his departure as he had, for when all the vessels were loaded and waiting and the sun was sinking and the captains of the steamships were getting apprehensive that they would be too late to pass Harrison's Bar, four miles below, which they would not try after dark, this vigilant officer was reposing in the cabin. Finally, although my duty had ended when the troops were loaded, I, out of unwillingness to see the great ships delayed, went in and asked General Martindale if I should give orders to the fleet to weigh anchor and proceed, and he in a lordly way said he wished I would, whereupon I took a tug and sped around to each vessel and gave the order to start and they

got by the bar all right. It might be thought that General Martindale was a formidable and overbearing man from the foregoing, but in fact he was formidable chiefly in his own imagination, though he was a fair soldier. I once took the Lady Lincoln and went to Norfolk alone for some baggage which we had stored there, and really with a steamer to myself, a nice stateroom, meals with the captain and his agreeable wife, I found it very pleasant. In the night we came across one of General Graham's gunboats stuck, and took the general himself from her and carried him to Norfolk. I did my business at Norfolk and sailed as grandly back.

But I grew tired of being quartermaster, and the general at my request relieved me of my duties as such and, getting Gerrish appointed first lieutenant, made him quartermaster in my place, so that I was once more in a fighting position exclusively.

CHAPTER XXXI

The battle of Cold Harbor was fought on the 1st and 3d of June, and the news came that my regiment, having joined the Second Corps there, was hotly engaged. It carried the works in its front and was driven out by the attack of the enemy in front and on both flanks. The part it took here has been related to me by Colonel Hapgood and other members of it who were in the action, as follows: The regiment was in Miles's brigade of the 1st Division. It had a skirmish line in its front who were frequently firing at the enemy. The main body of the regiment lay a little less than a third of a mile east of the road leading from Old Cold Harbor south to Barker's Mill, and the shortest line to that road from its bivouac would lead to a point on the road about one sixth of a mile south of the junction of the road from New Cold Harbor to it. The regiment was ordered to carry the rebel works in front of it. It moved forward in line with one or more of the other regiments of the brigade on its left (which was the extreme left of the line, I think) and some other troops on its right. It had the cover of irregularities in the ground a little more than half the way, say, about one quarter of a mile, and then from just over the road to the rebel works, about one sixth of a mile, was entirely uncovered, and while passing over this ground received the furious fire of musketry and artillery point-blank. The colonel had ordered the rifles to be carried at a "right shoulder shift" and no shots to be fired until the works were taken. The regiment numbered about five hundred, and in fine order the line charged forward without delivering a shot, and, with a loss of about fifty men, carried the works in its front. A large number of prisoners were taken and they, having thrown down their arms, were left in the works and the regiment pushed on until it encountered another line of works

filled with rebels, and at this moment the colonel saw the enemy moving to close on his flanks, which were unprotected, as the regiments which had charged on either side of his had either failed to carry the works or had been driven out after they had carried them. The rebels in the rear who had thrown down their arms now took them up and fired into the backs of our men. Colonel Hapgood now deemed the emergency such as to warrant his ordering the men to retreat each for himself, and the line, which had hitherto stood solidly at his command, broke for the rear. The rebels then poured the shots into the mass, and as the men fled through the ditch in front of the works they had taken, cannon raked it with deadly effect. Captain Ricker mounted a traverse as he climbed over the works and saw, just on the other side, a piece of artillery pointed at our men and a rebel just about to fire it. Captain Ricker struck him with his sword on the neck and felled him, some say cut his head off, and made his escape.

Colonel Hapgood says that, after he had got almost back to his starting-point, he met General Miles coming forward with reinforcements which he had promised him to have up in time before he started on the charge, but it was too late, and the new line did not effect a lodgment in the works. My regiment lost in this battle 202 killed and wounded; among the former were Captain Goodwin and Lieutenant Humphreys, two very brave officers and good friends of mine, and among the latter was Lieutenant Spalding, of Milford, who had come out as a recruit to Company "K" in August, 1862.

Colonel Hapgood says he met General Hancock soon after the charge, and feeling called upon to explain the regiment's retreat began to do so, when the general in a sorrowful tone told him not to say anything, he knew all about it, and gave him assurance that he approved the regiment's conduct.

I have little right to criticize, but I have wondered whether, if Colonel Cross had commanded, our regiment would have relinquished those works before General Miles came up. This fight

proved the courage of our recruits, bad characters as most of them were.

To return to my own scene of action; on the 8th or 9th of June I was with General Hincks at Spring Hill when our artillery was practicing at Fort Clifton, and here we met Generals Butler and Gillmore, and it was here imparted to General Hincks that he was, with his troops, to form a part of a force which General Gillmore was to attack Petersburg with. This ill pleased General Hincks, for, having a great contempt for General Gillmore, he had expressly stipulated with General Butler, on taking a command under him, that he should never be put under the command of General Gillmore. However, he made no complaint and prepared his troops, with which, June 10, we took the road we were last on in the former expedition, and early in the day, having passed the ground I had on the former expedition selected for the night's bivouac, our skirmishers encountered the pickets in front of the rebel works, which works were in plain sight, and pretty soon the artillery opened on us. We rode up in view of the works and were noticed with a shell or two, one of which burst in a clump of trees just above us and in uncomfortable proximity. The general turned and we followed to get out of sight, when Captain Carter, whose first action this was, perhaps thinking we all meant to beat a hasty retreat, put spurs to his fine horse and sped away down the road in front of us. When he rejoined us, I could not refrain from chaffing him, so much that I was thought rather unmerciful. He was a good fellow for all this, and capable of good work under fire. We got our lines all in shape ready to assault, and it was so reported to General Gillmore, whose other troops joined our right, but he did not dare to attack and ordered a retreat. The next morning I went up on a steamer from City Point to Point of Rocks and thence rode to General Butler's headquarters, where I related to him for General Hincks the history of the movement.

He was very much chagrined at the failure of General Gillmore to take Petersburg. He asked me what kind of works there were

in front of the city. I told him they were very strong and high. He disputed me flatly, and said one could leap his horse over them anywhere, which I thought was cool, inasmuch as at considerable risk I had viewed these works the day before. He asked me what forces occupied them. I told him there were not many infantry seen, but that two regiments moved in while we were there. Said he: "It ain't so!" I ventured to remark that it was so reported to us by Colonel Ames, who was a captain in the Regular Army and a reliable officer, and who saw the colors of the regiments. Said he: "The trouble with you West Point officers is that you never were in the militia. Now I was in the militia, I rose from a private to a major-general; it is n't everybody that knows it, but I did. The company I was in had sixty-four members and thirty-two were the band, and we had colors. Every militia company has colors, and therefore these colors which were seen were the colors of Petersburg militia companies." General Butler used these words or their equivalents, and with a grave face I felt in duty bound not to smile at this logic, though I was provoked to do so, not only by the matter, but by the manner and face of the general, who puffed out his cheeks at intervals, put on a portentous grin which one might suspect to be a sign of mirth until it dissolved into sobriety; and looked both ways until I was at a loss to know when he was looking at me. However, he was not, nor had he any reason to be, indignant with General Hincks nor me, nor otherwise than good-natured.

I should remark that General Kautz actually penetrated the works with cavalry on the south side of Petersburg, but was obliged to retreat, on this 10th of June.

I think it was the next day General Hincks sent me up the river again to tell General Butler that if he would give him the same force which Gillmore had had he would give him Petersburg on his commission. I did not find General Butler at his camp, and had boarded my steamer and it was backing out into the stream when General B. came up the river on another and, seeing me, beckoned

to me to come to him, which I did, and delivered my message, to which he replied that the next time Petersburg was assaulted it would be by an army corps. And I soon became aware of the approach of the Army of the Potomac by being hailed by and taking up from a towboat some officers of the cavalry of that army, as I was going in a steamer to Bermuda Hundred.

The rest of the Eighteenth Corps was sent from the Army of the Potomac by water, and as soon as they reached us another movement against Petersburg was made by our whole corps, as General Butler had told me would be the case. On the 14th of June I was sent up the Appomattox River on a steamer to communicate with General W. F. Smith, I think. The steamer ran up to the pontoon bridge which crossed from the neighborhood of Point of Rocks, and I landed and executed my duty, which I suppose related to the movement of our division with the other two the next day. When I went to get aboard again I found the steamer had been carried by the flood tide against the bridge and I got aboard from the bridge. She put the bridge in peril, and it was a dangerous affair, for the troops were crossing it and it was night; but after much hard swearing by those in charge of the bridge the captain got his steamer away without injury to the bridge, much to my relief.

We left City Point on the morning of June 15, soon after daylight, and, preceded by Kautz's cavalry, took the same road on which we had traveled in Gillmore's expedition a few days before. About nine o'clock the cavalry got into a brisk engagement in the woods just beyond Cedar Level Station, and we were brought to a halt which had lasted but a few minutes when General Smith, who had followed us with Brooks's division, ordered General Hincks to push on without delay and clear the enemy from our front. General Hincks immediately rode at a gallop to the head of his column with his staff. On the way we had occasion to cross a ditch, and the general in his haste attempted to jump his mare over it, but she plunged her fore feet into it and the general was thrown. He mounted again, although severely hurt, and rode on.

We found the cavalry withdrawing and greeted Colonel Mix, of the New York Cavalry, as he passed us. He wore a merry face and rode away in high spirits, and that was the last we saw of him, for he was killed that day. The general directed our two brigades to advance deployed in line of battle, the first, under Colonel Duncan, comprising the 4th, 5th, 6th, and Kiddoo's Regiments, I think, in advance, and the second under Colonel Holman, comprising the 1st Infantry and 5th Massachusetts Cavalry, dismounted, following at a distance of about a hundred yards. No skirmishers were thrown out, as General Smith's orders were to advance without delay, and the work before us had been developed by the cavalry, who had entirely withdrawn, leaving some on our left in the woods, I believe. I carried the orders to Colonel Duncan, who was to see in this his first battle, and well recollect the rather pale but determined face with which he received and set about executing the order.

The lines were soon deployed, and advanced in good order, stretching across the road. I believe that soon after they crossed the railroad I was sent to the rear to bring up our battery and order it to aid the advance by firing over their heads, which it did as long as it could without injuring our men, stationed on an open rise just south of the railroad, which we crossed just before engaging the enemy. Our infantry entered a piece of woods about a quarter of a mile wide, through which the road ran, and crossed these woods under a very severe artillery fire which the enemy, who were posted in open ground beyond the woods out of our sight, poured into us. General Hincks halted in a small clearing in the woods on the left of the road at a sawmill, or the site of a sawmill, where the shot flew thick enough, and here we began seeing our wounded come out. One officer came by bleeding with a very bad wound, and coming up to me reminded me that we had been schoolmates. I at once had him carried or conducted to the rear, where he could be cared for, but I never saw him again, I think, and cannot now recall his name nor place him.

In a few minutes I asked the general if he would not like to have me go forward and see how our lines were getting along. He said yes, and with Bob Verplanck I rode rapidly along the road. The shot and shell tore by, rending the trees and bursting with disagreeable ferocity, and our wounded or dead were pretty frequent. We could hear the shouts of our men ahead, and very soon overtook the rear brigade advancing in good order, which act I then reported to the general. I think I had not much more than returned, when to our astonishment a portion or perhaps all of the 5th Massachusetts Cavalry came retreating in great confusion, and I am not sure we did not also see some of the 6th Infantry, a part of which at this time also broke. But our front line now gave loud cheers and we started forward, and riding rapidly through the woods we came upon the open ground (whence Dollard chased the rebel pickets on our first expedition, and where I then returned after dark and saw our people and thought they were rebels, as related a few pages back), and about a hundred yards beyond the woods rode up to our first brigade, which was scattered along a line of earthworks, which with a piece of artillery it had captured with a charge on emerging from the woods, the rebels running away incontinently before our men could get to the works and even before they were fairly out of the woods. Our men were in high glee, and the general said to one black fellow who stood near by, on the broad grin, loading his rifle: "They ran before they saw you; what do you suppose made them?" The fellow laughed, "Yah! Yah! I reckin dey thmelt uth." This was a handsome victory and was a good beginning for our division. Colonel Kiddoo's regiment, which was on the right of the line, took the most prominent part and was very skillfully and gallantly led by him. The officers of the 5th Massachusetts Cavalry said that their men were demoralized by the conduct of one of the field officers in the first brigade, who, as they alleged, just as that line emerged from the woods turned to the rear and madly gesticulating urged them to retreat or halt, and I think the 6th Regiment was affected by his

conduct. We had great charity for the 5th Massachusetts Cavalry. It was officered by a gallant set of men, but was indifferently drilled for foot service and was discontented and spiritless because it was not mounted. There might, perhaps, be a shadow of reason for doubting the wisdom of sending the second line so close upon the first rather than deploying it on the same line or holding it farther in the rear, as, I believe, some of the 5th Massachusetts Cavalry did, but General Hincks's orders from General Smith were peremptory to put his whole division in at once. He did not suppose, and the event proved him correct, that there was need of a greater front than that of one brigade, and it is probable that the second brigade was of greater value where it was, to give courage to the first and stop any breach that might occur in the line of the latter, than it could be if retained to charge if the first line was repelled. This battle was called "Baylor's Farm," from the fact that it took place near the works.

The orders which General Hincks received did not admit of the delay which a flank movement would have necessitated, but if we had been able to spend the time we could have approached the breast work in flank and not lost many men in clearing it. As it was, we lost about 300, out of about 2000, I suppose.

We threw skirmishers out and pushed along, taking the road to the left as on Gillmore's expedition, while General Brooks continued along beside the railroad, I think. Our men soon encountered the enemy's pickets, but succeeded in establishing themselves within rifle-shot of the works in front of Petersburg as early as noon, and I think an hour or two before noon. General Hincks suffered greatly and was obliged to be under a tree nearly all day. His face was very pale. At Glendale, in 1862, a bullet had passed through his body, cutting an intestine, and this had escaped killing him by reason of the edges of the hole in the intestine healing. When he fell from his horse in the morning this place had been greatly wrenched and he was in great pain therefrom, but his pluck would not permit him to leave the front, so he lay there

and gave his orders and saw the field through us. Soon after we arrived, General Smith came over to us and with Colonel Holman, who commanded our skirmish line, and myself, he went out to our skirmish line and viewed the enemy's works for himself. It was hot enough for our men, who covered themselves as well as they might, and we three did not escape the enemy's attention. One bullet came buzzing along and I almost fancied I saw it. Colonel Holman jumped aside with an exclamation, and it struck the earth at our feet with great force. General Smith was imperturbable, and I greatly admired his bearing.

After he left us we waited an hour or two for orders to charge, and General Hincks finally sent me over to find General Smith and tell him we were all ready and to ask for his orders. I followed our lines along until I came to Generals Marston and Burnham, seated near their brigades behind a tree, who were also waiting orders, their brigades being skirmishing. I passed a word with the former, who accosted me, and rode along until I found General Smith, clear down in the valley of the river, where he still was inspecting the enemy's position. I communicated my message, and before he dismissed me, rode with him a little while. He finally told me that he had made up his mind that the enemy were strong in artillery only, and that he thought we could take his works with a skirmish line which the artillery could not hurt much; and if there was enough infantry in the works to repel a skirmish line, we could not take the works with a line of battle; and that therefore he should assault with a skirmish line, and to tell General Hincks to strengthen his skirmish line, and when he received the order, or when he saw the line on our right move forward, to charge the works with it. While I was with General Smith a staff officer with a large escort came and delivered a message to him from General Grant, and I heard him tell General Smith that the Second Corps was coming up on the Windmill Point road. I rode back to General Hincks and delivered the order, and he made ready for the charge, and we again waited anxiously for the order to advance.

Pretty soon a cavalry soldier came and gave a dispatch to General Hincks, addressed to General Hancock, saying that General Smith had directed him to bring it to the nearest division commander or the outside division commander, I forget which, and tell him to have it conveyed to General Hancock. We knew that the Windmill Point road must lie farther to our left, and that it probably would lead one into dangerous proximity to the rebels, who of course had a clear field beyond us. Accordingly, actuated in part by the desire to see my old corps and in part by a desire for the adventure, I told the general that if he would give me some cavalry I would carry the dispatch to General Hancock. So he gave me leave, and with half a dozen cavalrymen I took the road which led to the left and soon struck the road leading from Petersburg to Prince George Court House, and seeing a house on the other side of it went there for information. We found that there was a rebel lieutenant-colonel lying here who had been wounded in one of our previous affairs. Having learned what I could, I determined to pursue this road as that which most likely would lead me to the Second Corps, though I believe I could get no exact information as to the Windmill Point road, and in fact there was no other road open before me to pursue. I rode rapidly until I came to Prince George Court House, where there were a few houses, and making hasty inquiries of the people there pursued the main road.

I had not passed this place more than a mile when I saw some blue-coated pickets in the road, who to my joy I found belonged to the Second Corps, which was crossing my road just ahead. I hurried on and found them, and learning that General Hancock was near by I found him soon riding in a wagon on account of trouble which his Gettysburg wound was giving him. Having read the dispatch I brought, he handed it to Colonel Morgan and told him to ride to the head of the column and give it to General Birney and direct him to act upon it, and I rode with Colonel Morgan. I was glad enough to see the general and Colonel Morgan, but did not see a regiment I knew, as the division of the corps which I had

encountered was that made up out of the old Third Corps and commanded by General Birney. We reached General Birney, who was at the head of the column, just as he had arrived where I left General Hincks, for we had come into the road I had traveled with our division in the morning. I rode a little way to the front and found General Hincks in the saddle with the rest of the staff, waiting the charge which had not yet been made, though it was close upon if not quite sunset. I told General Hincks how close General Birney was, and he gave me his map and told me to carry it to General Birney and guide him to the front if he desired it.

I found General Birney on the little cross-road which I had followed into the Prince George Court House road, and offered the map to him and to point out this road to him and lead him to it, for I knew by the map that it converged upon that which our division was on but a short distance ahead. General Birney inquired if I could show him the left of our line. I told him that to go straight to our left would carry him through woods on no path, but that this road would lead him out into our front in open ground, and tried to show him how it went on the map. He retorted impatiently, "Will you show one of my staff your left? I don't want your map." I replied that I would show his officer our left, and upon one being designated I plunged straight through the woods for our left. We emerged from the woods into the slashing in front of the rebel works, and though it was dark I found that in my absence our lines had charged into the works, so I rode straight into them, and finding our division there showed the officer our left and rejoined General Hincks inside the works. I learned that our skirmish line had dashed forward and almost in darkness had frightened the rebels out of the works, and the troops on our right had done the same with some hard fighting. They left in our hands sixteen pieces of artillery, about a dozen of which fell into the hands of our division.

The spirits of all were very high and we were willing to move on at once. I asked General Hincks if we should not set about arranging our line to advance, when to my utter surprise he said that

the orders from General Smith forbade a further advance, and we actually made no advance that night, and one of the best opportunities for capturing Petersburg was lost, for the rebel army, which had not then reached Petersburg, hurried down there in the night, and on the next morning we found the iron veterans of Lee's army in our front between us and Petersburg, which lay not over a mile ahead of us. General Grant says in his report that the moon shone brightly; that the Second Corps had been offered to General Smith by General Hancock; and that he only requested that it relieve a portion of his line; and that his delay during the day to charge had never been satisfactorily explained to him.

My own theory about General Smith's delay to charge is this: When he arrived in the morning in front of the works, he found them very strong, plentifully supplied with artillery and well defended by a skirmish line. It took some time for him to satisfy himself as to whether there was a suitable force of infantry to resist him, and when with great skill he had, as I have related, determined in the middle of the afternoon or earlier to charge, he had received news by General Grant's messenger that Hancock was on his way to reinforce him. His cautious disposition led him to delay his attack in the hope that Hancock might join his left in the charge, as it is evident he expected he would do from the dispatch which I bore and Generals Hancock's and Birney's action on it. As night came on, he dared to delay no longer and ordered the charge, which proved successful. It is said that it was his cautious disposition which led him to halt in the moment of victory, fearing that he should lose what he had gained; but I can see no justification for this, for it would have been but little loss if his corps had been driven back to its starting-point, and it was better to risk it against all the chances than to give the enemy a chance to reinforce Petersburg, which General Smith must have known he would do that night according to the rules of strategy as applied every day.

This unfortunate delay cost us ten months of fighting in front of Petersburg. Our division lost about 400 killed and wounded this

day. My impression is that our division was relieved by the Second Corps of duty in the skirmish line this night, and that on the next morning we moved to the right of the Friend or Gibbs house. I recollect riding along the crest on which the rebel works were which our division had taken on the morning of June 16, and seeing a portion of the Army of the Potomac move down toward Petersburg and engage the enemy, who seemed to be in strong force and whose bullets flew around my vicinity.

The Eighteenth Corps occupied a line from the Friend house to the river, its right striking the river at least a mile below Petersburg. My recollection is that our division occupied a position a little in the rear of the Friend house. There was a redan or lunette between the Friend house and the river, in our front, which was still held by the rebels and which it was determined to take. General Hincks was ordered to send a force to assault it, and accordingly selected Colonel Ames's regiment, with the view, I believe, of giving it an opportunity to restore its reputation, which, as I have said, suffered at Baylor's farm on the preceding day. I was entrusted by the general with the duty of accompanying Colonel Ames in the assault and showing him what was to be done, and as it bade fair to be a fierce fight I went with a strange feeling at my heart which I frequently experienced in going into such adventures. We had only got in sight of our work when we were recalled, as a general advance was determined on. We then threw a skirmish line out into the valley facing Petersburg and at an acute angle with the river. On our left the skirmishers of a division of the Army of the Potomac prolonged the line, and on our right those of General Martindale's division of our corps joined us.

I accompanied our line and saw that it accomplished General Hincks's orders, though it was commanded by one of our field officers. Our right came nearly opposite a house in the valley, which stood out in the open fields in plain sight of the enemy's batteries on the other side of the river, which were not over a third of a mile from it. We advanced, keeping good connections, clear

across this plain to Rowlett's house, under a constant fire from the batteries just referred to, which made it uncomfortable at some times, but I cannot now recollect whether we encountered the enemy's skirmishers in our front or not. At Rowlett's house I met General Martindale, who fumed greatly over some grievance which he could not control, which, I believe, consisted in the fact that owing to the distance between the river and our left decreasing as we moved up toward Petersburg, by the time the right of our division passed the Rowlett house it almost if not quite touched the river, which of course brought General Martindale's skirmishers up standing along the river's brink, and made it impossible for them to advance toward Petersburg, as the line was completely occupied from the river to the left by the lines of other skirmishers. This inevitable state of affairs General Martindale was complaining bitterly about, or rather he complained that our line crowded his out of place; but as I did not see any way to remedy it and still keep our place, I was obliged to let him complain. Pretty soon an aide of General Meade (who was in command of all of us temporarily) rode up to the house and said that General Meade ordered that the senior general present on the line should take command. General Martindale thereupon swelled up like a turkey cock, and said in pompous accents, "Then I will take command, as I believe I am the oldest brigadier-general in the army," and proceeded further to send a message to General Meade which was simply a lie calculated to filch honor from another general.

As I have said, while we advanced across the plain the batteries on the other side of the river, which were elevated on a bluff above us, annoyed us with their fire. General Hincks had accordingly posted Howell's New York battery, which was under his command, on a bluff on our side at a place in rear of Beasley's house, and this battery, by excellent shooting at the rebel batteries, had almost entirely silenced them (or it, for I do not recollect how many guns there were). Now in this message to General Meade, General Martindale told General Meade's aide to "tell General Meade that

I have posted a battery in our rear which has silenced the enemy's," or words to that effect, referring to Howell's battery. It has occurred to me that I might have, with propriety, contradicted this then and there, but in a spirit of military subordination I held my peace and contented myself with reporting it to General Hincks, who probably took care to identify this battery as one which he placed. My impression is that General Martindale soon caused our skirmishers to draw out of the line and give place to those of his division, though I am not positive as to this.

I cannot recollect now what part our division took in the fight of this and the next day. I recollect very well that Martindale's division was hotly engaged in assaulting the works of the enemy near the river in front of Petersburg, and I was there some of the time, but whether it was in connection with our division or not, I cannot recollect.

Our division soon took position on the bluffs near Beasley's house, and there we remained for a few days without being engaged in line of battle, though picket work and night alarms kept us busy. Howell's battery went down into the plain by Rowlett's house, and there in the most courageous manner successfully maintained a fierce fire on the batteries over the river, which were high above Howell's and seemingly could knock him to pieces. Howell's battery stayed there several days and attracted great attention from our officers, and praise, too. I found myself worked pretty hard, for General Hincks so far availed himself of my services and suggestions as to employ me in most every emergency to find out the situation of affairs or deliver his orders, to which end he insisted upon my sleeping at his side in a wagon which accompanied us in the field, wherein I was in better circumstances than the rest of the staff, who slept on the ground without cover.

My own regiment, as may be seen in its history, was hotly engaged in several engagements which followed upon the arrival of the Second, Ninth, and Fifth Corps, in which Lieutenant Shapleigh was killed and Colonel Hapgood was wounded. I visited them

and saw Colonel Hapgood in the hospital. The regiment was so greatly reduced in numbers and so few of its old members remained that I found nothing to attract me back to service in its ranks at this time, which of course was much harder than staff duty and less attractive. General Hincks was ordered to move his division to the other side of the Appomattox near Point of Rocks, and we marched over there and camped in a fine locality, and it seems to me that in a day or two we marched back again to the Petersburg front, and about the 27th of June General Hincks determined that his ill health and troublesome wounds required his leaving the field. I had no desire to remain with that division after he had gone, and luckily just at this time General W. F. Smith, influenced to some extent by Captain Butler, who was at this time acting as aide-de-camp on his staff, offered me the position of acting assistant inspector-general on his staff, with the special duty of inspecting the negro troops and reporting upon the demerits of such officers of them as I should find inefficient or unworthy of holding their commissions. This was a very acceptable offer, and after, by General Smith's permission at General Hincks's request, accompanying the latter as far as Norfolk on his way home, I returned and was duly announced in orders in the position offered me by General Smith.

I took up my quarters at Eighteenth Corps headquarters, as near as I now recollect, on the evening of June 30, and either before I arrived or before I was fairly prepared to ride with General Smith, he rode out with his staff to our works near the Hare house, where Fort Steadman was afterwards established, to superintend an engagement which was then in progress at that point. I think I rode out and came up with him at the Hare house or on his way back, and there learned that Captain Butler had just before received a shot in the knee and had been carried back. This seemed to be an unlucky, and proved to be a sad, beginning of my experience, for Captain Butler was perhaps my most esteemed friend in the army. I had anticipated great pleasure in his companionship, and no doubt

should have realized it, for not only had I got him put on this staff and he had aided in getting me there, but we had previously been great friends from an early date of my service in the 5th, and I also had reason to believe that my friendship for him was reciprocated.

As soon as I got back to camp I went to see him, and found him not at all dispirited and apparently not badly wounded. He predicted that he would return in thirty days and I lent him fifty dollars to get home with, expecting certainly to receive it back from his own hands. He went home, and in just thirty days he died from gangrene or mortification, which resulted from his wound, I believe, and I never received a due under such melancholy circumstances as those under which his father transmitted my loan to me. Captain Butler, as I have said, was second lieutenant of my company when we started from New Hampshire. He was then probably not over twenty-one years old, and as he was six feet and six inches in height, and not yet filled out, was then rather awkward in his figure. He was well educated and very intelligent and of irreproachable morals and habits. These characteristics did not make him a favorite with Captain —— and Lieutenant ——, neither of whom was a moral man, and the former of whom was an ignoramus, and they seemed to study to annoy him. He had been the advocate of Sergeant Breed as candidate for the place of first sergeant against me, and consequently we did not at once become friends. Soon after arriving at Camp California he was selected to be a member of the U.S. Signal Corps. I suppose Colonel Cross recommended him both on account of his acquirements and the persecution he was subjected to at the hands of his company officers.

I do not recollect what first brought us together as friends, but I have ever remembered his kindness in bringing me some liquor on the field of Fair Oaks when I was so sick. He rejoined the regiment in 1863 when it was in New Hampshire, and from that time we were often together and very friendly. When he had got into the field in command of the ambulance corps, he was relieved from that position and made aide, for the reason, as I was told, that he

always sought to be in front in battles and neglected his trains in consequence, which trait made him a poor ambulance officer, but recommended him as an aide.

It may be believed without error that I was sorry to part with General Hincks and the good fellows about him, the former of whom had relied on me more than my capacity warranted, I fear, sometimes, and whose staff, as I have related, lived in great concord and amity together. General Paine, of Boston, took command of the division, and I think Carter Wickes and Dr. Barnes remained with him until the war closed or as long as the division remained intact. McGee was mustered out of the service in November, 1864, when the three years for which the regiment originally entered the service expired. Bob Verplanck was taken violently sick and remained so at Fort Monroe a long time, and then joined the staff of General Truman Seymour in the Sixth Corps, and Captain White left the army at the expiration of his term of service in 1864; and thus was dissolved a military family whose existence was short and merry in proportion.

I have forgotten to relate one incident of our history as a division. General Wilde, who commanded one of its brigades, had proved rather insubordinate while in command of the posts down the James River, and there was no friendship between him and General Hincks. After we arrived in front of Petersburg, he was sent up to us, and his quartermaster proved there to be a stupid fellow and refused or neglected grossly to make some report required of him by the division quartermaster, whereupon General Hincks directed General Wilde to send him to duty with his regiment (he being a detailed officer). General Wilde neglected to do this on the ground that he had the right to choose his own staff, which was true as to his personal staff, but not as to officers of the general staff, such as quartermasters, adjutants, general surgeons. General Hincks accordingly sent me to General Wilde with a formal repetition of the order and for a reply. After General Wilde had received it he said, "Tell General Hincks I know my rights and will maintain them,"

which I reported. General Hincks preferred charges against him, and General Smith detailed a court-martial, consisting of near a dozen of the commanders of brigades and divisions in his corps, and General Wilde was tried by them. I testified to the circumstances and General Wilde cross-examined me by asking if he did n't say, "I know my rights and knowing dare maintain"; but I was obliged to reaffirm the original message he had given, which I have since learned was an attempted quotation on his part. He was convicted and sentenced to some fitting penalty, and General Butler disapproved the finding because he had not been tried by a court composed of officers at least two thirds of whom were officers of negro troops, which kind of courts a general order of his, promulgated some time before, required for the trial of officers of negro troops.

I should mention the fact that the works which we took June 15 in front of Petersburg consisted of redoubts connected by breastworks, all of earth and perhaps twenty feet thick at the base and six feet at the top. In front of them there was a dry ditch perhaps fifteen feet wide and six feet deep, and still in front of it was the slashing which had been formed by cutting down the trees a quarter of a mile to the front. This, of course, served to expose an attacking column, but I think the fallen timber and branches had been removed to a considerable extent, the works having existed two years, and our men only had to push through undergrowth and stumps of trees for the most part. The rebels had also constructed what were termed French rifle pits for their skirmishers, which were the first of the kind I had ever seen. They consisted each of an inclined plane about twelve feet wide which reached a depth of about three feet and had a perpendicular wall toward the front. A section of one of them would be like this figure.

We were riding through between these pits one evening at dusk, when McGee disappeared from view by reason of his horse stepping

into one. A thick dust obscured them so that we could only see a struggling mass of horse and man indistinctly. I sang out, "McGee, are you killed?" He replied lugubriously, "No." "Then I must laugh!" Whereupon we all burst out at poor McGee's expense, who relished it but little, but forgave us no doubt when fully restored to his equanimity.

As I have said, my immediate duty on General Smith's staff was to inspect the negro troops and ferret out unworthy officers, and this I set about at once. I inspected the regiments under arms and their camps to ascertain what discipline was enforced. I made inspection of their books, inquired particularly as to the alleged misconduct of such as were called to my attention, and frequented the picket lines to ascertain the manner in which duty was there performed. These picket lines were along the bank of the Appomattox for a mile or so below our lines, and it appeared that some officers were so negligent as to allow their men to stand where the water at high tide flooded the ground. One colonel of a regiment constructed a deep trench near Rowlett's house in which to post his reserves and protect them from the artillery fire which was directed from the opposite side of the river. This trench was not only so deep as to make egress from it very difficult, but this ingenious colonel added to the difficulty by putting a roof of boughs covered with earth over it to protect his men from vertical fire. Of course, in case of an attack by a party which might choose to cross, this reserve would be likely to be earthed so completely that they would be helpless, but fortunately no crossing was made and the trench was only attacked by ridicule.

The Appomattox runs between some pretty steep and high banks between Petersburg and Point of Rocks, and I used to enjoy the solitude of these rugged and woody banks as my horse scrambled along their sides. There was a spice of danger and interest, too, in the proximity of the enemy on the other side, and a wreck of what was one of our gunboats, as I supposed, lying in the channel between an island and our side in perfect solitude, was an interesting

subject. I recommended the dismissal of half a dozen or more unworthy officers, and what action was taken by General Smith I don't know. His early withdrawal from the field, at any rate, would have prevented his doing much. Some of the officers, however, were dismissed, by sentence of courts-martial afterwards, independent of my report.

The staff which General Smith had collected was a large one and I found many pleasant men among its members. Colonel Burton, 5th U.S. Artillery; Lieutenant-Colonel or Major William Russell, Jr., A.A.G.; and Major Thomas Trumbull, 1st Connecticut Artillery, became highly valued friends of mine, and among those with whom I spent many pleasant hours were Captain Horace Binney, of Philadelphia; Lieutenant Paul, of the same place; Lieutenant Duer, 1st U.S. Artillery (of New York), and Captain Fleming, of the Pennsylvania Cavalry, and provost marshal; General Thomas Niel was the inspector-general and my immediate chief. He was thought to be a little crazy; had commanded a brigade in the Sixth Corps, and as we supposed had been put in this place to take him out of that. He had a fashion of ejaculating his sentences, and it used to be a standing anecdote to raise fun to tell what he said upon arriving at the Friend house immediately after we had taken the enemy's works as before related. He saw the broad wheatfields in the valley of the river under him, and in them certain black objects, perhaps stumps, and, turning to those with him, said, "Ha! River! Enemy! Gunboats!" — meaning, as was supposed, that the said black objects in the wheatfields were the enemy's gunboats in the river. He was an exquisite in his dress and had by reason of that fact acquired the title of "Beau Niel." He used to come out on the dusty ground in front of our tents and tiptoe across, holding up white corduroy trousers as a lady would her dress, and calling loudly for the officer of the day and directing him to have more water sprinkled on the ground.

Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholas Bowen and Major Michler, of the U.S. Engineer Corps, and Colonel Alexander Piper, of the N.Y.

Artillery (and also of the U.S. Artillery), were on the staff, too. General Smith himself was a gentleman of the most genial disposition, who treated all his staff as gentlemen, and more than that was very cordial in his manner to them all. Once, when I still was on General Hincks's staff, I called on him officially and found him seated at dinner with champagne for a beverage before him, and, rough as my dress was, with saber on and the dust of the road thick on me, he invited me to sit at the table with him. He was a very skillful officer, and his fault lay in that Fabian policy which lost us Petersburg.

General Smith's headquarters were at the Friend house, which stood on a bold promontory which projected into the valley and was within a long musket-shot of the enemy's line; at least that seems to me a fair measurement, as a bullet struck in our tent one evening when we were at tea, and of course we were in easy range for the enemy's cannon. Our tents were arranged in three sides of a parallelogram behind the house, and it, one of the pretentious square mansions of Virginia, formed the fourth side of the square and hid our tents from view of the enemy. But the outlying tents, which covered our stores, servants, and guards, were in view, and the constant arrival and departure of generals, staff officers, and orderlies told plainly enough what was behind the house, but strange to say for a long time we were unmolested by artillery, and the only reason we ever heard was that the owner of the house was the commander of the battery which had the best range of us.

The staff lived happily together, though we were divided into half a dozen messes. Our duties in the day, while General Smith was with us, did not lead us into any engagements and our visits to the lines were just frequent enough to spice our lives. At night we played cards a good deal, and we frequently were awakened in the morning by the servant of some other officer of the staff bearing, with his master's compliments, a champagne "cocktail" to open our eyes with. At these headquarters, as at no others I ever was attached to, some one of the staff served as officer of the day, his

duty being during daylight to keep order in the camp and to see that it was well swept and watered and otherwise cared for, and in the night to receive dispatches and if they were of sufficient moment to carry them to the general. I had not been here over three or four weeks when General Smith left the field on a leave of absence. He expected to return, and as he was leaving was kind enough to say to me that when he came to the field again, he wished to have me appointed as aide-de-camp to him, which place I would gladly have taken; and this reminds me that he had before this also appointed me acting aide-de-camp in addition to my other office.

General Smith had hardly gone when an order was received at our headquarters from General Butler directing me to report for duty to my regiment. This was very unexpected, and very unwelcome, too, inasmuch as I expected General Smith's speedy return, and I with others was foolish enough to suppose that the ill-feeling which we supposed existed between General Butler and General Smith had induced the former to issue this order.

As the friends I had been so fortunate as to make on the staff were very unwilling that I should leave, I concluded to go to General Rawlins, General Grant's chief of staff, and, laying my case before him, try to have this order rescinded on the score of being a fellow townsman with him and General Grant. So I rode down to City Point and saw General Rawlins, and told him of the order and the motives which I supposed had actuated General Butler, and asked if I could not be aided to remain until General Smith's return, that I might receive the appointment he had suggested.

General Rawlins, who received me in a kindly way, in an equally kindly manner explained to me that this was a matter over which General Butler had complete control, and that General Grant could not consistently interfere in such matters to contradict his army commanders. Upon this I rode back, feeling blue enough, and prepared to leave, but the adjutant-general, Major Russell, said that I could not be held to have disobeyed an order if I never received it, and without having delivered it to me he consigned it to

a pigeon-hole, and that was the last I heard of it. I learned afterwards that this order was issued by General Butler simply because my return to my regiment had been requested by my regimental commander, or the commander of the brigade it was in, and this request, regularly endorsed and approved, had gone from the Army of the Potomac to General Butler, and left him no alternative under that old rule that each army must furnish its own staff officers, which had taken me away from the Army of the Potomac. I also received an intimation that I should not have been detained in my regiment if I had gone back, but that General Miles, the division commander, intended to have me on his staff. But in this matter as in others Fate seemed to carry me along, and the short time during which I remained with the Eighteenth Corps served to give me a higher staff position than I had ever held elsewhere, to save me from being present at a great defeat of the Second Corps, and to allow me to participate in the battle of the Mine.

CHAPTER XXXII

General Martindale, who was the senior division commander in the corps, now assumed command of it, and so little did I esteem him that I turned about in my desire and contemplated rejoining the Second Corps. A day or two after he took command, he informed me that if I would like to stay with him he would like to have me, and that I could do so. I answered that I was not certain that I would like to, but would decide immediately. The manner in which he received this made me think that he was lost in astonishment to find that it was possible that any one could entertain a doubt about serving on his staff. The ties of friendship between others of the staff and myself, added to considerations before mentioned, finally prevailed upon me to stay.

General Martindale brought with him Captain A. G. Lawrence, whom I have before mentioned as being in our division of colored troops at Fort Monroe. He was a very good fellow, and a man who encountered every circumstance with the most imperturbable coolness. We played interesting games of cards together, once for a pair of horse covers which were destined for my horse Charlie, at the losing figure. (By the way, I managed to take the bay horse Charlie I have mentioned from the 3d Division by getting the quartermaster of that division to transfer him to the same officer at corps headquarters.) Lawrence got a reputation for great boldness by riding down the lines in sight of the enemy's sharpshooters, when others on the same errand would keep under cover of the earthworks by walking, and I was foolish enough once to engage in a contest with him, provoked by his challenge, in which we both stuck our heads above the works at the risk of getting them perforated, and each vied in keeping his up the longest time. I think I terminated this absurd trial by first receding after a decent interval of time.

General Thomas Niel soon followed General Smith and left our corps, and I took his place as acting assistant inspector-general of the corps at the head of all the other inspectors in the corps. This fortuitous promotion gave me a higher staff position than I had ever occupied elsewhere, and than any I had expected to fill (the regular appointees held the rank of lieutenant-colonel), and even brought me above one or more officers whose lineal rank was above mine — one major in particular, who demurred to my authority and was duly overruled by General Ord, who then commanded us. In this position I had to inspect several squadrons of cavalry attached to the corps. I had never learned the mode of inspecting cavalry and was obliged to resort to the stratagem of getting involved in a discussion of that performance with Captain Fleming, our provost marshal, who was a cavalry officer, in which, without disclosing my ignorance, as I supposed, I managed to elicit from him enough information to serve my purpose, and I have no reason to suppose that I was suspected of incompetency by those I inspected. Of course I knew how arms and equipments ought to be kept, but it was the ceremony of examining them and those who bore them that I had to learn in this way in part. Among the cavalry camped near us was that squadron in which my friend Jim Miller was an officer. I used to go over and see him. He dispensed hospitality in the shape of strong "cocktails" out of pint tin cups, which were the only glasses he could get hold of for convivial purposes.

A favorite pastime of Jim's, which afforded fun for me, was the drilling of his men in leaping a bar with their horses, in accomplishing which Jim would stand at one end of the bar, elevated about two and a half feet, with a long whip in his hand, which as the horses came up to the bar he would crack loudly at their tails, not always taking care that the lash did n't hit the rider, and this with many oaths ejaculated in the grimmest manner. These cracks would send the horses ahead convulsively, which would put the riders at their wits' end to keep a firm and soldierly seat, which was

necessary to escape the animadversions of this rollicking young lieutenant. We had many a talk over old school days and the adventures thereof, and Jim was very entertaining in his tales of foreign adventures, such as when in China he swam a river pursued by the populace of a city on account of a row he had raised in the market-place.

I do not now remember any notable engagement that took place in our front while General Martindale commanded us, which was not long. The Army of the Potomac on our left had in successive engagements extended its line to our left somewhat beyond the Weldon Railroad, and secured itself in earthworks. The line of the Eighteenth Corps commenced a mile or so below Petersburg, and was held by detachments at varying distances from the river up as far as the old works we had taken directly in front of Petersburg; and our pickets extended a considerable distance down the river, and from them to Spring Hill the river was only watched, and the passing along the road thence was very frequent.

From the river's bank about half a mile below the town our works were drawn to the Jerusalem plank road as close to the enemy's as possible, never more than a pistol-shot away, and in some places within a hundred yards, while between our works and theirs the pickets of both armies, protected in a line of pits which were almost a continuous line, were within varying distances of each other, in some places within fifty feet. On the opposite side of the river opposite the right flank of our works, or a little below that flank, the rebels had what was called by our people the "Goose-neck Battery," and the fire of this battery swept down our line and in rear of it, completely enfilading it for a mile, and it would have before this time seemed impossible to maintain our position exposed to this fire.

For a long time the artillery of both armies fired night and day from their respective lines, and a constant rattle of musketry was also heard. This killed a few men, made it uncomfortable in the works, and more so in rear of them, and rendered it impossible to

relieve pickets in the daytime; but I doubt if it ever had any more effect than to teach the opposing armies to build ingenious and strong earthworks which completely protected the occupants on all points. The main line on our side, by dint of days and days of shoveling by thousands of men, became a labyrinth of broad passageways eight or ten feet deep in the face of the earth, behind which the front line rested, camped, cooked, stood to arms, distributed rations, walked about, and in fact did everything without showing a head except in firing, when it became necessary to expose the men. At first the pickets were relieved only in the night-time, but eventually great devious trenches were dug from the main line to their pits, in which the reliefs marched securely in the daytime. After a while mortars were used by both sides, and to protect themselves from their vertically descending shells the troops constructed roofs of timber covered with earth thick enough to resist them.

At first the artillery in our line was posted in embrasures in the breastworks, but in the course of time a series of enormous batteries and forts was constructed in the line, and these, with scientifically constructed embrasures and bomb-proofs, were stronger than any masonry works. I recollect once a lot of naval officers came to the Second Corps after I joined it, and were taken into some of our advanced batteries, and seeing the enemy's batteries within a pistol-shot, one of them exclaimed, "Why in the world don't you blow them up with your guns? I would open a broadside on them if I were here!" The difficulties were explained to him with a courteous pity, but there is doubt if he believed the fact that it was and is useless to try to batter down well-constructed earthworks. The only thing that can be accomplished is to keep their fire down or dismount guns, a game which two can play at with equal advantage in a ten months' siege. Our reserves, who were numerous, were kept far enough in the rear to be out of fire, or, protected by inequalities in the ground or earthworks, were close to our front line. One novel weapon we had was a thirteen-inch mortar mounted on a railroad car which was on the City Point Railroad. This car would

be run up almost to the verge of the bluffs overlooking the valley of the Appomattox, and thence the mortar would send shells, weighing about three hundred pounds, high in the air, which would light in the rebel battery on the bluff on the other side of the river next below Petersburg, at least two miles away, and exploding throw up a great volume of dirt, and I believe doing great damage to the battery sometimes.

The system of earthworks I have described were the result of months of labor, and while I was with the Eighteenth Corps they were yet rather rude, but were as close to the enemy's as ever. We often had to go down to our works, and it may be believed that it was neither pleasant nor safe work.

I do not recollect just how far to the left the Eighteenth Corps held the works, but am certain it extended at least beyond Fort Steadman (I recollect meeting Lieutenant Kinsley, 36th U.S. Colored Troops, on post beyond Fort Steadman), which earthwork was named after Colonel Steadman, of a Connecticut regiment, who was killed on the spot where it was built. It became the custom to bestow the names of officers killed on the batteries and forts, so that it used to be said that glory consisted in being killed, having your name spelled wrong in the list of killed in the newspapers, and having a fort named after you.

As I have said, General Martindale did not stay long with us. Major-General E. O. C. Ord assumed command of the corps, and General Martindale, disgusted with being displaced, left the field rather than take his division again.

I recollect one incident of the general's stay with us which is worth writing. He had determined to have services conducted in his tent one Sunday, and at the hour when they were to begin a harum-scarum lieutenant, Duer, who esteemed General Martindale very little, was entertaining some officers who had called on him at a dinner in his tent next to the general's. Champagne was flowing freely and great revelry was heard in the tent. Captain Birney, who was officer of the day, was sent to put a stop to the noise, and

used to relate his experience in so doing with a grave tone and in his usual measured and moderate phrase, much to the delight of the rest of us, who knew that nothing was more congenial to his tastes, excepting classics, than this same revelry which his duty required him to quell. Captain Birney said; "The general directed me to inform the gentlemen that services were to be held and the noise must cease. I opened the tent door, and seeing the gentlemen at the table told them that divine service would be held immediately in the general's tent and that he desired the noise to cease, whereupon they reviled me and I retired. The noise continued, and the general again directed me to cause it to cease, and I again told the gentlemen that divine services were about to be held in the general's tent and that he desired their noise to cease; and they cursed the more and hit me in the eye with a *potato!*" When Duer sallied out to see his friends away, he saw an orderly holding a horse where they were mounting, and in the excess of his friendliness, actuated no doubt by champagne, he, notwithstanding the orderly's protest, seized the horse and rode away on him part way home with them, and did not return until the general, having finished his services, had come out to mount the horse, for it was his, and found that Duer had taken him. This scrape nearly cashiered Duer.

A tighter rein was soon hauled on the staff by General Ord, and with all General Martindale's pomposity, conceit, and incapacity I do not doubt some regretted his departure, for he was courteous and good-natured, and had soldierly bearing and dignity, which did not impress one as that of a cold and unsympathetic man, which I am inclined to think General Ord's rigid habits and strict rule did. I recollect one night when we were making a good deal of noise at a late hour and General Ord informed us that it was time to go to bed, which information we vouched for by going to bed. But General Ord was a thorough soldier and a brave man, and although the Eighteenth Corps under him did not acquire the thorough discipline which the Second Corps had, and General Ord

was not a military genius, yet the corps did not deteriorate in his hands, and whenever there was fighting to be done General Ord was active, always at the front, and perfectly oblivious of danger. General Ord brought as an aide Lieutenant Welles, a son of Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, a slim, light-haired, and rather gawky boy, who was rather fast and an amusing young fellow who behaved well under fire.

The Eighteenth Corps, assembled on the eve of the campaign as it had been, was not a body of men of the same military habits; like the Second and Sixth Corps, for instance, which had been schooled as a body for thirty months by a succession of commanders, each of whom had imbibed the notions of discipline which actuated his predecessor; and of course the Eighteenth Corps had not been in the situation to be disciplined by the corps commander. It fought well, and was fortunate in being composed for the most part of good regiments of experience, excepting the colored troops, who fought well, but were without experience. The manner in which the inspector's department was conducted fairly illustrated the discipline of the corps. The division and brigade inspectors made inspections of the troops and forwarded reports of the same to me, and those reports were consolidated by me and sent to the inspector-general of the Army of the James, and that was about all that the army commander had to do with the results of the inspections. As for myself, I bore rather the relation of a clerk than a supervising officer over all the other inspectors, for I had no precedent or order for inspecting any but troops connected with headquarters, and my duties, aside from those of an aide-de-camp, consisted mainly in consolidating the reports and transmitting orders to division and brigade inspectors, though, of course, I reported or endeavored to bring to the proper officer's notice such irregularities as I saw. I did not know how to conduct the inspector's department in any other way than that in which General Niel conducted it before me, and such ideas of reform as I had were probably repressed by a sense of the temporary char-

acter of my office as well as my rank, which was not suited to the place. If I had known then what I learned in the Second Corps afterwards, and had felt certain that my ideas would receive support from the commanding general, it is probable that I should have worked a change for the better in my department. This state of a department on which most of all, independent of brigade and division commanders, depends the discipline of an army corps, was but the state of all departments in the Eighteenth Corps, so hasty was its organization, though perhaps others were not so inefficient; for the very supine character of Colonel ——, the inspector of the Army of the James, may have contributed more to its inefficiency than that of other chiefs did.

After a while the enemy's batteries on the other side of the river disregarded the mansion which sheltered us, and their shot flew into our camp in a very disagreeable manner, especially at night; for to be waked by the whistling and plunging of ten-pounders in the night, to say nothing of the anxiety it creates at the time, makes one go to rest on the next night in no placid mood, if he cannot efface from his mind the impression that he runs the risk of being waked by a cannon shot in his vitals. They killed some horses and one or two men, I think, about our camp, but did no more mischief, although they practiced away at us often. One night a shot lodged in a barrel of vinegar a short distance in rear of my tent. Our camp was not moved and the rebel ammunition was wasted.

I sat as a member of a court-martial in the Friend house for a number of days consecutively, and the continuity or gravity of our trials was never interrupted, although the house we were in was the target which they fired at sometimes. We sentenced one or more to death in these sessions. There was a court convened in a division of the Tenth Corps, which was with us, I think, to try an officer for cowardice. The court sat in a tent near Fort Steadman, and they were deliberating when a shell crashed through the tent. Every one in the tent but the accused fled, and the accused

waited there until the court returned. They did not find him guilty of cowardice, and were laughed at throughout the corps.

On the night of July 29 we prepared for the explosion of the mine which had been dug in front of the Ninth Corps. That night I rode over to Spring Hill and met General Birney with the 3d Division, Second Corps, coming from Deep Bottom, where the Second Corps had been engaged, and I conducted him to our headquarters, and, it seems to me, down to our works, when he relieved our men, and General Ord with his staff rode over to General Burnside's headquarters, followed by the Eighteenth Corps. When we arrived at General Birney's camp at about 3 A.M., July 30, we found everything as quiet about it as on any night. Neither the general nor any of his staff was out of the tents, their horses were not in sight, and a silence very conducive to sleep prevailed. This greatly astonished me, inasmuch as General Burnside's corps was to make the assault before daylight (at 4 A.M., as I believe). General Ord went in to see General Burnside, and after doing so came out and rode with us up to the works which were directly in rear of the mine. Here we dismounted and the general, followed by us, walked out in front of the works, and I think lost his bearings, a matter which we found was no joke when we ascertained that we were within a pistol-shot and in plain view, if the night permitted, of the enemy, and I am not certain we did not receive a shot or two before we got back into the works. Our corps came up and was put in reserve in rear of the works, and we waited in a covered way leading to what was known as the "14-Gun Battery" for the explosion, and here we were joined by General Burnside and his staff, who also waited here for the explosion.

The hour when the train was to be fired came and we heard no sound. General Burnside sat or stood in the covered way without any apparent desire to forward affairs and said languidly to an aide, "Pell, won't you go up and see what's the matter." The latter went and reported that the train had missed fire, but General B., although daylight was just at hand and the fate of a great battle

depended, did not stir from the covered way. In perhaps quarter or half an hour the explosion took place. The ground shook, as I fancy it would in an earthquake, and the powder burst forth with a subdued roar. As soon as this occurred a large number of pieces of artillery on our side opened and played half an hour, for what good purpose I never could see, and although the covered way was so deep as not to admit of my seeing out, I dare to aver that our troops did not and could not charge until that fire ceased, but finally after it ceased they did go forward.

Now General Burnside did not leave the covered way, unless it was to go into the 14-gun battery, until after this charge was made, and every one now knows that, although the advance went bravely into the crater, there it stayed and no troops ever passed it. General Hancock or General Humphreys would have been at the head of the troops who led the charge, would have seen that they started on time, and would have seen that others followed and went through the crater. I got up into the 14-gun battery after a while and saw our troops contending in and about the crater, and I saw the rebels bring up a battery on the hill directly in front of the crater. I called General Burnside's attention to it, for he was still in the battery, but he did nothing even then when it must have been apparent that our troops were at a standstill. I cannot now recall all the events. I only recollect that our men vainly strove to advance, artillery and musketry thundered from both sides, and a blazing sun smote us all fiercely. Old General Ord chafed and paced up and down, impatient at the bad state of affairs, and finally started out of the battery, saying that he was going into the crater. No one of his aides nor the staff started with him, and I asked him if I should not go with him. He said he would be glad to have me, and we went along. Just then General Ames, who commanded one of our divisions, met him and had some communication with him, which took him back, and he did not go into the crater, at which I was mightily relieved, for it was an awfully narrow chance for any one to go into and come out of it

alive at that juncture, so completely swept was the intervening ground by bullets.

I cannot tell whether it was before or after this incident, but after the movement had come to a standstill, a dispatch came to General Ord from General Meade, which he read to General Burnside in my hearing. It was to this effect, "If Burnside don't go ahead, you go," and General Ord read to General Burnside the reply he proposed to send, which was to the effect that General B.'s troops were in the way, so that he could n't go ahead. General Burnside implored General Ord not to send this reply, saying that General Potter, the commander of his 2d Division, was about to make a movement forward, and I believe General Ord refrained from sending it; but General Potter's movement was of no avail. Finally one or more of our divisions went forward and fruitlessly strove to break the enemy's line, but it was one succession of failures, until the whole attack ceased, which was about noon, I think. Two laughable things occurred in this battle which I don't forget. One was this: Captain Ord, the general's aide and brother, whom we used to laugh at as rather a weak sister, was sent into the crater by General Ord, and very bravely went in, I believe. On his way back he followed a trench, and was overtaken by the negro troops, who were flying. One of them, a burly black, carried him along for some steps by reason of the catching of their belts, and then threw him, in his wild career, and an indefinite number of hard-shod and light-heeled negroes fled over his body before he could rise. When he finally got out, he related this experience to us with a melancholy face, bearing not even the trace of humor in it, and in rather weak, slow accents. We soon after this went into a sort of ditch protected on the enemy's side by the earth that was thrown from it, where General Potter and his staff were, and then we got him to relate his story again, which he did in the same doleful accents, while we were nearly splitting with the fun of it, though the shot were tearing things around us.

Another was this: We were sitting in the covered way when the

negro troops broke, and Colonel Piper, our chief of artillery, saw them rushing by, and he, being rather an indolent man, shouted out to us to look at them, and to stop them, which was rather amusing, as he did n't stir himself. However, I rushed out and collared one flying negro and then another, and soon strove to make a line of them facing the enemy, but when I would bring a second to where I had left the first, he, impelled by the shells which whizzed about us, would have fled, and my second made no more stable a nucleus than my first. I looked in vain for some flag among the fugitives, and I believe made some little fun for the rest of the staff by certain ejaculations expressing my desire for one. My exertions did not succeed in forming a line, and ere long the fugitives were farther in the rear than I cared to go.

We stayed in the 14-gun battery much of the time, and there watched the fight, and although after a while the enemy, with well-directed shells, made it dangerous business to keep our heads above the works, yet we saw much of the battle. My recollection of it at this time (February, 1873) is, of course, rather deficient in details, but I can distinctly recall the fact that after our first assault was delivered and our men had halted in the crater, the enemy poured a fire into them and us all day. Every little while some new line of ours would endeavor to pass the crater, chiefly on its right, which would bring on a sharp musketry fight, and the advancing line would either halt or retreat. Then for a time we could see only the labyrinth of works in our front, crested with fire or smoke, and now and then the artillerymen or sharpshooters in the embrasures or above the works. General Ord sent up his second division under General Adelbert Ames, but it did not pass beyond the crater. Once during the day I met General Warren, who commanded the Fifth Corps, which held the line on our left, and we passed a few words. He seemed very anxious to be allowed to assault (this was early in the fight), but was not allowed to.

About the middle of the afternoon the attack ceased and we withdrew. General Ames went back to the little house where

Second Corps headquarters were afterwards, when General Hancock left the field, and I was sent to find General A. before dark and inform him where to go with his division. I found him lying in the yard of the house, and I never saw a man more disgusted with anything than he was with that battle. He did not, of course, criticize to me the conduct of individual commanders, but he took no pains to conceal his contempt for the management in general.[1]

Soon after this battle the Eighteenth Corps moved across the Appomattox at Point of Rocks, and occupied the line between the river and the James. General Ord's headquarters were, after one or two changes, established near the works about half a mile from the James, at the point opposite General Butler's Dutch Gap Canal. I had been up to see my friends at Second Corps headquarters, and was there given to understand that if I came back to that corps I should be detailed to the staff at those headquarters again as soon as there was a vacancy, and

[1] A day or two ago (July, 1873) I learned from Colonel Theodore W. Clark, formerly of the 29th Massachusetts Volunteers, some facts which convince me of an error in my account of the battle of the Mine. He says he was on the staff of Colonel Marshall, then commanding a brigade in Ledlie's division of the Ninth Corps, which division led the assault on the crater after the mine exploded; that he was standing beside the commander of the leading brigade when the mine exploded; that the earth rose up and spread out like a fan and he could see men in the mass; that he remarked to the commander last mentioned upon the appearance of the earth that was rising, and at that instant the order was given and the line moved into the crater; that he was among the first there, and that the timbers which had been thrown up were yet quivering where they fell, when he got to them; and that the colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment was knocked down by the leg of a man which had been blown off by the explosion as it blew up or fell back. He further says that our artillery did not fire into the crater, as I had supposed, but that it fired on the works on its flanks; that the brigade he was in passed through the crater and then wheeled to the right, and advanced along the rebel works until it came to a reëntering angle or traverse, behind which the rebels made a stand, and was about to flank them out when the negro troops, who ought to have charged directly through the crater, came right on this brigade, and that Bartlett's brigade, which went straight into the crater and attempted to pass on directly to the rear of it, was repulsed by rebel troops in the second line on the hill with artillery and infantry. I am persuaded that Bartlett's brigade did not encounter artillery directly in its front when it charged in, for I saw the first battery brought up directly behind the crater after the attack had failed.

that it was expected that Captain Conrad (2d U.S. Infantry) would be appointed elsewhere, in which case I could have his place of assistant to the assistant inspector-general. As my friend Major Russell had left us, and altogether the Second Corps staff was most agreeable to me (for in fact when I once more met Captain Brownson, Dr. Dougherty, Colonel Morgan, and Majors Bingham and Mitchell and Parker and Bull, I longed to join them again), I determined to take the place when the opportunity came. It came through a melancholy accident very soon, for at the battle of Reams Station, August 25, Captain Brownson was killed (than whom I could regret no one of them more), and on riding over to Second Corps headquarters after its return from that field, I was informed that Conrad would take Brownson's place and I could have Conrad's if I would leave the Eighteenth Corps. I accordingly asked for an order relieving me from duty at Eighteenth Corps headquarters, which was kindly given to me in the form I requested, as well as permission to go to Norfolk to see about some equipage which was stored there on my account with General Hincks. Having run down to Norfolk, I, on my return, packed my traps, and once more taking my horse Charlie by transfer to the quartermaster at Second Corps headquarters, I bade good-bye to all at the Eighteenth Corps headquarters and ended my service with that corps.

I have said that Major Russell had left. He was succeeded by General (then Colonel) Theodore M. Read, of Wisconsin, who was an excellent soldier and a genial officer whom we all liked greatly. At Fredericksburg a cannon shot went through his shoulder, burying itself completely in its passage through it, and taking away the clavicle and much of the muscle, but it had healed, and he had the pluck to continue in active service with his arm almost a useless member where strength was required.

CHAPTER XXXIII

My order detailing me as assistant to the inspector-general is dated September 3. I joined the Second Corps staff at a house near the crossing of the military and Norfolk railroads, where General Hancock had established his headquarters, and was received with a good welcome. My boy Charlie had "forgotten" to remove from one of my boxes some bottles of good whiskey which some officer at Eighteenth Corps headquarters had stored in it, and soon after my arrival, upon unpacking, these were found, and I proceeded to empty one with my old friends in my tent. General Hancock happened to walk near by, and seeing our employment stepped in and said to me, "Ha, Captain! whiskey?" "Yes, General, won't you take some?" said I. "I don't care if I do — ah! very good." "Shan't I send you a bottle, General? I have several." "No — I thank you — well, I will send my man Shaw out and you may send a bottle by him if you have a mind to." I sent the bottle in, and thus auspiciously opened my new term of service with General Hancock.

My old mess was no more. Brownson, as I have related, was killed. Haskell too had been killed in the Wilderness, while colonel of the 36th Wisconsin Volunteers. Dr. Monroe had left, and Dr. Dougherty went away about the time I came, to take charge of a hospital. So Colonel Morgan, whose assistant I had become, invited me to mess with him, which I was right glad to do. He had a colored man who had early in the war escaped into our lines from slavery. He had formerly been employed in one of the best hotels in Richmond, and with a camp-fire and the few cooking-utensils carried by us he used to provide the most appetizing meals for us, aided very much by Mrs. Morgan's kindness, who at Fort Monroe sent up, from time to time, chickens and fish.

Among the new men at Second Corps headquarters were

Captain J. C. Pelton, of the 14th Connecticut Volunteers, who had formerly been a second lieutenant in the 3d Division ambulance train of my command, who was at this time in my old place; Captain Conrad, before mentioned, who succeeded to Brownson's place, and was soon after my arrival detailed elsewhere and succeeded by Captain Stacey, of the 8th Infantry. Colonel Francis A. Walker, our former adjutant-general, was at this time absent, and I think still a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. He was captured in some of the affairs which had preceded this time before Petersburg, and the rebel papers had given an account of his escape and attempt to swim the Appomattox and regain our lines, and his recapture clad only in his underclothing. In the spring of 1872 I saw him in Washington (he was then Commissioner of Indian Affairs) for the first time since 1863. He said that on his way with other prisoners from Petersburg to Richmond he had effected his escape from his guards, and had after dark swam the Appomattox, but by an unfortunate mishap had reached the right bank just far enough up the river to find himself within the rebel line, whose left flank touched the Appomattox only a hundred feet or so in front of our right flank. Major Septimus Carncross, an Englishman of the cockney stripe, was in Colonel Walker's place.

Colonel Batchelder had been promoted to chief quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac, and Lieutenant-Colonel Shellenbarger, of Pennsylvania, was in his place.

Colonel Morgan was still chief of staff, and the many duties of that position had caused the creation of the office which I now filled. He was nominally assistant inspector-general of the corps; that is to say, the head inspecting officer of the corps; his prefix of "assistant" being that which all inspectors below army inspector-generals bore. As chief of staff he was the eyes, ears, and hands of General Hancock. In camp he devoted himself to all those matters which the general himself had to direct, excepting those matters which the medical quartermaster and adjutant-

generals and commissary department officers attended to. On the march he rode with the advance and directed its operations, and if the enemy made a stand, selected the positions for and posted the troops as they arrived until the general came up, and in battle he gave the directions to execute the general's orders, and supplemented him everywhere. With all these duties on his shoulders, Colonel Morgan had no time to devote to the duties of an inspecting officer in all their details, and, therefore, my predecessor and I performed those duties in his stead.

When Colonel Morgan gave me my first instructions, he remarked that I would find that the inspector's department was conducted on a different plan in the Second Corps from that of the Eighteenth, and I was very glad to find this true, as it was in very many particulars. My duties were to receive, prove, and consolidate the reports of the inspectors of the divisions and artillery brigade and embody them in a report with such additions as were the result of my own observations. In this report was the name of every enlisted man who was detailed by an officer as his servant, which caused those officers to have their pay reduced in double the amount of the soldier's pay, and I used always to include the name of General Hancock's body servant, Shaw, but such was the discipline of the general that I never heard of any complaint of these reports.

When any regiment was reported upon unfavorably, orders were issued from the headquarters of the army directing inspections of it at intervals, and these inspections sometimes fell to me. Regimental commanders used to apply for a change of arms, usually asking to have breech-loaders substituted for muzzle-loaders, and it was nearly if not quite always made my duty by an army order to inspect them, and if my report was that the arms the regiment had were not well kept, they got no breech-loaders. Of course, these orders were directed to and the reports were made in the name of Colonel Morgan, but I did the work. Besides this, I was expected to ride about among the camps and

see that they were kept clean, and particularly that no offal or dead horses or mules were allowed to remain unburied, and also to observe the obedience to particular regulations. In addition to these duties, I performed those of an aide-de-camp in camp and in the field, one of which, at Petersburg, was to ride along the lines of earthworks just before daybreak to see whether the troops were standing to arms in accordance with the orders to do so, and I once reported my regiment for not doing so.

I also used to be required to ride the whole length of the earthworks occupied by the Second Corps frequently, and for a while daily, — I believe — to see that they were kept in proper repair. This ride, from Fort Bross in the rear line around by Forts Pat Kelley and Stevenson to Forts Alex Hayes and Davis, and thence to the Appomattox, was about five miles, which was no joke in a hot day, especially when the enemy cracked at me occasionally anywhere from Fort Davis to the river. Sometimes there would be such a lull in the firing between our pickets that I could ride perhaps the whole distance without being shot at, and again I would receive shots when I least expected them. I had an orderly named Crandall, an Englishman, who was as straight and stiff as a ramrod, and once he and I were sitting on our horses a little to the right of Fort Steadman, looking at the rebel works, feeling quite secure, so still were the pickets, when a shot was followed by a bullet striking a tree near our heads, and Crandall was surprised into a momentary retreat.

Soon after my arrival at Second Corps headquarters I was riding with Colonel Morgan along the works when we came to the angle then or afterwards occupied by Fort Sedgwick, and he, pointing to the rebel picket line which projected right into our faces at this point and then abruptly trended away to the rear, asked me how I would like to command a party and with it take that angle. I replied that I should like to very much, and he said he would talk with General Hancock about it. In a day or two he said that the general had determined to send a party to do this,

but that as General Mott commanded the division or brigade which occupied that portion of the line, he felt obliged to entrust him with the attack. Accordingly General Mott sent out a party under Lieutenant-Colonel Meikle, which, notwithstanding a rain of shells from the rebel fort (which was but a few yards away) after the alarm was given, succeeded in rushing swiftly on the rebel pickets and capturing them and holding their line, which then became a part of our picket line. Colonel Meikle, as it was said, persisted in exposing himself after the fight had been won, by daylight, and was killed in so doing, and General Mott was brevetted for his conduct.

It seems to me that our headquarters were in the yard of the Cheever house when I joined and when this last named affair took place. We did not stay here very long, I think, and I recollect but few facts connected with that camp. One is that there was said to be a very pretty girl in the house, whom we were not fortunate enough to become acquainted with. I recollect, too, meeting here Major Sleeper, 10th Massachusetts Battery, and at his tent the other of the brothers Waud who illustrated "Harper's Weekly"; he was a very pleasant man, and greatly amused some of them at table by imposing himself on a stranger as a cockney by assuming the cockney dialect all through a meal.

When we left this camp we went back to the house where Second Corps headquarters were before Reams Station, or rather to the place where it formerly stood, for I believe that it had been destroyed in the meantime. I was sent to lay out the camp, and did so acceptably to the general, but it came very near being an unfortunate laying out for me, as follows: I put the camp on a gentle slope toward Petersburg, arranging the general's, Colonel Morgan's, and one or two others' tents in a line facing Petersburg, and the rest of us in two wings at right angles with that line, thus forming three sides of a square whose fourth side was open toward the works and was the lowest. By this arrangement my tent was brought in one corner near the general's. We had all got well

settled in our new quarters, and I had lain down on my bed after dark, when a dog set up a horrible howling in rear of my tent. Major Bull, who was next to me, sallied out and drove him away, and on coming back put his head in at my tent door to receive my congratulations on his success, and just as he had done so, there resounded through the camp another unearthly howl which I took to be the dog's; and to plague Bull I imitated it as a response to his information, in so loud a voice that my howl, too, rang through the camp. Its echoes had not ceased when General Hancock's voice was heard roaring out to his valet, "Shaw! Shaw! Go find that man; I'll see if I can't sneeze in my own camp! Find him! I'll send him to his regiment!" And close upon this astounding information came Shaw to my tent, which was dangerously near the general's, and ducking much, said, "The general, sir, wants to know, sir, who imitated his sneeze, sir?" Said I, "Shaw, it was a dog out in the rear." He trotted back to the general and told him this, and it added fuel to the general's wrath, and Shaw was impelled back and said that the general did n't think it was a dog, and wanted to know who it was; but I would not divulge the author of that howl while the general was so angry, and gradually the angry ejaculations of that enraged officer subsided, and at a late hour of the night I went into his tent and said, "General, I have come to explain that noise in the camp." He bristled up and said, "Yes, sir," in a ferocious tone. Said I, "It was not in imitation of you, General." Said he, "I don't know who it was, sir, but I think it was, sir, I think it was"; and he seemed to grow angrier with every word. I closed by saying, "Well, General, the fact is I made that noise; there had been a dog howling in rear of my tent and I imitated him." I don't know what conclusion the general drew as to the similarity between his sneeze and the dog's howl, but he replied, in a milder tone, "Very well, sir"; and I retired, and was in as good a position afterwards as before, for all that I ever knew; in fact, it is just to General Hancock to say that he not only never seemed to

recollect it afterwards, but distinguished me with more than one great favor.

We settled down into this camp quite as if it were in a home, and used to have some very good times there. One of our chief pleasures was to hear the music of the splendid band of the 1st Division, led by Higgins (of Gilmore's band), which frequently came up to play for us. One of its pieces was the "Gettysburg March," composed by Higgins, in which the bass drum imitated as well as it might the thunder of cannon. But I have heard that band play when it needed no artificial cannon notes, for many a night the artillery on both sides played for hours, and we not only heard its thunder, but saw the shells of the mortars rise and fall in beautiful curves of fire and burst in great numbers, and it happened that this artillery firing sometimes played bass for this band. Higgins's band used to play Schubert's "Serenade" very sweetly, and two great favorites with us were the "Soldier's Chorus" from "Faust," and another of Higgins's compositions called the "Hancock Galop."

We used to race horses privately a little, and General Miles used to challenge me to run my horse Charlie against his horse, which I did, and it was about a tie. I timed Charlie in running a quarter of a mile with me on his back, and he did it in twenty-five seconds.

Lieutenant McGee had rejoined the 5th Regiment, and he brought with him a young mare which we had captured in Hincks's division, and as McGee could not keep her I did, and used to ride her. McGee one day wanted to run her very much, and offered bets on her. I knew she had no speed, and did n't wish to have McGee lose his money, nor did I wish to detract from the value of the mare, so I offered great odds on her, which scared away McGee's opponents, and the mare did not run then, though I believe she did afterwards and got badly beaten.

Horse-racing became such a favorite pastime in the Army of the Potomac, and the public animals were so often run, that racing was forbidden by General Meade. But we in the Second Corps, with a

number of fast horses, were not to be cheated out of the sport, so several of us went over to the Army of the James to arrange a race between our horses and some of those of the 1st New York Mounted Rifles, which was a racing regiment. Our best horse was "Sleepy Jeff," which I have spoken of as the horse which once belonged to my ambulance train, but some one had brought from Washington an absurd little horse called "Croppie," which had attained some success on the tracks at Washington and we thought we would run him against them first, as they probably had no horse worthy of Jeff. So we, upon visiting the Rifles, maneuvered greatly to seem indifferent as to what horse we should run of those we rode over, fearing they would suspect Croppie to be a racing horse, and finally, with seeming indifference, agreed to run him against a stallion of one of their captains at a given time at Spring Hill, which was between the two armies. So at the appointed day every officer of tastes inclined that way, who could go, started for the racing-ground, and some who could n't go sent money to be staked for them on Croppie, whose ability to win no one doubted, and I took over money for some of our staff, to bet.

There were as many from the Army of the James as there were of us, or more, and our men at once began offering odds on Croppie, and there was no chance for even bets, so I bet nothing. The stallion was a very handsome coal-black animal, but his owner persisted in riding him, and being a heavy man, it seemed as if his horse was sure to be beaten, for Croppie was ridden by a light-weight. The race was one heat a quarter of a mile, and the stallion sped away from Croppie almost from the start, and the Second Corps people were as blank-looking as possible when their odds went over to the Army of the James. Jeff, however, was the trump, and after vainly endeavoring to match him then and there (he was made to look as sheepish as possible), it was settled that he was to run the stallion at a given day, and every one went back determined to have revenge in that race, but it never occurred because a movement of the armies took place before the appointed day.

One very hot day I had ridden along our lines, and having reported the result of my observations, had drawn off my boots and lain down on my bunk to rest. I had not enjoyed my ease long when I heard the clatter of an arrival of visitors, and soon after a message from Colonel Morgan caused me to draw on my boots and report to him. He informed me that General Meade had sent Colonel (or Major) Biddle, of his staff, down to inspect the picket line of the Second Corps, and that General Hancock desired me to conduct him to see it. I was exasperated at this, for I saw no reason why I should be selected to ride the lines again when there were plenty more lying around in the tents who had not been out that day.

However, military discipline did not permit me to express my opinions on the subject, so I had my horse Charlie saddled and brought out, and rode away with Major Biddle, fully determined to take him where it would be so hot with bullets and shells that he would be likely to shorten his ride. We had not gone far when he assured me that General Humphreys (General Meade's chief of staff) had told him not to expose himself unnecessarily, and he did not wish to go where he would do so. I thought this a queer instruction, considering the fact that our picket line was right under the enemy's nose, but I endeavored to allay his apparent anxiety, and caused him to begin the inspection at Fort Alex Hayes, where it was as safe as at home. Thence we rode to Fort Davis, and after he had promenaded around the ramparts and looked out on the picket line, I proposed that we should ride down the Jerusalem plank road to Fort Sedgwick, which road I had ridden several times, but which was within easy range and plain sight of the enemy's pickets. He inquired nervously if there was no other way to get to that fort, and although I was obliged to confess that there was, I described its roundabout course, and answered his queries as to the danger on that proposed by me in such a way that at last I got him started on the straight road.

As we started we were surrounded by a number of soldiers who had laughed at our conversation and who now waited to see us run

the gantlet. I gave Charlie the spur, and he sped down the road, followed by Biddle, who was followed by our two orderlies. This cavalcade was too tempting for the rebels to let alone, and about halfway over we received a fusillade. Old Charlie put in some good work and we landed in Fort Sedgwick untouched. As I hauled up, I looked back and saw Biddle at some distance, leaning down on his horse's neck, with protruding eyes and heels, while his horse, whom he was too frightened to urge to his best speed, swung along at a lumbering gallop. The sight was too comical to be resisted, and I crammed my handkerchief into my mouth to avoid exploding with laughter as he landed in the fort half frightened out of his wits. The orderlies were right on his heels, and old Crandall vowed that one bullet came so close to his nose that he smelled it. I told Biddle we could ride on down the lines, or we could send our horses around in the rear and walk. He said he preferred to walk by all means, and we started out of Fort Sedgwick down along the breastworks. The rebels, probably hoping to hit some of the mounted party, fired so that the bullets whizzed by us all the way, and Biddle dodged every one almost. The soldiers, who were sitting, lying, or pursuing their usual duties unmindful of the bullets, began laughing, and crying out, "Heads up!" and my own laughter was uncontrollable.

We had not gone a hundred yards when Biddle desperately inquired of me if General Miles, who commanded the division which occupied this part of the line, could not tell him the condition of the picket line. I told him he probably could, and he replied that he would go to him then for his information, for his instructions were not to expose himself unnecessarily and he would not be made a laughing-stock of by the men. My purpose was accomplished, and delivering him safely at General Miles's headquarters, I rode home and reported my arrival to Colonel Morgan. Said he, "You have not had time to go over all the lines." I assented. "Why did n't you?" "Major Biddle did n't wish to." "Why not?" And then I told him what had happened, which pleased him apparently, and I went to my tent. In a few minutes General Hancock sent for me

and said, "So, Captain, Major Biddle did n't want to ride any farther, did he?" (scratching his leg and smiling broadly). "Why not?" And then I told him how it was too hot a fire for him, at which he was immensely pleased and said, "Very good! Very good!"

Colonel Morgan told me that General Hancock was mad at General Meade for presuming to send an officer to inspect his picket line, and that it was with the hope that I would lead Biddle into too hot a place for him that I was sent. This was flattering, but it certainly was a peculiar way of signifying their appreciation of my qualities. I never understood the mystery of General Meade's sending such an officer to inspect our picket line, until about a year ago, when Colonel Batchelder (who was then chief quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac) told me that Biddle among others had shown timidity about going under fire with General Meade when he was inspecting a line, and they were sent to inspect picket lines as a punishment, which good old General Humphreys made as light as he could, by telling them not to expose themselves unnecessarily.

Biddle was foolish enough to tell this adventure at army headquarters, and soon after Colonel Theodore Lyman, volunteer aide to General Meade, at our camp laughingly said, "Livermore, we are going to court-martial you." "What for?" "For putting poor Biddle's life in danger," said he.

The 5th Regiment got recruits in front of Petersburg about this time in large numbers, and among them was little Jim Smith, once the barber in Milford. He was very despondent when I saw him, because the regiment was not what its reputation made it, on account of the character of the substitutes sent to it. As a good barber was needed, I got the regimental commander to employ him in that capacity, and Jim thereupon became happy and prosperous, and he was so grateful for the money he made that he after the war bestowed a ring on me, notwithstanding my protests. These substitutes nearly ruined the regiment and murdered its reputation. When drafts were made in New Hampshire, those drafted were

allowed to pay others to go to the war in their stead. The natives who were for sale in this way were few; the prices became large, and the result was that a class called "substitute brokers" sprang up, who imported men from other States, chiefly from New York City, who enlisted for the money. And as these brokers were utterly regardless of the character of the men they furnished and the drafted men were not held responsible for their substitutes, there came out to us crowds of disreputable rascals whose determination it was to desert at the earliest opportunity, as well as idiots and cripples whom these brokers foisted upon us by collusion with the medical and enlisting officers. These rascals were sent to the 5th, and by a short-sighted policy were made to go on duty at once. The result was that they deserted by dozens shortly after arrival, and when they could not get away to the rear went over to the enemy, and at last the rebels taunted us by asking us to send over our colors. Fortunately some of these villainous deserters were caught and put to death by us after trial. And after the very worst of them had gone, the rest were brought within the bounds of discipline by the few old soldiers in the regiment, but for some weeks the name of the war-worn 5th New Hampshire was a reproach. These substitute brokers, after all these practices, besides even stealing the money of the substitutes, were sometimes received into society after the war in New Hampshire because their ill-gotten dollars covered their sins.

Other good regiments suffered in the same way, especially Massachusetts and New York regiments. There was a singular case which I investigated which became one of the traditions in the War Department. An old and very poor woman came to our headquarters in search of her son, and General Hancock gave me the case to investigate. I found that her son was an idiotic youth who had been in some asylum in New York, whence he had been enticed by the substitute brokers who sold him to the Government as a soldier, and he was shipped off with a lot of others for a regiment in our corps in 1863. His mother, learning of it, went to Wash-

ington, got letters from President Lincoln and various others in authority, and came out in 1863 to our corps and searched the regiment mentioned, but without finding him. She had been back to Washington, got more letters and endorsements, and had again found her way to our corps, fully persuaded that her boy was concealed in the regiment. I should think her papers bore nearly seventy endorsements of officers, from the President down, all of whom forwarded her mission. I took the picture of her son which she had and went down to the regiment. The commander said that he never had seen the boy, and that probably he had been drowned on the way out; that his mother had not been satisfied with his assurance that her son was not in the regiment in 1863, but had haunted his camp, and often paced up and down his line peering into the faces of the men until she became intolerable; and asked what could any one suppose he wanted an idiot in his regiment for. I made sufficient search to find that the boy was not there, and reported the fact, and also that the woman's conduct indicated that her mind was unsettled, and recommended that she be sent back to Washington, which was done. In 1865 I began telling this story in General Breck's presence, when he said, "Cornelius Garvin." That was the boy's name, and as I have said his story was well known in the War Department, as this shows.

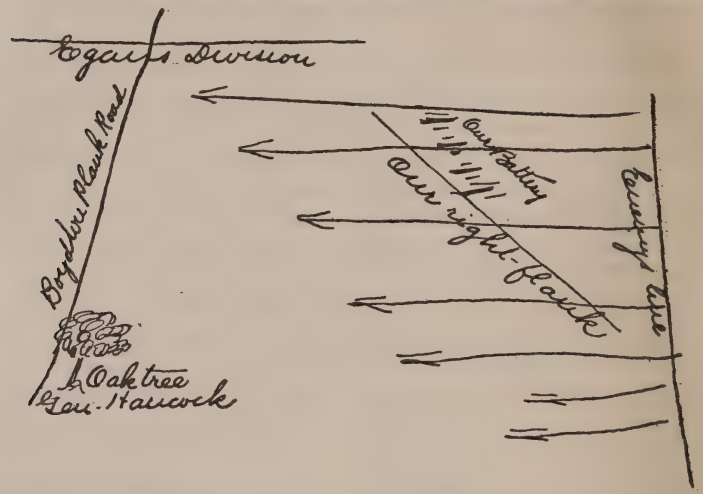
CHAPTER XXXIV

In October our corps started toward our left to turn the enemy's right in conjunction with the cavalry and Fifth Corps. This was on the 26th, I believe, and we bivouacked that night near the Vaughn house or road, and I well recollect the angry explosion of General Hancock because he had brought us a little away from that house or road. We started with daylight the next morning, and, crossing Hatcher's Run by the Squirrel Level road with but little opposition from pickets of the enemy, marched for several miles through a country dense with undergrowth, passing Dabney's Mill, and sometime about midday arrived in an open field through which the Boydton plank road ran, on the southern edge of which Rainey's house stood at the junction of that road and the Quaker road. We formed our line with its rear toward Rainey's house, almost at right angles across the Boydton plank road, and the cavalry (Gregg's division, I believe) formed near Rainey's house, facing toward our left and rear. Here we encountered the enemy in force, as did the cavalry. Our lines had not long been formed when Generals Grant and Meade rode up to us with their large staffs, and we all sat with our horses, officers and escort, to the number of a hundred or more, at the plank road by a great oak tree on a crest, whence we could look up the road to the north and see one of the enemy's batteries in position on a hill as high as ours. They saw us, too, as we found out by their opening fire on us, and they made it quite hot. I well remember one shot which almost took off several heads, including that of General Rawlins and myself, for we all sat on a fence flank to the enemy, and the shot whistled so close to us as to make the others cry out a caution to us. I was sent with an order from General Hancock to General Egan, who commanded our Second Division, to charge the battery. I galloped as swiftly down the road as the exigency would allow, considering that so distinguished and so

many officers were behind me, whence they might see every motion I made, and wishing all the way to find the spot where I ought to turn into the field to find General Egan, for the ten-pounder shots flew along the road as if it was their natural path. Presently the wished-for point of departure was reached, and I turned out of the road with great relief, which was dispelled by a shell which struck directly under my horse and ricocheted on, just as though the range had been changed for my benefit. I delivered my order and rode back. Soon after this General Grant with one cavalryman rode down this road and disappeared where our advancing infantry was engaged with the enemy with brisk musketry, and after a while came slowly back as unperturbed as a man could be. To the expostulations of some he answered with a smile, "Well, I suppose I ought not to have gone down there." Our attack now ceased, as General Grant, finding, as he says in his report, that we had not reached the end of the enemy's fortifications nor a place where they might successfully be assaulted, and as he could not reach the Southside Railroad, which he had hoped to do, had ordered the advance to cease; and I suppose he humanely exposed his own life, as I have related, to find out with his own eyes whether our men were being killed to no purpose.

Soon after this, he having been informed that General Warren's corps had connected with ours on the right, General Grant rode away, as did General Meade, and General Hancock with the rest of us waited a while near where we had entered this open field, until he said we might stay there and he would go to see General Meade. We dismounted, took it easy, and I read a novel until I fell asleep. I was awakened by a tremendous shouting and the rattling of musketry close in front of me, which was that of the enemy, who had turned our right flank but a few yards away, which they had been enabled to do by General Crawford's failure to connect with us, with the 3d Division Fifth Corps, contrary to the report to General Grant. I looked about and saw that not one of our staff was left, and mounting hastily I rode away to find General Hancock. The

enemy were firing away with cannon and muskets, not only on our front, but also that of the cavalry, and with my wits not quite awake I rode back toward Rainey's house to find General Hancock, and to my mortification not finding him in that direction, I turned and rode to the oak tree before mentioned, to which I have many



times wished I had ridden at once as fast as my horse could go; for there I found the general, and there he and the staff, in the very brief time that had elapsed, had seen hot work and greatly distinguished themselves. The enemy, as I have said, had turned our right flank, and had driven our men clear across to the plank road from east to west, and there they were rallied, but they had left a battery out to the east of the road. General Egan, however, who had advanced to the north on the road so far that the enemy attacking our right flank behind him did not touch him, under orders from General Hancock, as I suppose, faced his men to the rear and opened on the enemy so that they got back in a greater hurry than they came in. Mitchell, General Hancock's senior aide,

in coming back from Egan's division ran the gantlet of a line of the enemy close upon the road firing at him all the way, and as he passed, one of our officers, a prisoner in their hands, cried out to him. Mitchell got a force of infantry and went back and took all these rebels prisoners. Colonel Joseph Smith, too, our commissary, took a lot of men and went out and rescued our guns, which, after the enemy were driven back, were between the lines under fire and in the possession of neither side.

When I got up to General Hancock, Egan had driven the enemy back and our lines were being restored. The enemy still were firing down the road at us with artillery, and a new battery opened on us from a spot on our left concealed by the woods. A shell from this battery made me quite uneasy for a moment. I sat with my horse's nose close to the tail of the general's horse, where I could not, with any propriety, move ahead, and this shell struck the ground a few yards to my left and ricocheted almost to my side, where it stopped. I watched for its bursting in great suspense, and when the time had elapsed and its fuse had evidently gone out, I turned with great relief to my neighbor and encountered his gaze at the same moment just as he, too, was turning away relieved from the same interesting object, and we smiled mutually.

It grew dusk very soon and a rain set in, but the fighting seemed to be over, and General Hancock wishing to send a dispatch back to General Meade announcing the result of the battle, I volunteered to go and was sent. The little road as it left the field was filled with the horses of the cavalry who were holding the line dismounted. They were packed as closely as sardines in a box, and as cannon shot were flying through this road, it was no agreeable job to go into it, but I put old Charlie at the horses and he wedged his way through very rapidly, at the imminent risk of my legs. It was pitch dark when I got fairly through, and between watching for stumbling of my horse and for the enemy who were likely to be encountered, my eyes were strained all the way. I found General Meade's camp near Hatcher's Run on our side, and was ushered

into his tent, where he and General Humphreys, his chief of staff, were at supper. I was invited to eat with them and did so, having made my report, and pretty soon General Warren arrived and also sat down to supper. I thought this was very considerate of Generals Meade and Humphreys toward me, considering my rank and also my hunger, fatigue, and wetness.

General Meade after supper dispatched me back to General Hancock with a message, the purport of which was, as I remember it, that he could retire that night across Hatcher's Run or wait until morning. I rode back again over that exceedingly dismal road to General Hancock and delivered my message, and then learned that Captain Bingham, our judge advocate, had been taken prisoner, while riding in the direction I had, to find General Crawford's left. I was then again sent to General Meade with a dispatch, and with permission to rejoin General Hancock in the morning, when the Second Corps would come back. Once more pursuing my well-learned road, I delivered my dispatch near midnight, and was given a bed by one of the aides and slept till morning, when I joined our staff as it came by and we went back to our old camp. Bingham had made his escape that night, and I learned from him that he had gone but a few rods down a by-road leading from the one I traveled when he was taken by a rebel regiment. He lay down with them, and when they were suddenly alarmed by the approach of some of their own cavalry he stole away.

The three years for which my regiment had enlisted expired in October and a part of the men and a number of the officers were mustered out. Among the latter were Colonel Hapgood, Lieutenant-Colonel Larkin, and Captain Cummings, leaving Major —— and Captain Ricker the only officers senior in rank to me, and —— was the only one in the regiment who had come into the field with it as a commissioned officer. Larkin and perhaps others wished me to use such efforts as I might, through my friends at home, to be made lieutenant-colonel in his place, as —— was a man of such bad character; but although I liked the prospects of —— being the com-

mander of the regiment very little, yet wire-pulling at home was distasteful to me and unworthy of a soldier, and I refrained. —— had been a brave man and a good disciplinarian, but reports of his vagaries while under the influence of liquor had reached home, and without my seeking it the commission of major, dated October 28, 1864, was sent to me (Crafts receiving that of lieutenant-colonel, the regiment being too small to be entitled to a colonel). —— was much grieved with this, and I sympathized with him so far as to agree that I would defer being mustered as major for ten days, to enable him to go to New Hampshire and plead his own case, and that I would decline the commission if he could persuade the authorities to confer it on him. So he started for home, and I waited the ten days without favorable news from him, and then was mustered November 18, 1864. —— thought I wronged him by being mustered, but he had not given me any assurance that a longer delay would benefit him, and as every day enabled others to be mustered in other regiments, it also made just so many majors whose rank was above mine, which might become of consequence to me, so that I do not think I wronged him, and I was inclined to think that he did me injustice by the imputation. In fact (I was informed at some time) the authorities at home would not give him the commission. We remained friends and he stayed like a good soldier in the regiment. Crafts was so disagreeable and the regiment was composed of such bad men, for the most part, that I made no effort to rejoin it, and —— did actually fill the place of major a good deal of the time thereafter, and finally by gallant conduct secured a brevet as major and was commissioned major of the regiment after I had left it, but was not mustered as such, either because the war had ended or the regiment was too small. Before receiving this commission and muster I was greatly surprised by letters from Mr. Wadleigh and the Honorable Leonard Chase, of Milford (then one of the Governor's Council), informing me that I had been selected as the lieutenant-colonel of the 18th New Hampshire Volunteers, which was then being raised, and that as soon as it was full, I was

to be made colonel of it; at the same time asking me to send recommendations from my commanding officers.

I have no doubt that I owed this to these two gentlemen, for it had not been the habit of the authorities to seek for colonels of their new regiments among the officers of my regiment, and in several instances they had preferred civilians without military experience to any officer in the field. Indeed they had appointed a civilian as colonel of this very 18th Regiment, and it was only by reason of his disgraceful conduct while intoxicated that his appointment had been revoked. I was greatly congratulated by all my friends at headquarters of the Second Corps on my good fortune, and had no difficulty in getting letters from Generals Hancock, Miles, W. F. Smith, Ord, Hincks, and Colonels Burton and Morgan.

In the meantime I was informed by Mr. Wadleigh that my friends had consented to have Captain Joseph M. Clough, 4th New Hampshire Volunteers, appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 18th in my place, my appointment as colonel to be made as soon as the regiment was raised, which arrangement was not disagreeable to me, but which proved to be very unfortunate for both myself and the regiment. I will anticipate a little here to dispose of the unpleasant chain of circumstances connected with this matter. Six companies of the regiment soon came to City Point, and then recruiting for the regiment ceased, as the quota of New Hampshire under the President's call of July 19, 1864, had been filled. In December, 1864, another call was made, and new companies began forming and arriving, and in April the ninth company arrived. The companies were put into the brigade of General Benham at City Point, and were stationed in the works as a part of the forces defending that dépôt. At first they were commanded by the senior captain present, very inefficiently; then Major Brown assumed command, and himself a good officer he endeavored to impart discipline to them. Finally Lieutenant-Colonel —— assumed command, and he, although with the reputation of a brave officer, was a man of no dignity, mentally or morally, and he sought to curry

favor with those under him rather than to make them good soldiers. He was led to this partly from a want of a sense of duty and partly from the despicable design of creating a sentiment in his favor which should aid him in getting my appointment revoked and himself appointed colonel.

In fact, before I had joined the regiment and before the officers or men knew anything about me, actuated by the conduct of Colonel —— and by reports to the effect that I was a martinet and by prejudice against me because I was born in the West, the officers, almost if not quite to an individual, signed a petition which was presented to the Governor to revoke my commission and make —— colonel. This petition failed because there was no reason adduced in support of it which could balance the recommendations on file in my favor. Now, during all the time before I took command, and indeed until long after the war, I was ignorant of Colonel ——'s attempts to supplant me, and of this petition, for I never cared to inquire in what estimation I was held by the regiment. But I occasionally visited City Point after I received my commission as colonel in January, and inquired about my regiment. I learned nothing encouraging as to their discipline, and finally General Benham informed me that the regiment was in a very bad condition under Colonel ——, and that if I would accept the command he would appoint me to it over Colonel ——. Although I held the commission as colonel, I had not been mustered as such into the United States service, and was only a major, and therefore Colonel ——'s junior. To have accepted General Benham's offer would have made it very unpleasant for ——, if indeed it had not forced him to resign, and I was unwilling to do this injury to him and therefore declined the offer.

In the meantime I became very impatient at the delay in filling the regiment, for I could not be mustered until there were ten companies, and General Miles and General Macy, the former commanding the division and the latter the brigade in which the 5th New Hampshire was, had both expressed themselves as very de-

sirous of having me with the 18th in their command. I was anxious to get it beside the 5th in such a good corps, and if fortune had only permitted it the 18th would have made a name for itself beside the other fighting regiments of the State. March 19 I went down to City Point, and upon inquiring for my regiment was informed that it had been ordered and had gone to the 9th Corps, to be consolidated with the New Hampshire regiments there because it was not filled up. This was bad news, and I hastened up to headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. When I arrived there Colonel Batchelder, who was at this time quartermaster of the army, hailed me and asked how my regiment came along. I replied that they were about to spoil my regiment by consolidating it with the others, and told him my news. He and Colonel Ruggles, the adjutant-general, both expressed great surprise, and the latter said he had not known it was my regiment which he had ordered up to be consolidated, and they in the most friendly manner assured me they would try to see that it should not be consolidated. The upshot of it was the regiment remained intact in the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, Ninth Corps. I had before this applied for leave to go to New Hampshire and accelerate the filling of the regiment. General Humphreys chose to endorse my application favorably in complimentary terms, but General Meade returned it with an endorsement to the effect that, although he acquiesced in the praise, yet the rules of the service would not permit my leaving the field.

CHAPTER XXXV

In November General Hancock was deputed by the Government to go to the North and enlist men for and organize a "veteran corps" composed of soldiers who had served and been discharged.

The idea was an excellent one, for there were, I presume, at least a hundred thousand men of this class physically able to serve again, and of course disciplined and inured to the hardships of war and the Southern climate; and it seems to me that had the war continued a year more this would have been a magnificent corps if properly officered, and there was no general more fitted to excite the returned volunteers to enlist again than General Hancock, with his handsome person and the prestige of his many battles. I doubt, however, whether there were enough men of the right kind at home, who had held commissions, to fill the offices in such a corps, for as a rule the best commissioned officers did not leave the service when the term of enlistment of their regiments expired. I suppose that this was General Hancock's view also, for Major Bingham and I were informed soon after he left the Second Corps that he had asked for the appointment of each of us to the colonelcy of one of his veteran regiments, and that the Government had declined to allow any one to be taken from the field to join this corps.

General Hancock's departure from the Second Corps was greatly regretted by its members, and he was escorted to the railway train which took him away by a great number of mounted officers who had previously, at our headquarters, drunk his health and good fortune, and recalled the deeds of the corps under him, in more than a glass apiece.

We sincerely regretted his leaving, for although he was passionate, yet he was also very winning in his ways and the embodiment of courtesy when calm. He was a man of the most perfect bravery, and in battle, when shot and shell were flying about him, he would

sit up erect in his saddle and give his orders, launch out his oaths, and fight his corps without apparently perceiving that he was in danger. At Gettysburg on the third day, when the enemy were cannonading our line with a hundred guns and our men were lying flat on the ground to avoid the murderous projectiles which hurtled over and burst around them, and their courage was being tested to the utmost in facing and enduring this fire, to which they were not permitted to reply, then General Hancock rode slowly along his line to encourage his men, his red face glowing defiantly, his body as erect as a flagstaff, and his eye as steady and bright as an eagle's. While a thousand deaths flew by him as he rode along the half-mile or more of his front, he looked and acted the very incarnation of the spirit of war, and gave heart to his men by word and action. I have often heard it said by those who were there that this admirable deed greatly inspirited our men, who in a few minutes repelled one of the most tremendous attacks of infantry which occurred in our war. He once was talking with me about conduct under fire, and said, "When I was a young man in Mexico I used to wish to dodge the shells, but I did n't dare to because of the presence of the old men, and now I have realized that there is no use in dodging a shell, for if you are to be killed by it you *will* be, notwithstanding what you can do." General Hancock was tremendous in making an attack, and no one could more gallantly resist one than he would when he could see his enemy, but I have heard Colonel Morgan, his chief of staff, say, "If I were opposed to Hancock I could whip him in the woods, he is so anxious to reinforce every point that is threatened." But this same Colonel Morgan was an excellent man for General Hancock, because he appreciated this very fault and had too cool a head to be influenced by it, and had the general's confidence sufficiently to persuade him not to be led into danger by it.

General Hancock took Colonel Morgan and his aides, Mitchell and Parker, away with him.

I forgot to mention that when our corps came away from Boyd-

ton plank road, a detachment from the 2d Division, composed of men from the 1st Minnesota and 7th Michigan Regiments, were left on the field by the blunder of some one, and I was directed to investigate and report who was to blame for this, which I did, with what result I do not recollect. Although they were left there in the night with the enemy close upon them, they effected their retreat to our corps.

Another circumstance. One evening Colonel Morgan asked me if I would like to go to Washington, and I, of course, said yes. He then took me to General Hancock, who instructed me that he had orders from the War Department to arrest one Colonel ——, of a New York Regiment in our corps, and deliver him to the keeper of the Old Capitol Prison in Washington forthwith. He directed me to take such a force of cavalry as I chose and to go down at once and arrest him, bring him to headquarters, remain responsible for him overnight, and on the next morning to start for the prison with him. I believe I took one or two mounted men with me, and in pitch darkness groped among the camps of the division in which the regiment was, and which were a mile or so away, and not being familiar with the situation of the respective regiments it took me a long time to find the regiment in question. When I called at the tent of the commander and demanded whether Colonel —— was there, I was greatly disappointed to be informed that he was in New York, and I rode back sufficiently down in the mouth. When I reported what I had learned to the general, he inquired where in New York Colonel —— was to be found. This I could not answer, and consequently he curtly told me to go back and find out. So back I rode, made the necessary inquiries, and was returning full of grumbling that I had not in the first place been instructed to find out his address if he was in New York, and was galloping at a good pace over some rough road, when down my horse went, which bruised me somewhat and sent me back to bed near midnight sore in body and mind.

When Colonel Morgan left the Second Corps to accompany Gen-

eral Hancock, for a short time I was the inspector of the corps, but soon Major Williams, one of the division inspectors, was called to the place by reason of his rank, which was senior to mine, but I retained my place as assistant.

General Humphreys, chief of staff to General Meade, succeeded General Hancock in command of us. He was a most determined fighter, a military savant, and as modest as, and more courteous, if possible, than a lady. He was short in stature, with gray hair, keen blue eyes which, protected by gold-bowed spectacles, beamed in a philosopher-like way on one, and a square lower jaw. One of the most unassuming and of the quietest men in the world, he was, I think, the best corps commander, next to Sheridan (who, however, was an army commander at this time) in the army.

General Humphreys brought with him, or called to his staff soon after coming to our corps, Captain Wistar, 12th U.S. Infantry, his two sons, and Lieutenant Campbell. The three former were agreeable men, and Campbell, who was not yet twenty-one years old, I think, and was rather green, afforded us some amusement. Soon after General Humphreys's arrival (or else it was before the battle of Boydton plank road, I can't remember which) our corps extended its lines to the left and our headquarters were established near to the site of Poplar Spring Church. About this time I asked for leave of absence for thirty days which the Government offered to all who reënlisted for three years after the expiration of their original term, for I had elected to remain in the service. Such was the discrimination made between the men and officers who enlisted for the new term that, doubting whether my case would be thought to be one which entitled me to the leave, I mentioned in my application that up to that time I had been absent from the army on leave only twenty-five days. By the way, I will mention the fact here also that the rule which has prevailed of not interpreting laws as allowing officers the bounties which the men received since the war was applied to those who reënlisted also. Of this I did

not complain, however, for I was satisfied that bounties ought not to be given to any one. Giving bounties and allowing substitutes to be furnished in the place of drafted men, and sending out new regiments instead of filling up old ones, prolonged the war, sapped the public treasury, induced a much greater loss of men than was necessary, and sometimes absolutely weakened the army, for new regiments were not nearly as effective as old ones recruited. The draft could have been enforced and the able-bodied men thereby made to bear arms as by law and public safety they are commanded to do; the enormous bounties which were expended by the United States, individual States, and cities and towns, which must be paid by taxation not only of those who stayed at home, but of those who had gone into the field without bounties, would not have inflicted a burdensome debt on us; and whereas new regiments, officered by politicians seeking for the cheap glory of short terms of service, and mercenary substitutes filling old regiments, often deceived commanders into supposing their strength was by them augmented, or embarrassed them in action, they actually weakened our armies. Oh, that the people of the North had been brave enough to each bear his part of the war, and had never conceived the idea that the way to preserve the national integrity was to buy it!

If another war should happen which might possibly require a large army, it seems to me that every able-bodied man ought in the beginning to be enrolled as a recruit by the proper authorities; then volunteering ought to be permitted as long as enough of these enrolled men would volunteer to fill the levies; then as fast as regiments in the field required filling, or new regiments could profitably be organized, a draft on the enrolled men should be vigorously enforced, with this exception only, that any one might furnish a substitute whose place in case he deserted he should fill himself. If there could be added to this system a requirement that all enrolled men at home should be drilled and disciplined in regiments or companies organized for that purpose, it would greatly aid us.

I received my leave of absence, and first calling at Baltimore on Aunt Rebecca, I believe, I took the Pennsylvania Central Railroad for Pittsburgh, once more enjoying the glorious views in the Alleghany Mountains and valleys of the Juniata. I arrived in Pittsburgh on Sunday, and was obliged to remain there until Monday morning at two o'clock, as no train left before. I took meals and a bed at the Monongahela House, and became thoroughly bored with the smoky city. I was glad to get away. I then took the Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad for Chicago, enlivened the ride a little by making the acquaintance of a rather good-looking Hoosier girl who sat in front of me, and after staying from midnight until morning at the Briggs House in Chicago, took the train for Galena, where I found my stepmother and brothers and sisters living near the house in which I was born. I found that Mr. Bostwick, the administrator of my father's estate, had made but little progress in realizing cash from the land in Anamosa County, Iowa, of which it in great part consisted, and I made arrangements with him to permit Mr. Langdon, Mrs. Livermore's father, to cut and sell the wood on it if he could in a short time, and if he could not, then for him, B., to sell the land. I stayed in Galena about ten days. Among other diversions I attended one or more assemblies at the De Soto House, where I met and had a very pleasant conversation with Miss Campbell, who has since married Colonel Babcock, of General Grant's staff. I should say here that I found reason to suppose that with good fortune in disposing of the land, my father's estate would realize a large sum (something like $25,000, I believe); but realizing the extreme doubtfulness of these calculations, I was not impressed with the necessity of saving money thereafterwards, which would have brought me out of the army six months after with more money by perhaps $700, which I might have saved from my pay. Leaving Galena, I went by rail to Milford, New Hampshire, and after staying there about a week, I returned to the headquarters of the Second Corps and my duties.

Finding my tent in the possession of some one else, I took a tent with Brevet Major Charles H. Mills, assistant adjutant-general, who had joined our staff. We caused a cabin of logs and rude shingles, split out by our men from green pine logs, to be erected in rear of our tent, which, being floored and provided with a fireplace, made a comfortable bedroom, barring the inconvenience which the rain leaking through the roof occasioned. We were at a loss for glass to fill our window, until I thought of taking a glazed sash from a deserted house which stood between our and the rebel picket line, so far out toward our left as to be out of range of the latter's rifles. I went out with my orderly one day, and while he kept watch against surprise toward the enemy, I got the coveted window sash and rode for our lines. When we reached them the officer in charge of that part manifested some intention of detaining me for transgressing the order which forbade going outside of our line, but I turned the tables by reproving him for being so careless as to allow me to go out, and rode away. Major Mills had the headquarters flag of the old 1st Division of the Ninth Corps (commanded by General Julius White), which had fallen to his care when that division was merged with another in a reorganization of the corps, and this flag made a very warlike window curtain. We enjoyed life very well in this cabin, and we engaged in many an agreeable conversation as each lay on his bed on each side of the cabin. Major Mills was a graduate of Harvard College; he had been shot through both hips at Antietam, which had wounded him so severely that one leg was shorter than the other and he was obliged to walk with a cane, and climbed with great exertion into his saddle. This did not dispirit him at all, and in 1864-65 he was again serving actively in the field, first in the Ninth Corps and then with us. He was rather grave in his manner, but was ready to join in any sport. Sincerity was the conspicuous feature of his daily intercourse with others, and perfect courage, a duly appreciative mind as to the merits of others who thought differently from himself, and a liking for conversation

made him a very good companion. He was the first Harvard man with whom I ever was intimate, and I well recollect how agreeable it was to have him generously assert that he would much rather have my experience than to have graduated at Harvard and be without it. He, Major Bingham, and one or two more with myself, messed together very pleasantly. Colonel Charles A. Whittier joined us as assistant adjutant-general about this time.

Occasional reviews, drills, inspections, and the eternal picket duty now constituted our duties for a month or so. I recollect also seeing one or more of the substitutes who had deserted to the enemy (from my own regiment, I think) shot while we were at this place. One I well remember was so terrified, or weak from some cause, that it was with difficulty he could be made to sit up on his coffin to be shot; but pity had no place for such miscreants. The picket duty was not very hard here, for the right of our line was in the vicinity of Fort Welch, and from a point some distance to the right of it the lines were so far apart that there was very little firing between them. My regiment was in command of Captain Ricker for some time this winter, in the absence of Colonel Crafts. One day the inspector commented unfavorably on the length of the men's hair, and shortly after I saw, while visiting its camp, James Smith at work on them, and I was informed that Ricker had caused the heads of the whole regiment to be cropped closely, beginning with himself, by Smith, who worked for several days, even into the night, to accomplish it.

One day our staff went by invitation to the camp of Spalding's regiment of New York Engineers, and there in the building erected by them heard a fine concert by an orchestra picked from the musicians under the leadership of Captain Halsted, of the Third Corps. The building was circular or polygonal in shape, and its exterior was of fine rustic work or round sticks with the bark left on, and was large enough to hold several hundred people. It had been erected for a chapel, I think, by this Engineer regiment.

In my absence in December, our corps had made an attack on the rebel lines about Hatcher's Run, in which Mills's division distinguished itself, but the movement was not productive of any advance on our part, and the army again lay still until February, when we once more advanced with the 2d and 3d Divisions to the crossing of Hatcher's Run, on the same road which we had followed in October. The enemy were encountered in small force at the Run by a part of our troops, and General Humphreys with his staff were in this vicinity when a furious firing back of us, on the right of the road we had come, sprang up. We followed the general back, and soon after he had turned off to reach the place of the encounter, he directed me to hasten back to the Run and order up troops to this point. I did my errand with all haste and then rode back to find the general. As I emerged into the field where I had left him, I met two officers of our staff (for neither of whom, I am glad to say, I ever felt great regard) riding toward me and away from the firing. I asked where the general was, and they averred earnestly that it was impossible to find him. I said that I should try it and rode ahead, and they turned and followed me, and although we encountered some shells, the flight of which possibly were the obstacles to finding him which these gentlemen anticipated, yet we came upon him not four hundred yards ahead, in the vicinity of a battery of ours which was engaged with the enemy. I never alluded to this matter again while in the field, because I did not wish to injure these officers, who possibly had strayed away accidentally, but they never had my respect as men of unqualified bravery after this.

The general soon rode still farther to our right, where McAllister's brigade of the 3d Division was hotly engaged with the enemy in a pine wood. Previously on that day I had ridden through that very wood to see that our skirmish line was continuously extended through it for the protection of our flank, and I had not seen a rebel. I at this time notified Colonel Curtis, of the 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, that the skirmishers of his right

flank did not connect with the others on his right, which he somewhat warmly denied, but which he rectified on learning the facts. Soon after this the enemy had advanced up in these woods and assailed McAllister's brigade, which was yet in column. It deployed quickly into line and withstood the attack of the enemy. As we rode up to this brigade, we met the reinforcements whom I had ordered up. General Humphreys told me to direct them into position on the left flank of McAllister. I rode up to the officer in command and showed him where to form his line, and then rejoined the general.

It was now nearly dark. Our men were standing up to breastworks and firing with a will into the woods in front of them, and the enemy, though invisible, manifested their presence by the bullets which hummed about our ears as we sat on our horses entirely above the works. We presently rode over to the left where the reinforcements should have been, and found that the officer I had directed, instead of prolonging McAllister's line, which would have brought his line in an open field to the left of the woods McAllister was in, had formed it in a field of young trees fifty yards or more in rear of the position he ought to have taken. This provoked General Humphreys very much, and I almost incurred his censure, and anathematizing the stupidity or cowardice of the officer I caused him to advance to the right position, which fortunately the enemy had not reached.

General McAllister had been attacked by the enemy while his brigade was yet in column, and had with considerable skill and rapidity deployed it and confronted the enemy with a hot fire, as I have related, and he kept the enemy so hard at work that they had not found it expedient to advance on his left flank, so that the failure of the line above mentioned to come up did not induce any disaster; but the enemy swept the open ground on McAllister's left with a savage musketry fire, and we rode into it, and it was either here or at McAllister's line that my horse received a bullet in him. After getting the line up where it ought to be, I

rode back and sat with General Humphreys at McAllister's line. It was about dark and the flash of the muskets was visible. The enemy's fire slackened, and it became apparent that his attack was ceasing.

At about this time, in turning old Charlie I observed that he was stiff. I got off and looked to see if he was wounded, but discovered no wound. I mounted again, but his stiffness increasing, I again dismounted and found a great swelling on his side near the lower end of his short ribs, which arose from the presence of a bullet in his flesh there, which had entered between the saddle girth and his near foreleg and had traveled back along his side. In view of the cessation of the firing, I asked leave of the general to go to our field headquarters and get another horse, which he gave me, at the same time giving me a message to some one about there. I believe it was when I got to headquarters that by the aid of a lantern I found where the bullet had entered my horse.

There was no more fighting that night, but I believe I rejoined the general on the field. We got into our tents, which had been pitched near Hatcher's Run, at a late hour, and when I pulled off my riding-boots to lie down, I found that the horse's blood had got through a hole in the rear of the left one and had soaked my sock, and when I was roused at about two the next morning, I had to cut this hole wider to get the boot on. I was roused at this hour to meet General Wheaton, commanding the 2d Division of the Sixth Corps, who was on his way with his division to reinforce us, and direct him to his position on our left, which I did. We had no further fighting, however, but established our lines permanently on the ground we had occupied in this engagement. Our headquarters camp was established about a mile east of Hatcher's Run and a quarter of a mile in rear of our lines, and then General Humphreys, accompanied by a part of his staff, rode from one end of his line to the other ceaselessly, until his earthworks were completed — a practice of this admirable officer which I never knew to be pursued by any other corps commander. I recollect

being sent by him to admonish General Régis de Trobriand that his men were not working diligently on the works, which I did, and the latter sent back a polite message to the effect that his men were lazy in spite of his orders, and he started at once to spur them up again. It must be obvious to any one that had the division generals even remained continually in the saddle, and moving up and down their lines until their intrenchments were finished, whenever we moved out to the left in front of Petersburg, we should have avoided some surprises that happened.

The military railroad was soon afterwards completed up to within a short distance — say half a mile — of Hatcher's Run, and our headquarters were then established near its terminus and facing it. Soon after our lines were established, General Humphreys told me to go down to a point in our picket lines which touched upon a thick wood of straight pines of perhaps twenty years' growth, and to select some two or three men from our pickets and send them into the wood to discover where the enemy's pickets were, so that he could tell just how far he could advance his pickets without bringing on an engagement, and thereby enclose this wood, which our engineers wanted for timber in the construction of works.

I found a portion of the 3d Division at this point and called for volunteers, when two men came forward and expressed themselves as extremely anxious to go, so I sent them forward. I waited long enough for them to have reached the enemy's line and come back, and neither saw nor heard from them. Finally, becoming impatient, I rode through our line and into the woods, and had not gone halfway to the enemy's line when I found these valiant volunteers almost or quite at a halt and obviously afraid to go ahead. This so annoyed me that I exceeded my instructions rather foolishly by leading the way for them until I was within three or four rods of the farther edge of the wood, and could see, in the open ground beyond, about a hundred yards ahead, the rebel picket works. There I halted to survey the situation. One of the

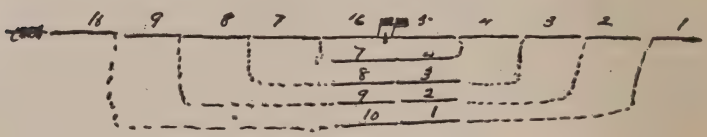
men came up and, mounting an old skirmisher's rifle pit beside me, tried to point out to me some peculiar thing about the rebel line. I could not detect the spot he indicated, and he then put his rifle to his shoulder and brought the sights to bear on the spot, and I, still sitting on my horse, then looked over the sights, and just as my head became settled into position, the explosion of a rifle and the crack of a bullet in a tree just in rear of our heads startled us into a hasty retreat. The shot must have been fired by a man lying concealed within three or four rods in front of us, and it is probable that he was one of the enemy's advanced pickets. He could not have had a fairer mark or shot, and I have surmised that he fired between us at a venture, expecting to hit one or the other's head, and that it was to that circumstance I owed my escape from being shot while exceeding my orders.

I went back quite able to report intelligently as to the position of the enemy, and accordingly the picket line (a portion of the Excelsior Brigade under my old acquaintance Colonel Byrnes) was moved forward and the woods were felled. I also once or twice was sent out with signal corps men to ascertain the enemy's position by selecting a favorable point and then sending the men up into tall trees, which they mounted by means of spurs fastened to their feet, which enabled them to walk up a smooth trunk like a bear.

About this time I bought a gelding for $275 of the captain of the cavalry company which did duty as escort at our headquarters. He was about seven years old, was a chestnut, tall, and weighed 1200 pounds. His action was very fine, and I thoroughly enjoyed riding him. He was very fast and a good jumper, and sometimes, in riding fast with others, I found that he would double back the shanks of my steel bits rather than abandon the front. He had been brought up in the army and had received several wounds. I called him Ajax. I enjoyed the reviews which now took place with such a good mount, for Charlie had, contrary to my first expectations, recovered from his wound, and whether

upon him or Ajax I had a steed equal to the speed and style which my position required. At these reviews we used to have our entire army corps paraded, and it was a matter of some difficulty to find open ground of sufficient extent and level surface to parade so many men; indeed, it would hardly have been possible to do so had we paraded in line of battle as laid down in the Tactics and Regulations.

I do not now recollect when that fashion was abandoned, but it seems to me that it was at the close of 1863. After that, in our great reviews our regiments used to be drawn up and marched "in column doubled on the center," which order consisted of a column of five divisions formed from line by causing the two center companies to stand fast, they having the colors between them, and the companies on each side of them, respectively, march to the rear of them and form divisions in this way.



This, of course, reduced the length of a regiment in line for review to one fifth, so that where we had a corps of 10,000 men, which would in line of battle take up about two miles lineally, we could reduce this distance down to half a mile or less, and they marched in review much quicker than they would by company.

These reviews were inspiring spectacles. Ten thousand veterans, with brown skins, erect figures, and strong and active stride, brushed up in their best with shining arms and accouterments, battle-torn flags and martial bands, marching by their generals in battle array, would fill the heart of any one with stirring emotions. When one reflected that the parade was no vain, ostentatious show, but instituted that the vigilant eyes of the generals might see the strength, spirit, numbers, and equipments of the men, and

measure their force for battle, and also reflected that battle was imminent, when these men were to march into the face of death, and many of them were to be hurled in an instant into the next world, and others be maimed and disfigured for life, he could not help feeling the solemnity of the ceremony.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Soon after extending our lines as I last related, the headquarters of the Second Corps were moved to a point close to the terminus of the military railroad and within half a mile of Hatcher's Run, and this was the last permanent camp that I ever lived in with that corps, for the end of the war was close at hand, though we at this time did not know how close it was.

Our tents were pitched in three sides of a square opening toward the railroad, and here we made ourselves as comfortable as we could, the weather being yet cold, and some of the officers even had log foundations for their tents built. It seems to me now that my tent mate, Charlie Mills, was at home on leave of absence the most of the time while we were here. During this time, Colonel Richard E. Cross, of my regiment, who had in 1864 been dismissed from the service because he committed some breach of Army Regulations, such as remaining out of camp without leave, which Colonel Hapgood, who had quarreled with him, brought before a court-martial with this result, came to our camp with a new commission as colonel of the regiment, he having caused his sentence to be reversed by the authorities at Washington. I was glad to have him come back, and did all I could to aid him, but inasmuch as the regiment had been reduced to nine companies, the mustering regulations prevented a colonel being mustered into the service, and he was obliged to return home again.

When St. Patrick's Day came around, the Irish Brigade celebrated it with races as usual, and I entered my horse Ajax for the hurdle race. I got Captain Brady to ride him because he was very light, and he was also a very good rider. We put a smooth bit in Ajax's mouth, and Brady rode him round the course once before the race, the horse taking every hurdle but one, which he shied out from, but we thought he would take them all in the race.

So when the time came, Brady started with the rest, but Ajax shied out from the first hurdle and galloped madly through the thousands of soldiers within the track, poor little Brady being powerless to stop him for a considerable time. He at last reined him up, and having discovered that every horse that had started had met with some mishap or failed to take the hurdles, I told Brady, if he started again, I thought he would win the race, so he boldly started again. Ajax took the first ditch well, but when he came to the first hurdle he again bolted out to one side, and in doing so, struck a soldier of the 69th New York Volunteers on the head and inflicted a mortal hurt on him. This melancholy incident, of course, put a stop to Ajax running. I went to Colonel Nugent, who commanded the 69th New York, and expressed my wish to help the man's family if he had any, but learned to my relief that he had no one dependent on him. A young gentleman named Campbell soon afterwards joined our staff, and he being in need of a mount, and I being somewhat in debt that I was impatient to discharge, sold Ajax to him, receiving, I believe, $308 for him.

On the 25th of March, before daylight, I was awakened by an officer of the staff who communicated the startling intelligence that the enemy had broken through our lines away down on the right at Fort Steadman, and that we were to move down on them there at once, and that the staff would prepare for it. There was "hot haste" in saddling and spurring at our headquarters then. Rumors spread about that the enemy had reached the military railroad and were holding it, and we could hear the artillery thundering away as if in a pitched battle. The rumors were untrue, however. The reports were rather alarming, and I expected a hard battle to retake the position, for I did not know that General Grant's only anxiety then resulted from his fear that the enemy would retreat before he was prepared to pursue effectually, as he said in his report afterwards. We did not, however, move down to the right, but advanced out in our own front, taking the enemy's

intrenched picket line, and toward night we were engaged briskly with musketry; General Humphreys led us down into the thickest of it like the old fire-eater he was in battle — the result of the whole engagement being that we had retaken our own and part of the enemy's lines. A remarkable circumstance which I believe was connected with this engagement that I now recall was that an officer of the Marines — I think he was a brother of a lieutenant in the Navy — was at General Miles's headquarters with his wife, they both looking on while we maneuvered and fought, down in front, a quarter of a mile away.

The order for another movement on the enemy's right beyond Hatcher's Run had already been issued, March 24, by General Grant, though we were ignorant of this, and we had hardly got settled down after our fight of the 25th when the order was communicated to us, and we packed up for what we at headquarters understood to be an attempt to end the campaign around Petersburg, and on the morning of March 29 we started.

The army was in good condition and spirits and we at headquarters were especially glad to move, for we saw the order transmitted to General Humphreys from army headquarters which directed a movement of the whole army, to end the campaign before Petersburg, as we surmised.

Our corps crossed Hatcher's Run at the left of our line, following the Fifth Corps, and took the Vaughn road, and I think diverged from it on a country road to the right. When the head of our column (General Miles, 1st Division) reached the vicinity of Gravelly Run, we all faced toward the north, and I think General Miles lightly engaged with the enemy between the Vaughn and Quaker roads, a mile or two westerly from Dabney's Mill, and beyond him the Fifth Corps also engaged the enemy hotly.

General Humphreys wished to cross from the road we were on to the support of General Miles in a direct line, and he directed me to cross the country to him. So I, with two or three cavalrymen, rode out to the right of the Vaughn road in the direction

of the firing, following a cart path. I had not advanced a quarter of a mile when I saw an open field in front of the woods I was passing through, and on the other side of the field a line of rebel earthworks. I rode up almost to the edge of the field and stopped to look at the works and a few of the enemy in them. While I was looking one of my followers rode up to my side and in a low tone asked if I saw the rebel close by. I could not see him at first, but with the aid of the cavalryman, I presently saw standing beside a tree about a hundred feet from me, in front, a rebel soldier, evidently a picket, raising his gun to aim, and then lowering it undecidedly. I told the cavalryman to ride for him, and then I galloped for him as fast as I could go. We rode up on each side of him and took him by the collar before he could resist, and then rushed back into the woods with him. He was a man of little intelligence, but that little was all devoted to intense surprise at finding himself a prisoner. In answer to my questions he said he was on picket where we saw him, and had hesitated about firing at us because he thought we were cavalry of the rebel army. Having learned this from him, I hurried one of the cavalrymen back to General Humphreys with him, and then, turning to the left, I rode in almost a direct line for General Miles.

I kept well in the woods because I did not know but this fellow was one of a line of pickets who would make short work of me if they saw me. If he was one of a line, his capture and our escape were marvelous, but as we afterwards found that there were but few rebels in the works, I saw it might be that he was alone, though it was in that case even extraordinary that one picket should be left alone more than two hundred yards in front of the line. I soon came upon General Miles's column and then rode back rapidly to report the road practicable to General Humphreys. When I met him I asked him to let me charge across the field with a company of cavalry, as I believed there were but few of the enemy in the works, but he thought it best to send a stronger force, and accordingly directed two regiments of infantry to take

the works, which they did without difficulty or loss, the enemy retreating rapidly after firing a few shots. The works they had occupied were of considerable length and extended back to Dabney's Mill.

Soon after this my duty led me to the vicinity of the 1st Division, among whom I found my regiment near some cabins which had been the winter quarters of some of the enemy. We bivouacked in line of battle in the woods after advancing until dark, and our headquarters were pitched near a road. On the next morning our line of battle was again directed forward through the woods and bushes. I have before adverted to the almost impenetrable woods and underbrush around Dabney's Mill, and it was through this we were advancing. Not only was it very hard for the troops to push their way through the woods, brambles, and swamps, but it was impossible for the commander of a brigade even to observe the whole of his line, and consequently the staff were actively employed in watching the movement. I think it was on this day that General Humphreys expressed a wish to take the shortest road to Dabney's Mill, and having become familiar with the region, I volunteered to show him the way. I led him down the line of rebel works which we took on the day before, until we came to a plank road which I thought I recognized as that which led to the mill. General H. thought it was not, but I insisted, and we turned up on it. We went about ten rods when we discovered that I was wrong, and with a good deal of shame I told him I was, and turned back and quickly led him to the right road, but I am inclined to think that my reputation as a pathfinder, which some of the staff pleasantly chaffed me about, was not seriously impaired. Our Second Corps reached the vicinity of the old battle-field of Boydton plank road, and thence it extended to Hatcher's Run near the Crow house battery, which was nearly at the left flank of our line previous to this movement. Here in the vicinity of Hatcher's Run we engaged the enemy briskly, while the Twenty-fourth Corps, which joined our right,

also had a sharp engagement. It rained hard, and during the early part of the day, while the lines were getting into position, our staff stood around a feeble fire in the mud and lugubriously felt the water stealing down our backbones and contemplated the cannon shot which the enemy, regardless of the uncomfortable state of the weather, pitched over our heads, and which sometimes struck the ground near by so savagely as to make me wish I did not occupy so much space. While we were rioting in this aggregation of discomforts, Lieutenant Campbell (whose first fight this was) came to me and said, in the most mournful tone, "I'm all wet!" I condoled with him in polite terms and then quietly mentioned to Major Palmer that Campbell was "*all* wet." Colonel P. then accosted Campbell, and in a sympathizing tone asked him if he was *all* wet, and then several others availed themselves of the opportunity to present their regrets to Campbell, until Campbell, seeing a smile creeping about, saw the joke, and accused me in a reproachful tone of being the author of it. This was the only incident to relieve our misery, until in the afternoon our line directly in front of us moved rapidly on the enemy and we went with it. We gained considerable ground without much loss. After this General Humphreys and his staff went into their tents, which were pitched in the woods on the Dabney's Mill road. In pursuance of General Meade's orders to General Humphreys that night, the latter moved General Miles's division out to relieve a division of the Fifth Corps at Boydton plank road, and on the morning of the 31st he rode to Rainey's house with his staff, but I cannot now recollect whether we arrived there before daylight.

I here received a letter from General Head, the adjutant-general of New Hampshire, announcing that the tenth company of the 18th New Hampshire Volunteers had been organized. Upon looking over my letters, I find that the news I received at this time must have been to the effect that about sixty men had been recruited for my tenth company — not that it was fully organ-

ized, but what I have said as to my decision about going with the Second Corps I think is just. This long-looked-for completion of my regiment put it in my power to be mustered as colonel and assume command of it, but the order from General Meade which I had seen, which announced to the corps commanders their positions in the coming movements, induced me to believe that the Ninth Army Corps, which my regiment was in, would not be in the advance, and would not be likely to engage in the final victories which I believed were to follow; so I determined to stay with the Second Corps to insure my participation in these battles, for I could not persuade myself to give up the satisfaction of being "in at the death" of the rebel Army of Northern Virginia where, for four years nearly, I had been in battles opposed to it, always trying to take Richmond and never succeeding. The event proved my wisdom, for although the Ninth Corps made a successful assault on Petersburg, it did not encounter the rebel army again, being kept in the rear to guard our communications.

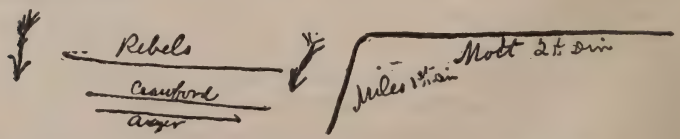
On this morning of the 31st of March we were on the same battle-field which we were on in October before, on Boydton plank road, although our line was not this time quite so far advanced toward Petersburg as it was in October, but was drawn across the road at nearly the point where at that previous battle Generals Grant and Meade took station with their staffs to witness the movements. We were engaged in perfecting our lines during the forenoon. The enemy gave and received shots from us, and along about nine or ten o'clock our line, near its junction with the Fifth Corps on the left of the road, became somewhat warmly engaged, I think. General Humphreys, whose custom it was, when riding into exposed positions at close range in battle, to leave a part of his staff behind and only take with him a few whom he should use in sending orders, rode out beyond the road toward this part of our line which was under fire, and all his staff and escort, numbering perhaps fifty persons with flags flying, and he halted and surveyed the field. A rebel battery up the

Boydton plank road toward Petersburg, in the same direction in which that was which annoyed us in October, threw a shot over which struck a few yards beyond us to the left, then another and another. Major Mills, who returned from leave of absence to join us in this movement, was by my side, I being a little ahead of him, I think. He turned his face to me and with a smile said, "There's our old friend of October!" and I made some reply. In a brief time, perhaps thirty seconds afterwards, I saw a cannon shot which had ricocheted from a knoll about a hundred yards ahead of us, flying through the air toward us, and as quick as thought, it struck in our midst and there was a falling of horses and men right at my side. The group around instinctively spurred away, myself among them, and I at once turned again to the spot and hurriedly dismounted, for it was my tent mate and best friend, Charlie Mills, who was on the ground. Colonel Palmer reached him before I did, and poor Charlie but opened his mouth once without utterance and was dead. The cannon shot had gone through his side and probably he experienced no pain. The shot also went through the neck of the horse which Lieutenant Heep, of the Engineers, rode. This event made us all feel exceedingly sad, and the general sincerely reproached himself for having ridden out with so many as to attract the attention of the enemy, who had undoubtedly directed this battery at us. No one could have been braver or more patriotic than Major Mills. The wound which he received at Antietam through both legs near the hips lamed him for life, so that he was obliged to use a cane in walking, and yet he persisted in coming into the field again. It was a lesson in fortitude to see that young soldier climb on his horse with difficulty because of his wounds every time he rode out day after day, and, although rather delicate in constitution, brave the hardships of the campaigns without once thinking of giving it up, and it seemed peculiarly hard that he of all others should be singled out to die on the very threshold of that victory which he had endured so much to witness. I can recall the lonesome

feeling which his absence from the tent and table that night brought upon me.

But battles do not permit one to indulge in sad reflections long, for the whole faculties are called into activity in their vicissitudes. It was not long before the 3d Division of the Fifth Corps on our left were driven back in great confusion by the enemy. And let me remark in passing that it seemed as though this division, composed, as it was, of some of the best and oldest regiments in the army, had become utterly demoralized, and this was the third time it had misbehaved in the face of the enemy. It was believed with us that this was due to the utter want of competency of General ——, who commanded it, for it seemed as though he never secured his flanks. He was a perfect Dundreary in dress and manners, and intellect, too, I fancy. He was an assistant surgeon in the army in 1861, and was, as I understand it, promoted to brigadier-general because he was in Fort Sumter when it was surrendered. The folly of such a promotion was never more disastrously illustrated than in the ruin of a fine veteran division by General ——.

It seems from General Humphreys's book, "The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65," that Ayers's division was in front and was the first to retire from the enemy. ——'s division overwhelmed Ayers's (the 2d) division in its retreat, as we were given to understand, and the enemy impelled it backwards also. General Humphreys, upon being informed of this, ordered General Miles to assault the enemy, whose flank was exposed to us by their advance thus



and Miles, throwing his left back, or his right forward, charged the enemy in fine style and drove him back into his intrenchments,

and occupied the White Oak road. General Humphreys with a few of us rode out after Miles, and we could not see a man of the Fifth Corps, although they must have passed over the track we were on. We rode on and on without seeing any one for perhaps half a mile, and all the time a rebel battery up by the White Oak road, out of our sight, was throwing shells over into the woods through which we were riding; but wide of the mark, for Miles had passed on and the Fifth Corps was at a safe distance.

Finally the general stopped, probably thinking he was venturing out too far, and as he wanted to find where Miles was, I offered to go out and find him, and my offer was accepted. So I started to find this impetuous officer who had charged so far that he was out of reach of his commander. The direct line which I had to follow to get where I supposed Miles was (for no musketry could be heard to guide me) lay through a thick pine wood, and this rebel battery threw its shells with deliberate regularity into these woods and across my path, and it seemed very much as if I with my orderly was fighting that battery alone, for its shells fell wide of any troops. This was very uncomfortable business for me, and I was extremely glad to meet General Miles returning in the middle of the wood. I turned about, and overtaking General Humphreys, was sent with an order to General Miles, whose division was then withdrawn from the White Oak road, but extended out farther than before. General Miles, after he drove the enemy away from the pursuit of ——, sent word to the latter, who had re-formed near by, that he would like to have him connect with his (Miles's) left flank, to which the astute —— replied that he had enough to do to take care of his own flank.

During the day our 2d and 3d Divisions made attacks on the enemy's intrenchments without success. That night we were all hard at work a part of the time, I suppose, for our line was withdrawn to its position held before Miles's attack.

The next day General Humphreys, according to his report, made a close examination with a view to assaulting the rebel Crow house

redoubt on Hatcher's Run, but I cannot recollect what I did on this day. General Sheridan with the Fifth Corps fought the battle of Five Forks, about four miles west of us, this afternoon and evening, but I cannot recollect whether we heard the firing or not. That evening Miles was thrown forward until his line crossed the White Oak road, to prevent reinforcements from going up that road to Five Forks, and then Miles and Mott attacked several times. The enemy had a heavily intrenched line, with slashing and abatis in front, and our men in the pitch-dark night charged up until the abatis stopped them, notwithstanding the heavy fire of the enemy, but they could not get in. The roar of artillery, rattle of musketry, and bright flashing of the powder, which burst out at intervals when these attacks were made, were exceedingly impressive, and I admired the courage of the men who charged in the midst of it all on an unseen enemy and unseen works. At about midnight I was sent to General Miles to order him to go down the White Oak road to General Sheridan. I was guided by a cavalryman who had come from Miles. He led me southerly down the Boydton plank road a short distance, and then took a northwesterly direction across the country. We found the troops, but my guide got lost, and I had to find the way to Miles myself. Previous to this General Humphreys was ordered to assault the Crow house battery in the morning and was told that the Sixth and Ninth Corps and Army of the James would also assault, and we all felt that the next morning was the time to put an end to the siege of Petersburg.

Then came the news of the victory at Five Forks at about 9.15 P.M., and after this came the orders for General Humphreys to attack as he did, as above related, and then to send Miles to Sheridan if the enemy's lines were not broken by these attacks. At about two o'clock in the morning of April 2, General Humphreys was ordered not to assault the Crow house battery on account of the absence of Miles, but to watch for chances to get into the enemy's lines. So Mott and Hayes were ordered to constantly attack the enemy's pickets from about 4 A.M., which they did. Then a dispatch from

army headquarters, embodying one from General Sheridan, was received, in which the latter said that he overwhelmed the enemy in his front and that he proposed to "sweep down the White Oak road and all north of it to Petersburg" in the morning.

Early in the morning we got news that the army on the right of us had carried the enemy's intrenchments, and then General Hayes with our 2d Division carried the Crow house battery. Then the enemy in front of General Mott began to move off and he carried the works in his front. Early in the morning, perhaps about daylight, I had been sent down toward Five Forks to ascertain if Miles was in sight. I passed outside the picket line he had left a long distance, but saw no signs of him. Captain Ricker, with a part of my regiment, was on picket here, and the coolness with which he regarded his situation alone without support, a mile or more from the main line, was admirable. I believe they had been left to keep up a show of force when General Miles went to General Sheridan and had fired on the enemy in the night, but no enemy was in sight when I went there in the morning. When General Mott took the works in his front, General Humphreys directed that our whole corps should follow the enemy on the White Oak and Clairborne roads to Sutherland's Station, supposing that the army on the right had cut off this portion of the enemy from Petersburg, but General Meade came up and directed that the 2d and 3d Divisions should go to Petersburg by the Boydton plank road, and that the 1st Division should take the first road to the right for Petersburg as soon as it had crossed Hatcher's Run. The 2d and 3d started for Petersburg, the enemy having in the meantime retreated out of their way, and then General Humphreys rode over to the Clairborne road.

We here came suddenly upon an armed body of cavalry dressed in various styles of rebel uniforms, some with silk "stove-pipe" hats on, and mounted on veritable Southern hollow-faced horses. But they were not rebels; on the contrary, they were Sheridan's famous corps of scouts, a reckless body of men who penetrated the

enemy's lines and at the risk of being hung as spies acquired information for the general. They were certainly as dare-devil a looking set of fellows as I ever saw. We came upon General Sheridan at the Moody house. He was in a blaze of enthusiasm, and with mouth-filling oaths, his face glowing with excitement, told General Humphreys that the enemy were all on the run, and with a mouth-filling oath that we could "drive them into the river." General Miles, who was with Sheridan as before related, was just then encountering the enemy in front of us at Sutherland's Station. General Humphreys informed General Sheridan of General Meade's order that Miles should go to Petersburg. General Sheridan said that he had intended to keep Miles, but at once offered to return him, but General Humphreys, who was as generous a soldier as General Sheridan (and they were a noble pair), refused to receive him, and Miles went on and fought the battle he had then begun on his own account (for General Sheridan, since the war, when he visited New Hampshire, told me that he did not regard Miles as under his command after that interview, and he says as much in his report).

CHAPTER XXXVII

Closing the interview with General Sheridan, General Humphreys again rode to the Boydton plank road and then upon it rapidly toward Petersburg. Having arrived within half a mile or so of the ground on which the armies were then contending on the west side of Petersburg, General Humphreys turned off to a small house on the right of the road, which had a flight of steps leading to the front door, which was elevated a few feet from the ground. We perceived a number of staff horses held by orderlies about the door, and as General Humphreys stopped, or at about that moment, I recognized General Grant standing in the doorway. At that moment he took his cigar from his lips, and, waving his hand which held the cigar calmly toward a portion of the contested ground, he said coolly and deliberately to General Rawlins, his chief of staff, who stood beside him, "Tell General —— to go in there," or words to that effect (the general's name I do not recall), and the great commander-in-chief displayed no more emotion than he would have at a review of the most ordinary character.

He was standing at this moment inside the enemy's works which for ten months he had striven to enter. The enemy were broken into two parts by his victorious army. On one hand in the distance the impetuous General Sheridan was hammering at the right wing of the rebel army, confident of routing it, and on the other, in General Grant's view, Generals Meade and Orr were wheeling their armies upon and closing around the enemy who still held Petersburg, and assaulting and capturing fort after fort. The broad plain in front of him was filled with lines and columns of blue-coated veterans hurrying into position or fighting in line, batteries were galloping up, and every one in sight was bent on striking the enemy. Clouds of dust rose far into the distance, bursting shells could be seen in many places in the air, the blue smoke of musketry fringed the

field, the roar of all arms and the cheers of men were constantly heard, and everything betokened a fierce conflict and a victorious one for our side.

I never saw a more inspiring field and never felt more elated by one, for it was one of victory apparent in every feature, and a victory which I felt was the beginning of the end of the war. But the master spirit at whose command the battle was raging, and on whose brow the laurel was then settling, appeared to be as imperturbable as if the work before him was a mere matter of business in which he felt no particular enthusiasm or care. I have heard many incidents related which illustrated the extreme coolness of General Grant, but I never heard of one equal to this which I witnessed.

General Humphreys soon rode toward Petersburg by the Boydton plank and Cox roads until he came nearly abreast with our lines, which he began to extend with his two divisions near Rohoic Creek to the Appomattox, and he presently rode with us to a house on a hill. At this house we got a fine view of the battle on the west side of the town, and indeed the contending lines were within close range, as we experienced to our discomfort, as the enemy made it pretty hot for us at that house. The enemy had endeavored to hold an inner line of works in which I think were Forts Baldwin and Gregg, and while we were at Captain Whitworth's house a part of our army was assaulting a fort on our right, which I think was Fort Gregg. Its earthen walls seemed to be very high and steep, and the enemy held it with great resolution. Our men clambered and crawled up toward the top of the parapet, covering its slope so thickly as to make it almost seem dark blue. I never saw more courageous fighting than this on the part of our men. The crest of the works blazed with artillery and musketry, the din was terrific, the enemy crowded the works, and appeared to fight with great ferocity; but our men clambered up the sides of the fort as if they apprehended no danger, when they must have been losing heavily.

I think I was prevented from witnessing the result of this as-

sault by reason of General Humphreys's being called to hurry with his 2d Division to the aid of General Miles at Sutherland's Station. We marched rapidly up the Cox road several miles, and the sound of the battle grew in front of us. The road and country, which must have swarmed with rebels a few hours before, were silent and deserted. Once, indeed, we saw two soldiers a mile or so ahead, and a dispute arose among us whether they wore blue or gray. I asserted that it was gray, and I believe I proved it by riding out and taking the wearers prisoners, when we were within about a quarter of a mile of them.

When we got within a mile of Sutherland's Station, General Humphreys desired the information to be carried to General Miles that he was approaching on the Cox road to take the enemy on his left flank, and I was selected to carry it. It was entirely uncertain where the enemy might be encountered on my errand, but I was directed to make a détour to the left through the woods to avoid them, if possible. I think I had two cavalry soldiers with me. We captured some straggling rebels, four, I think, but met no others, and when I reached General Miles, I found him master of the field, for he had, after two charges which were repulsed, made a third which routed the rebels. So that our 2d Division came up to find the game flown.

I cannot distinctly recollect where our headquarters were pitched that night, but I think it was close to General Miles's battle-field at Sutherland's Station, and I have a recollection of seeing a portion of the Twenty-fourth Corps pass us in that vicinity on the next morning (April 3). General Humphreys says in his report that on the morning of the 3d he received orders to move from this place along the river road, and that while on this road his route was changed to the Namozine road. The rebels occupying the city of Petersburg and Richmond had fled westward on the night of the 2d, and they somehow (I do not know how or where) recrossed the Appomattox, as I suppose, and joined those in our front on the right bank, but I never yet have positively learned whether they

did so recross or whether they kept on the left bank until those in front of us crossed at High Bridge and Farmville to that bank. However, it was the Fifth, Second, Sixth, and part of the Twenty-fourth Corps and the cavalry which pursued those retreating up the right bank in hot haste. Our departure from Sutherland's Station on this morning was a very lively scene, with the passage of the troops of the Twenty-fourth Corps by us on the same road and our own rapid breaking of bivouac and taking of the route. That day we passed over Namozine Creek, and I think our headquarters were at a little white one-story house on the right of the road near Winticomack Creek. The next day we moved to Deep Creek, being much delayed by the cavalry which entered the road ahead of us or in our column. Our headquarters were nicely fixed in the yard of a large mansion on a hill and we had got quietly at rest, when orders came to move. A little after midnight we took the road again, but we had not marched an hour before the same cavalry which had blocked our road the day before was found ahead again, and we had tediously to wait until after daylight before the road was cleared, though I believe we did *hitch* along a little as the movements of the cavalry permitted during darkness. We went into bivouac near Jetersville.

The incidents of our march from Sutherland's Station were not such as to remain impressed on my memory. I can only remember that we did not encounter the enemy and were on the *qui vive* to learn where they were. Every little while a rumor would come from the cavalry as to the movements of the enemy and encounters with them, and I recollect hearing of the capture of a rebel cavalry general by some of our cavalry — I think some of Sheridan's scouts; but for the most part we subordinates marched along utterly ignorant, and wondering where the enemy were and when we should overtake them. I fancy that such was the celerity of their movements that even the generals commanding did not know accurately where to find them, and were simply trusting to our legs to enable Sheridan to march around them on the south to head them off from

Lynchburg, and ourselves to overtake and bring them to battle wherever we chanced to.

On the morning of the 6th, however, a definite prospect of meeting seemed to open to us. At this time we were on the Richmond & Danville Railroad, over which the enemy must transport his materials southward if he did it by rail, and we were informed that the enemy was in the vicinity of Amelia Court House — his whole army — four or five miles ahead of us in a northerly direction, and orders were received at our headquarters for the Second Corps to move directly forward in columns, each a division, and that the Sixth and Fifth Corps would do the same on our right and left, and thus beat up the country for the enemy. General Humphreys in his report says our 2d Division moved a thousand yards from (to the left of) the railroad, the 1st Division a thousand yards on its left, and the 3d Division in rear of the 1st, and that a strong skirmish line was kept in front and on the flanks. The march was directed by compass deviating northerly of a course E. 22° N.

General Humphreys with his staff was riding ahead in the vicinity of the head of the 1st Division when the skirmishers in front of it (after we had gone three or four miles) opened fire, or else our headquarters cavalry called the general's attention to the enemy. He rode to an open eminence overlooking Flat Creek, and there we saw the enemy troops and trains a mile or so away to the north, moving to the left (westerly) almost parallel with our front, and evidently a part had preceded them into the forest into which they were disappearing. One of our batteries opened on them at once, and our skirmishers crossed the creek and engaged those of the enemy at Amelia Springs, which place was close in our front.

While this was being done, of course, General Barlow with the 2d Division was in the way of moving on in the stated course, which would take him out of probability of contact with the enemy, as we seemed to have struck their column near its rear. General Humphreys was much engrossed with directions about the engagement in hand, and I ventured to ask him if General Barlow would not

better be notified to come to that point, and he said yes, and requested me to convey an order to that effect to him, which I at once galloped away to do. I could not see his troops and had to go across country at a venture to find him. I had not ridden half a mile when I came to a creek at the bottom of a ravine which spread out on a shallow bed to a width which rendered a leap impossible, so I unsuspectingly drove my horse into the water and got his four feet into the sand, when he sank inextricably into a quicksand. I felt our descent with more vexation than any other feeling until my feet touched the water, when I concluded it was time for me to dismount upon the shore, and with a good leap I reached the bank ahead of me. But although I was out, my horse's legs were held as fast as if by a devil-fish, and I recognized the fact with dismay that on foot I should not be very likely to find General Barlow soon enough to bring him up for effective aid. My lucky star, however, came up, for just as I had fully taken in my situation, a dozen pioneers from our corps came along, and I got them to help out the horse, which they did by placing rails on the sand and under him, which gave a foundation upon which their prying with rails and the horse's exertions got him out. He was a dun-colored horse of the number kept at headquarters for contingent use by the staff, and soaked with water and plastered more or less with wet sand, he reminded me of a drowned rat; but looks were nothing as long as he could carry me, which he proved to be well able to do, and I hastened off.

I soon found General Barlow. He had halted upon hearing the firing on his left, in expectation of receiving the orders which I brought. I rode directly back to General Humphreys. I do not recollect whether I was back in time to see our men drive the enemy from Amelia Springs, but they did it handsomely. General Mott, whose troops were engaged in the attack, was wounded.

General Humphreys now, by order of General Meade, wheeled to the left and pursued the enemy in this order: First, a strong line of skirmishers, then the 1st and the 3d Divisions, two thirds in line of battle and one third in reserve, and the 2d Division in column

in rear of the 1st Division (which was on the right) to guard against a column of the enemy supposed to be moving on a parallel road to the right of our right flank.

In this order the Second Corps moved thirteen miles, keeping a beautiful line. The enemy made a stand wherever a favorable position occurred, and our lines, almost without a halt to prepare, assaulted them and drove them from every position, and sometimes our skirmishers did not deign to fall back, but led the attack and drove the enemy. When it is considered that the country was hilly, and woods, ravines, creeks, and swamps were constantly met, I think the history of campaigns will present few if any instances of marching and fighting like this. But it was glorious work to pursue this army which we had battled against for four years, with the consciousness that Richmond was ours and that it was only necessary to capture or destroy this army to end the war.

We encountered the enemy at Deatonsville next after Amelia Springs. Here at the junction of two roads among a few houses, the enemy occupied a cut made for the road across our path. Our advance attacked them instantly almost, and they retreated, leaving many stands of arms. We here saw in the field in front and on our left at some distance some skirmishers whose character we could not make out. General Humphreys expected to meet the Sixth Corps, which had moved through Jetersville, hereabouts, and we did not know but these were its skirmishers, but I think I rode down the cross-road to the left until I met General Wright, commanding that corps, and that he and General Humphreys then met. We moved on and next met the enemy at a little creek which crossed our road a mile or two beyond Deatonsville. We first got notice of it by hearing our skirmishers firing beyond a piece of woods in front of us.

While our line was preparing to attack, I rode off the road to the left, and mounting a little eminence found myself in plain sight of the enemy's column. I rode back to General Humphreys and told him of it and asked him if he would n't like to be conducted to the

place. He said he would, and so we all rode up there, and the general took a deliberate survey of the enemy. While he was doing so I saw a rebel battery going into position on the little eminence which we were viewing, and I judged that they could see us as plainly as we could see them, and that they, therefore, would practice a little on us. The general did not seem to comprehend the critical position he was in, for he kept on looking. He turned to the right to ride into the road, however, before they fired. As we moved away I kept my eye on the battery, and while we were yet in sight of them I saw they were about to fire. We were not more than four hundred yards away and the guns were pointed our way. I felt exceedingly nervous, and with a view to getting out of range put spurs to my horse so that he jumped forward and so nearly past the general that I felt ashamed of it. The next instant a shot came which went through either an orderly or his horse directly behind us, and, as I thought, just about where I should have been if I had not spurred up. We rode into a little piece of woods on the other side of the road and sat there on our horses while our men engaged the enemy with musketry, and the enemy's bullets struck the trees about us with most uncomfortable frequency and force. I again grew nervous and heartily wished the general would select some other spot to await the issue in. In a few minutes he turned to ride to the rear, and then I was so provoked at myself at having wished to go that I turned about, and as a punishment for my weakness galloped down to join our attacking line. I emerged from the wood into an open meadow perhaps a hundred yards wide across which our skirmish line was charging. I rode on to overtake them and fired my pistol over their heads into the thicket beyond where the enemy were or had been, but am not aware of any damage done by my shot excepting the arousing of the anger of some one in the skirmish line who thought their backs were being fired into and shouted out for it to be stopped. I overtook our line just as it reached the rifle pits which the enemy had deserted.

I then rejoined the staff, feeling that I had reëstablished myself

in my estimation, in which I had begun to be held rather lightly. A mile or two more brought us upon a crest, along which the road ran, overlooking what proved to be the valley through which Sailor's Creek ran almost parallel with our course. And at this point General Sheridan and some of his cavalry and of the Sixth Corps came upon a road from the left which intersected ours here. I happened to ride along near General Sheridan to a point where to our left we saw the valley and all that was passing in it like a panorama before us. We could see the long gray column of the enemy crossing the creek and climbing the hill beyond, perhaps a mile distant, while directly before us a line of the enemy was stretched crosswise of the valley with its left flank toward us, and hotly engaged with a line of Sixth Corps infantry which was moving up parallel with it, with its right flank toward us. This was an intensely interesting sight and I should have liked greatly to witness the issue. I was there just long enough to see General Sheridan dispatch a portion of the cavalry with him at full speed down into the valley, apparently to take the rebel line in the rear. General Sheridan was in glorious spirits at this moment, and well he might be, for this was the opening of the famous battle of Sailor's Creek, in which he took about eight thousand prisoners, and I suppose that at the moment he saw the rebel column filing up the hill, he knew that his cavalry were closing in beyond them to hold them until the Sixth Corps came up from our side to hem them in. We moved on in a more northerly direction, diverging away to the right from General Sheridan.

We encountered the enemy once more before reaching Sailor's Creek, on a level piece of ground where a portion of the 3d Division made a handsome charge, and I very well recollect Colonel Cannon, of the "Tammany," or the "Mozart," New York Regiment (the latter the 40th, I feel very confident), riding toward us, and exclaiming with great exultation that his regiment had taken a piece of artillery which we passed on the side of the road. From this point the road was strewn for a mile or so with all manner of

things in the way of clothing, arms, baggage, and other *impedimenta* which the rebels abandoned in their flight. At about sundown our line met the enemy at the top of the steep side of the valley through which Sailor's Creek ran, and there was a sharp fight. I recall the glow of an evening sun, the mystery of a deep valley dimly seen through trees on our right, through which the roar of artillery echoed, and the rattle of rifles and the thin line of blue smoke on the edge of the valley down beyond which we could not see, until we came close to where the rebel line had made its stand, which General Humphreys with his staff reached close upon our line. Our troops pursued the enemy rapidly down the slope to the creek, and there captured a large number of prisoners and a train of three hundred wagons which had been impeded at the crossing by some wagons which had stuck in the creek. I believe I went only to the creek, but our skirmishers pursued the enemy up the farther slope until the flashes of their rifles dotted the hillside through the darkness like fireflies.

Our corps took during this day's fighting seventeen hundred prisoners, four guns, and thirteen flags. A part of these flags, however, were taken from the wagons which we captured. We had marched fourteen miles, fighting, as will have been perceived, nearly all the time, and when I consider that we had probably four thousand men in line of battle whose front was nearly or quite a mile long, and that they preserved an orderly array so unbroken that they were prepared to move against the enemy at every step, I regard it as the best evidence that I saw in the war of the consummate discipline in tactics to which our men had attained. It is a difficult thing to march a line a mile long across a review field and preserve a front fit to encounter the enemy with, and when that line gets so that it can march over hills, through valleys and woods and streams, and change direction, and all the time keep up an encounter with the enemy sometimes rising to pitched battles, for fourteen miles, then it surely has arrived at that condition at which all drill aims, in which each man feels and

instinctively retains his place, touching elbows with his comrades, and always facing the front as the needle points to the pole.

The next morning there was a good deal of hilarity among our troops from private to general, not only because of the success upon which the night before closed, but also from an inspection and despoiling of the wagons which we had captured. General Miles, commanding the 1st Division, rode about with half a dozen rebel flags floating in the hands of his orderlies behind him, and our men were rich with Confederate money, a great amount of which was found in the wagons; and they, as the rebel prisoners filed past them to the rear, asked them when they were paid last, and upon receiving a reply that the time was more or less remote, with jocular gravity handed out the Confederate bills to them lavishly, and enjoyed the joke hugely. In fact, it was a whole commentary on the situation, and in it were embodied the sense of victory, the capture of the very sinews of war, and the downfall of the Confederacy as demonstrated by the worthlessness of its money in the estimation of our own rank and file as they showered it down as valueless paper.

We moved after the enemy at 5.30 A.M. and did not come up with him until we got to High Bridge. We were riding with General Barlow's division near its head, when our skirmishers opened the ball, and we, following them closely, soon came out upon the bluff which overlooked the valley of the Appomattox. The valley was half a mile wide. The river, which was unfordable and not over a hundred feet wide, ran close to our bank. The railroad bridge, called High Bridge, rested on twenty or more piers, each 125 feet high, and thus spanned the valley from bluff to bluff. The valley was clear of trees and we saw everything that transpired in it. At our end of the bridge, where we first came in sight of the valley, was a strong earthen fort with a number of guns which the rebels had injured as much as possible in a brief time; a hundred yards in front the wooden bridge which crossed the river was afire, and the enemy's skirmishers essayed to prevent

ours from extinguishing the fire. At the farther side of the valley, the rebel column was climbing up on the bluff and disappearing from sight, and the great railroad bridge was burning furiously at their end. A portion of General Barlow's column hurried down to the small bridge and, forcing a passage, extinguished the flames and saved the bridge, and then our skirmishers deployed on the other side of the river and slowly drove the enemy's skirmishers across the plain, every man in both lines being in plain sight of us, so that we saw each shot and each man drop and every movement, a grander display than it is possible to produce in any amphitheater of these days.

Our pioneers tried to reach the burning end of the railroad bridge, but were driven back by the enemy's skirmishers, whose purpose it was to get the flames so well under way that we could not stop them. I asked General Humphreys to allow me to undertake to stop the fire with the pioneers, but he refused. A battery came into position near us and opened on the rebels at the other end of the bridge, and a separate echo of the scream of the shell came back to us from each of the twenty piers and made a sound so like the puffing of a locomotive that I was at loss to account for it at first. In a few minutes General Humphreys told me I could undertake to put out the fire, and that he would send all the pioneers to me as fast as they came up. So I hurried onto the bridge, and by the time I got to the fire, where I think some of the pioneers had already arrived (or else they accompanied me), I found that the enemy's firing had been nearly or quite silenced; at any rate, we experienced no trouble from it. The fire had about wrapped up three spans and was at work on the fourth when we got there. Our plan was to cut off the end of the span near to us as well as we could, and then fight the flames until it fell. The superstructure of the bridge was of wood which was tarred, and it was a truss ten or twelve feet high; the top was floored with boards and covered with tin. The men tore up the tin, cut through the floor, and then cut off the timbers one by one. It was rather

dangerous work because the floor itself was decayed, and when stripped of tin was insecure, and the men who were cutting the timbers not only were in danger of falling from those they stood on, but they also might be precipitated when the span fell, for we could not tell how much the part we stood on depended upon the part which we desired to cut off, and to fall 125 feet was death.

I think we tried to cut off the third span first, but the flames caught the fourth, and we then made the fight on that one. While the men were cutting on it, the timbers began groaning as if about to fall, and the men incontinently fled, but the timbers hung together and the flames were reaching for the fifth span. Although I did not expect to accomplish much with an axe, I seized one from a pioneer and went to the place they had left, to cut, myself. This shamed the men into coming back, and they went to work again with a will. Others brought the water from several half-hogsheads which had been placed at intervals on the bridge, filled with water to guard against fire, and poured it on the timbers near the cut, but the pails were few, and it seemed as if the flames would catch on the fifth span before the fourth fell, when some one suggested that there was a small car at our end of the bridge on which a half-hogshead could be loaded; so I hurried back to get this, and succeeded, and we were bringing it up loaded with the half-hogshead when the fourth span fell, leaving the fifth untouched by the flames almost, and tipping the carload of water down to insure extinguishing any embers on the fifth span, I left.

General Humphreys kindly mentioned this to my credit in his report, and also afterwards intimated to me that I should receive a pecuniary reward (I suppose from the railroad company), but I did not anticipate this strongly and so have escaped disappointment. I think it was General Mahone who was trying to destroy this bridge, and he has been president of the road since the war, and, I have been told, has lately replaced the wooden superstructure with an iron one. My friend, General Theodore Read, had been dispatched with some cavalry and infantry a few days

before to destroy this bridge before the enemy reached it in retreat, and there met the head of the rebel army and was killed. It seemed important then to prevent their using it to transport materials to Lynchburg, and it also seemed important at the time I write of to save it for the transportation of supplies for our armies if our campaign became protracted, but it did not, so that I suppose our Government did not need it.

I rejoined General Humphreys at a house a mile or so beyond the bridge, where, after a few shots at the enemy retreating toward Farmville, he dispatched General Barlow toward Farmville and with the 1st and 3d Divisions moved to the right. About half a mile from Cumberland Church our skirmishers encountered the enemy, and I have a faint recollection of here seeing one or more of Sheridan's reckless scouts in rebel uniform riding from our skirmish line toward the enemy's, and *vice versa*, only concealed by the woods. As we wheeled to the left with the road the enemy opened a battery on us which swept some of the 1st Division down with solid shot, which flew directly down the road up which they were marching in solid column, and I recollect seeing General Miles, a moment after this brigade of his had been ploughed by shot in the road, ride the whole length of the road under the same artillery fire at full speed, regardless of the danger, to bring up the rest of his division, which he did in hot haste. General Humphreys sent me to carry orders to the 3d Division to form on Miles's left, and as I rode through the woods, I saw the enemy coming down in line of battle on Miles's left in an open field and directly toward the road I was traveling. I lost no time in informing the leading commander of the 3d Division of this (he was General McAllister, I think), and he hurried his men along and, facing to the left, moved up and met and stopped the rebels' advance.

General Humphreys stayed at a little house on the right of the road (Rice's, I believe) a few minutes, and it was a hot place from the enemy's artillery fire, and then he rode up the road on which Miles's division had marched under fire, and passing the spot where

the shot had struck them, we saw six or eight of our men in the road stone dead, through whom the shot had gone.

We passed on a little farther and came under a lively fire of bullets in the woods, when I heard behind me the most agonized cry, and looking around saw Major Bingham doubled up in pain in his saddle, his face as white as death. I thought he was badly wounded, but it turned out that a spent bullet had struck his knee on the tenderest spot, giving him excruciating pain. Soon after this I accompanied General Humphreys, dismounted, to the skirmish line, where it was hot work, and whence we could see the enemy well intrenched on a crest in front of us, perhaps four hundred yards away.

General Humphreys, learning that nearly the whole of Lee's force was in front of him, ordered me to take word to General Barlow, who was at Farmville, to join him, and I took the shortest road I could find, guided by the firing in his front. On the way, far away from our lines, I once more met Sheridan's scouts at a small house where they seemed to be recreating, though they were certainly in a dangerous situation. I found General Barlow, who had had a lively fight near Farmville, in which General Thomas Smythe was killed, a handsome, dashing officer much esteemed as a soldier and convivially.

I do not recollect whether I conducted General Barlow back or whether I went in advance of him, but I got back to General Humphreys about sunset. In my absence a sad affair had taken place. General Miles (upon his own motion, as General Humphreys has since told me) had thrown a part of his division on the enemy's line after General Humphreys had moved him to the right, hoping to reach beyond the enemy's flank and to take advantage of some confusion which seemed to prevail among them, which General Humphreys suspected might indicate a retreat induced by an attack in the direction of Farmville, which he could then hear and which he supposed to be that of the Sixth Corps, but which he afterwards learned to be an attack of the cavalry which had

waded the river at Farmville with great difficulty, the Sixth Corps being unable to cross until in the night, as the bridge had been destroyed. General Miles, as I have said, precipitated a part of his division on the enemy's line, hoping, no doubt, to reach their left flank and take advantage of their seeming confusion. This force consisted of two regiments and six companies (about two hundred men) of my regiment commanded by Captain Ricker, for Colonel Crafts was unaccountably absent with the other three companies on the skirmish line. General Miles ordered them to charge the works, and they did with great courage, and I found upon my return that evening that out of the six companies of my regiment who went up, only a dozen or so men returned. I learned that the distance to the rebel lines was about a quarter of a mile, and the ground was broken with little ravines and swells at right angles with the line of march nearly all the way; that the enemy in great force opened with musketry and artillery on our line as soon as it started, and kept up a furious fire on it all the way; that the other regiments were broken up and the gallant Ricker with his six companies kept on, although he was twice wounded, until, with but about seventy men left, he was within thirty yards of the enemy, when he was felled by a bullet which lodged in his groin; and the enemy came out and took all with him prisoners with their flags; for there they were, a handful of threescore and ten against several thousand. There never was a more gallant charge than this, and our men actually marched in such a direction and so far as to pass the left flank of the enemy's works and actually surrender only when inside of them. I could not learn whether Ricker was prisoner or not, and I could not bear to have the brave old fellow lie out on the field wounded, so I went out to find him. I walked as far as I dared to stand erect beyond our lines, and then crept until I could go no farther without venturing possibly into the enemy's hands, but I could not find him, and came back with a very sad heart.

It was a very saddening thing to see only a remnant of the regiment left, there being only three companies and a few from

the six which had charged. They told me that Ricker had commanded the skirmishers early in the day and had ridden the old gray "Garibaldi" (which I once rode) along his line when all the men were lying flat on the ground because they were so close to the enemy, and as a consequence Garibaldi was killed and Ricker received a bullet wound in the shoulder; that he sat right down by Garibaldi and lamented him as if he were his best friend, and afterwards, regardless of his wound, which was slight, mounted an old pack-horse and rode him along the line until he, too, was killed, when Ricker was forced to go afoot; that when the six companies charged Ricker went forward most gallantly, receiving a shot in his leg as he did so, but disregarding it, and that he actually carried the line forward until it was within thirty yards or so of the enemy, when he was felled with a bullet. The desperation of this act may be realized when it is considered that over a hundred had fallen and he was charging alone with less than that number remaining, into the face of thousands.

I rode back to headquarters, which became established after dark upon the field of battle in the woods on the right of the road, and nearly abreast with the spot where Miles's column was so badly hurt by the artillery. Here we discussed in front of a camp-fire the events of the day, and while so engaged, General Seth Williams, the adjutant-general of the combined armies, of General Grant's staff, rode up and I heard him say to General Humphreys that he had a dispatch to General Lee, the commander of the army we were pursuing, which he desired sent through the lines to General Lee at once. This indicated an emergency in my affairs. General Humphreys had all day pressed closely upon the enemy, who were superior to him in numbers, with great tenacity and at great risk, to hold them in his front until the main body of the army came up to administer the final blow, and when I heard this from General Grant's own adjutant-general, I made up my mind that the message to General Lee related to his surrender. So in fact, as General Grant's report shows, it was.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

I WENT to General Humphreys and said to him that I was satisfied that he would have no more fighting; that my regiment was far to the rear; that its numbers now warranted my muster as colonel, and that I feared, if I delayed, the surrender of the rebels would overtake me, and the end of the war would be reached, and my chances for muster would be small, and that with his permission I would now join my regiment. He pleasantly assented and it was plain that he thought the fighting was over, and in fact Sheridan (if I recollect General Grant's and his reports) with General Ord was already well on his way to Appomattox Court House in rear of the rebels, and perhaps and probably General Williams had told him of this. I slept at headquarters that night. In the morning it was seen that the rebels had retreated. I rode forward, and passing their works, I found Ricker near Cumberland Church in a house. He was alive and recognized me, and I learned from him that the wound which had disabled him came from a musket or rifle ball which had entered his groin. He said that he had been captured and taken to the vicinity of the house and laid on the ground, and that in the night he had crawled to this house and, telling the occupants that he had need of their bed (which I found him on), he had crawled on it. He was full of courage, and I at once found an ambulance and had him placed in it and started for the rear. To follow him a little farther, I will here say that about a month after I heard that he was dead, but in two months after I saw him walking the streets of Concord, New Hampshire, although the bullet still lay in his groin or along the thigh bone, and it is there yet, I believe. I heard that when he got to the hospital, a surgeon had said to him that as he was a brave man, he would tell him that he had not twenty-four hours to live, and that Ricker had replied, "Well, Doctor, I have n't got much

money, but I'll bet you five hundred I live longer than you do!"

Having seen to the wants of Ricker, and seeing nothing in the aspect of affairs to change my opinion that I had seen the last of the fighting, I turned my face toward the east and rode away with my boy Charlie mounted on Charlie Mills's mare, which I had offered to take back and ship to his family in Boston at my first opportunity.

I rode to Farmville, passing on the road the smoking remains of a large wagon train which the rebels had burned to prevent its falling into our hands. Farmville had that air, suggestive of a ballroom in the morning, which towns have after hostile troops have occupied it. The streets were littered with the leavings of a bivouac, and the warehouses bore evidence of having contributed from their stores of tobacco to the comfort of our troops, if my memory serves me right. I saw, I feel very certain, the horses of the staff and the escort of General Grant around the door of one of the buildings. I forded the Appomattox without difficulty, though General Humphreys says in his report that the Sixth Corps had not been able to cross until night and the cavalry had crossed by wading with difficulty the day before. I met various people on my way back, but the only person I recollect was Mr. Elihu B. Washburne, of Galena, Illinois, member of Congress and General Grant's firm supporter, whom I had last seen about a year before at the presentation of the medal awarded by Congress to General Grant. He was riding horseback to the front rapidly with a very happy and expectant look, with the purpose, no doubt, of being with General Grant at the surrender of Lee, which he had probably heard was imminent.

The Ninth Corps, as I had expected when at the outset of the campaign I preferred to stay with the Second Corps, had not taken a part in the pursuit of Lee, but had been left in detachments on the railroad behind our army. I found General Park, the commander of the corps, camped, I think at Burkesville Junction,

and on making known my errand I was welcomed and invited to stay there overnight, which I did. General Park and his staff seemed quite willing, even at that juncture of affairs, to have me assume command of my regiment, and it was intimated to me, if my memory serves me, that the condition of the regiment was not satisfactory to them. My tenth company had not reported to the regiment, so that, by a strict interpretation of the mustering regulations, I should have been refused muster as colonel, but the favorable disposition toward me which I have mentioned was exercised in my behalf so far as to ignore the irregularity, and I was mustered in a day or two, as they promised me I should be. The next morning I started for my regiment, whose headquarters at Ford's Station I reached that day at about the hour Lee's army surrendered at Appomattox Court House.

I found the 18th New Hampshire Volunteers bivouacked in detachments along the railroad — a company or so in a place — for a mile or more, perhaps for several miles. The regimental headquarters were in a house near the station. Lieutenant-Colonel Clough, who was in command, received me with a not enthusiastic welcome, but told me that now that I had been put in command he desired to work in harmony with me.

Major Potter expressed himself as glad of my arrival. My staff were Surgeon Emerson, who was, I think, not ill-disposed toward me, but was inclined to his ease so much as to require an occasional spur from me; Assistant Surgeon Shepard, an active, cheerful, and bright man; Chaplain Hardy, a man of common sense, and honesty, and frankness; Adjutant Caswell, a very faithful and conscientious soldier; and Quartermaster ——, a stupid, avaricious, low-spirited, dirty individual. Colonel Clough did not enter into my schemes for reform with any interest, but confined himself to doing what was required of him. The rest aided me according to their light.

Upon inspection of the regiment I found that the men did not keep their arms clean, but, on the contrary, they were in some

instances not to be depended on to fire; that their clothes were ragged and dirty and their persons unclean; that they observed none of the courtesies toward their officers required by military etiquette and which are essential to the formation of the absolutely necessary habit of prompt, unquestioning obedience; that their drill was poor, and their duties were performed in a slovenly and unsoldierly manner; and the cause for this was to be found among the officers, who were not well instructed themselves, who paid little attention to the men, and who, neither by their demeanor nor the authority of their positions, attracted or compelled respect. There were honorable exceptions to the above sentiment among officers and men, but where so much was bad they could do little to reform discipline or drill.

The 18th Regiment with all its faults (let me sum up its character here) was the result of the vicious system of raising new regiments instead of filling the old ones with recruits. The men were, the greatest number, young men of native birth and good character, who, from force of circumstances or want of spirit, had withstood all inducements to enlist until almost the end of the war, and then, presumptively, were persuaded to enlist by large bounties; and they, as may be conceived, did not *thirst* for discipline. A number had seen service in other regiments for longer or shorter terms, and were variously disposed toward or against good discipline, as they had learned it or not in other regiments, or as they had quit other regiments from one cause or another. A few were men, not of native birth, who were persuaded neither by patriotism, love of good order, nor anything else to strive for discipline. But the regiment was one which as a whole had exceedingly good material out of which to make first-rate soldiers under proper officers and favorable circumstances, but there was a great want of proper officers. Two circumstances had conspired to bring poor officers to the companies. The first was, those who were to receive commissions were permitted to first enlist and receive great bounties as enlisted men; and the second was, that commissions

were conferred on those who could recruit the men to fill their companies. In some instances worthy men who had seen service received commissions, but as a rule it was not so.

Among my captains were the following characters: a gross, vulgar man whom I had seen as a sergeant in another regiment, who had neither the spirit of a gentleman nor the qualities or accomplishments of an officer, but was, I believe, a determined and brave man; two, who had, I believe, served in nine months' regiments, one of whom, I am credibly informed, showed the white feather, and the other of whom was no disciplinarian, although an honest and dignified man; another, who had not the requisite health or spirit to keep him in the field; another, whose years and experience were both insufficient; and another, who was so old that he was unable to shake off the habits of a country deacon; and the list of lieutenants was about equally encouraging. I have, some pages back, related the circumstances under which this regiment had grown up, and they were enough to spoil an ordinary regiment. The redeeming elements were a few good officers and a good New England instinct in favor of respectability among the men generally.

I had seldom seen a regiment which was in such bad order, and I took hold of this one with the knowledge that, even in the Ninth Corps, in which inspections were not very rigorous, it was looked upon as an ill-conditioned regiment.

I began at the root of the evil by assembling the company officers and instructing them in their duties, which were most obviously neglected, such as enforcing proper performance of guard duty, attending the roll call, looking into the cooking for the mess, and requiring cleanliness, repairing of clothes, obedience and respect, and clean arms. I then, at the earliest practical day, assembled the regiment and publicly told the men of their faults; that I had instructed their officers to do their part toward correcting them, and that I expected the men to do theirs. I then instituted frequent inspections and drills by myself, and in a little while a

better shape was given to the regiment. Their equipment needed repairing very much and the commissary department needed much reform. I found that the quartermaster was entirely inefficient, and from the day I took command he was an incubus. I was credibly informed that he owed his commission to the good offices of one of the Governor's Council to whom he owed money, and who conceived this as a plan for getting him the ways and means for payment. He did his best to get money (whatever he did with it), and actually *made and sold pies*, in partnership with an enlisted man, to the men at City Point before I took command. I endeavored to instill into his mind the rudiments of his duty, and I think I succeeded in impressing him with the fact that it was best to obey my orders promptly, for I have had it laughingly told me that he had been seen to jump, as if at a pistol report, when he heard me call from an adjoining tent. The quartermaster sergeant, Brown, did the duties of both practically.

The cars soon began to run on the railroad, and I went down to Petersburg once to see about the expected arrival of my last company. I went to the hotel, which was barely kept open, and there, or in a house near by, I met Captain Wadsworth, who was with General Warren, who was in retirement here. It seems to me that I had to get back to camp on a borrowed horse, because the cars were obstructed in some way. About April 20 our brigade was assembled and marched back to City Point through Petersburg. On the march I put in practice my desire to alleviate the march for the men by having the band play at intervals, with a good effect. The men were soft and unaccustomed to nerving themselves up to marching when weary and footsore, and they fell out in large numbers, much to my disgust. My old captain, the deacon, came to me, and in a solemnly complaining manner said, "*Cunnel*, I can't keep my men up." Said I, "You must." Said he, "I can't, Cunnel; I told them they must keep up and they still fell out, until I told them that unless they kept up, I should have to force them to keep up, but it did no good." And this was a specimen of this man of war.

We marched through Petersburg and the lines of works about it and embarked at City Point, and I looked on these familiar places for the last time as a soldier. Before we got to Petersburg I took advantage of a halt near Sutherland's Station to equip my regiment with arms and accouterments from those left on the field after the battle there, in place of numbers they had thrown away, but I believe the captains did not succeed in getting them *all carried* along. One of the lessons I strove to teach my men was to carry all the rations that were issued to them, and on the morning we left Ford's Station, although I induced many to put more into their haversacks, they left a quantity of good bread on the ground, and the result was that before we reached City Point they were brought by their laziness to a touch of hunger.

We sailed from City Point in a crowded transport and debarked at Alexandria, so that I, after campaigning for four years to get into Richmond, sailed away by water without ever setting foot in it, while the most of the army marched through it. We camped outside of Alexandria near old Camp California, and I could not but look on the familiar landscape with mingled feelings of affection for it, regret for the many who had marched away from the spot with me never to turn backward, and satisfaction at the change in my position since the time when I marched away from there with a sergeant's chevrons on. This last touch of vanity was not lessened when in a day or two we marched for Tennallytown through Alexandria and Washington, and I was in command of the brigade.

Going through Washington there were crowds on the sidewalks watching us, and when we were opposite the Treasury, Captain Kettles, at one of whose trials I was on the court, as I have related, came out to shake hands with me, and I was very glad to see him. He had got the sentence against him reversed, and was at this time profitably occupied as an engraver of fractional currency plates in the Treasury.

We camped at Tennallytown within a few rods of the very spot on which the 5th Regiment lay in September, 1862, when I was

so suddenly called from dinner by "the General" on the bugles, which was for us to pack up for the march to Antietam.

(September 26, 1875.) The piping times of peace do not afford material enough to make a very interesting account in a retrospective journal of this kind, and I find that for about ten months I have not felt interest enough in it to touch pen to it, but to complete my purpose of recording all my recollections of my service, I must take up the task, so I resume. I find in the account of the 18th Regiment, given in the adjutant-general's report, that we reached Alexandria on the 26th of April, and that we reached Tennallytown about May 1.

General Wilcox, who commanded our division, was placed in command of the "District" or "Department of Washington," which gave him the command of the City of Washington and the surrounding territory, and a few days after our arrival at Tennallytown he offered me the position of inspector of his command. It was a flattering offer and somewhat tempting, not only from the rank it would give me, but also on account of the opportunity it would give to live in good quarters in the city and to enjoy all its luxuries. However, I thought that my regiment needed my attention, and that I owed my services to it, and the command of a regiment seemed to me then more satisfactory than a resumption of the round of staff duties which had become so old a story with me; so I chose the regiment, my tent, and my rude mess table in preference to staff, a bed in the city, and the luxurious fare which would accompany them. I accordingly dressed up in my best uniform, mounted old Charlie, and rode down to General Wilcox's headquarters in the city, and formally declined the appointment, with, of course, the thanks, explanations, and civilities due to the general.

I then mounted and started for camp. My road lay through Georgetown, and before I reached that place I was joined by Colonel Long, of the 1st New Hampshire Heavy Artillery, who

was once a captain in the 5th New Hampshire and whose regiment was stationed in forts near mine, he being on his way to his own headquarters. From that time to this I have never felt certain that I have remembered or recollected the circumstances or events of a moment from riding with Colonel Long toward Georgetown, down to finding myself prone upon a cot in the Seminary Hospital in Georgetown a day or so afterwards. I am almost certain that I can now recall riding with Colonel Long through Georgetown to a street on high land, the name of which I now forget, but on which the reservoir was situated and on which were the residences of General Grant and of the Russian Minister or Consul, a very fine, shady, quiet street lined with fine places; and also proposing to him a race up this street and riding it with him at great speed. I am not certain that my mind has not assimilated what has been told me to this effect so far as to persuade me that I recollect it, but I believe that for a long time these events had no place in my memory. At any rate, I do not recollect anything later. In fact, we did do these things, and just as we were at our highest speed and I was a little ahead, an ox which had lain down in the road, probably out of some drove for the troops, exhausted, got up and moved out of Colonel Long's path into mine, and apparently we were both right on him before we saw him. Colonel Long and Private Crohen, of Milford, of his regiment, who was near by, have told me these facts, and from them I have learned that old Charlie rose at the ox, apparently doing his best to jump him, and went so high as to go over him, but struck him so hard as to turn us all over in a heap together, so that in order to extricate me from underneath it was necessary to move both the ox and horse. They carried me senseless into the house of the Russian Consul or Minister, where the inmates were very kind, and then to the hospital. My head and shoulder had struck the hard surface of the roadway so hard as to produce a concussion of the brain, or at least the symptoms of one, and to break my left clavicle.

I came partially to a lucid state after some hours, and inquired

what the origin of my being in the hospital was, and had just enough appreciation of the situation, I believe, to inquire who was ahead in the race, whether the ox had been killed, and how old Charlie was, and to express satisfaction on learning that I was ahead; that the ox had been so disabled as not to get up for six hours; and that Charlie had got up no worse for wear. I soon relapsed into oblivion, and whether from the blow on my head or from opiates, I did not wake up again until about forty-eight hours from the accident. I then found my head packed in ice and my shoulder extensively court-plastered, and that my case had been regarded as critical, as I had had cold feet and had vomited, which were symptoms of a concussion. The collar bone was so broken that it was set with one end lapping over the other, and a splinter stuck up so as to be in danger of puncturing the flesh. This was eased by cutting a hole in the plaster for it to project through. I suffered no great pain in my head, and after a while they took the ice off. In three or four days I got off of my bed at times, and in about a week began going out and into the city. Drs. Ducachet and Woodbury (or Woodruff) treated me, and impressed me much with their kindness and skill, and with good nursing and diet I throve apace. This was a hospital chiefly or wholly for officers, and we paid our board. I made some pleasant acquaintances there, among whom were a major of a Pennsylvania infantry regiment who had lost his foot, and his wife who was caring for him. I am sorry that I have forgotten their names.

My friends kindly came to see me, and I recall Mr. Charles F. Conant (now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, then a clerk in the Department), Major Gilbert Wadleigh, and Miss Sallie Bartlett, who in her jolly way expressed herself as much disappointed at being received by me standing when she expected to find me prostrate and dangerously situated. I, of course, expressed my due regrets at my inability to be so disabled. When I began to go out, I called on her at the house of Major Samuel Breck, A.A.G., who was on duty in the War Department, and making the acquaint-

ance of the family, I often called there afterwards, and found them to be among the pleasantest and most genuine people of this world, and I had many agreeable times there. The house was just opposite Major Ben: Perley Poore's, and it was an interesting fact, several years afterwards, at his house near Newburyport, Massachusetts, to be told by his daughter, to whom I was then introduced, that she remembered me as a frequent caller at their neighbors' the Brecks.

I grew impatient of being off duty, and one day, against the advice of the surgeons, I ordered my horse brought to the door, and then, at the end of sixteen days from the accident, I mounted and rode away, the windows of the hospital being full of curious attendants' heads who marveled at my temerity. By the way, when I came to my senses, as before related, I observed that a tall, slim, and rather inefficient-looking fellow who attended me seemed to be rather shy of me, and I was told that, during my state of insensibility, I had seized him and thrown him over my cot, which certainly was a feat for a one-armed man. I rode into camp and went on duty. For about two weeks more my arm remained bound up as it was when I left the hospital, and it was a matter of difficulty for me to manage my horse Charlie and handle my saber at the same time; but with Major Mills's mare, which was a gentle animal of easy gait, I could put the reins around my neck or in my teeth and so have my sword-arm free, and in this way I went through all sorts of duty under arms, such as drills and reviews. When I did get my arm out of its bandages, it was for a while impossible to straighten it, so long had it remained crooked.

Two ludicrous circumstances occurred on account of my arm being slung. Once I was riding along Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, just opposite the State Department, when I saw General Caldwell, our old division commander, on the rear platform of a horse car just ahead of me. He beckoned to me, and I rode up with him, and he interrogated me with a twinkle in his eye, and glancing at my disabled arm, with "Horse-race?" — showing that he bore

in mind my inclination for that sport as the most probable origin of my trouble. Another time I was in the passenger station of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Washington, when General Meade was there, and he accosted me with "Why, I did n't know you had lost your arm! Where did you lose it?" — which put me in rather a sheepish position.

After my return to duty I kept up discipline and drills with the same constancy I should have practiced if I had been preparing for a campaign, and although at first sight a civilian might suppose that this was too much when the fighting was over and the army was about to be disbanded, in fact we did not know but the war would be prolonged in the Southwest, and there was talk about service in Mexico. Moreover, we were still *under pay* for doing this very thing, and had no right to relax our prescribed duties, and daily drill and discipline seemed to be absolutely essential to the preservation of good order among the great army then camped about a city where all manner of dissipation was open to the soldiery, and where there were enormous amounts of public property at hazard. In fact, every argument of a practical nature seemed to demand this daily drill and discipline. This feeling was participated in by our division and brigade commanders, and they instituted frequent reviews and frequent brigade drill.

Our regular division commander was General Wilcox, who, as I have said, was in command of Washington. The next in rank was General W. F. Bartlett, and he was absent most of the time while I was in the division. The next was Brevet Brigadier-General N. B. McLaughlin, of our brigade, and the next ranking colonel in our brigade was Colonel Marshall, of the 14th New York Artillery. Now, one day, when General McLaughlin was not with the brigade, Colonel Marshall was also absent, and at about 2 P.M. I was informed by one of the brigade staff that I, being the next officer in rank, was in command of the brigade and that by standing orders brigade drill was to occur at 3 P.M. I was then lying on my bunk, but at this announcement I jumped for my Tactics, for I never had

commanded a brigade on drill and my knowledge of the movements came only from my experience with the regiment. However, at three, I rode out with my staff at my back and my head crammed with Tactics and went through the drill successfully. At this or a subsequent drill I could not help feeling some satisfaction at finding it necessary to correct one of Colonel Clough's movements of the regiment, in which he made a bad blunder.

It was not unusual after this for me to command the brigade, and I think I did so on two or more reviews, one of which was an absurd so-called "torch light review" in which the division was paraded at night with lighted candles in the muzzles of their rifles. This was, I believe, for the amusement of the ladies of the party of the commanding general, and I think terminated in a shower. Perhaps, however, it was part of a scheme to keep the troops occupied and prevent discontent at remaining in the service. Certainly the illuminated line and column were very pretty spectacles. Our brigade was composed of the 57th and 59th Massachusetts Regiments consolidated, the 29th Massachusetts, the 14th New York Heavy Artillery, 100th Pennsylvania Volunteers, I think, and my regiment.

As I have said, the 1st New Hampshire Artillery was near me; both the colonel and lieutenant-colonel had been captains in the 5th New Hampshire when I was first sergeant, and, astonishing to relate, old Captain Welch, formerly of my company, now reappeared in the panoply of a captain in this regiment. Colonels Long and Barton were cordial to me, and so was Captain Welch to my face, but I was amused to hear that his comment on my arrival was, "There's Livermore, whom I brought up as orderly sergeant, and here he is colonel of a regiment, and *I* can command a brigade better than he can command a company." But there could not have been malice in this expression, for very likely the captain believed it for the moment, and, at any rate, if he did n't it was vanity and not malice which prompted the good-natured old fellow to utter it. I went to a dance given in the barracks occupied by

some of the 1st New Hampshire Artillery, and saw what would now horrify any lady in her kitchen costume, to say nothing of a ball dress — bedbugs trooping up and down the walls in as lively cotillions as were on the floor.

CHAPTER XXXIX

While I was yet in the hospital my regiment had been selected to perform guard duty in Washington in this wise: The conspirators who aided Booth in his heinous scheme were tried at the arsenal in Washington, which is situated on the Anacosta River near its confluence with the Potomac; 4½ Street leads from Pennsylvania Avenue directly down to the arsenal, being nearly a mile in length, I should say. Three quarters of the way from the Avenue down, the street was lined with houses and shops of rather a mean character. The members of the court found this street the most direct route to and from the place of trial, and this fact may have concurred with the possibility of a rescue of the conspirators to induce the authorities to guard the street, though it would seem as if it would have been impossible to effect such a rescue with Washington surrounded by two armies of soldiers, who would have instantly put to death any one remotely aiding the escape of the conspirators, if a rescue had been attempted, without compunction.

I well recollect the desire for vengeance which followed instantly upon the first falling of the heart at the news of the assassination, while we were yet in Virginia, west of Petersburg. It seemed to us then as though no rebel deserved any clemency, for it was natural to connect the deed with the rebels lately in arms. However many soldiers there were around Washington, I suppose that without special guards no member of the court was safe from the assassin, and where it was made no one's business to guard the populous approach to the arsenal, perhaps it would not have been impossible for a rescue to have been effected. At all events, my regiment was selected to alternate with one other from the Eighth Army Corps (I think it was the Eighth, though possibly it was the Sixth) in guarding 4½ Street for four days and nights at a time. I regarded this as a convincing proof that the 18th New Hampshire Volun-

teers had been changed from the ill-disciplined, dirty, and poorly drilled body which I found it, to a well-disciplined, clean, and well-drilled regiment; for surely discipline was the first essential in the guard of such a post, and cleanliness and good drill could not be lost sight of in selecting a regiment to repeatedly march and re-march through the capital, before the eyes of countless visitors from two armies, and to furnish sentries for the street down which those traveled who went to the most famous trial of the rebellion.

I at once went on duty with the regiment at 4½ Street as soon as its turn came and continued to do so as long as the regiment performed the duty, which I believe was while the trial lasted. We would march through Georgetown and Pennsylvania Avenue to 4½ Street, and then down that street nearly to the arsenal, and then into a low piece of ground not far from the Anacosta, north of 4½ Street, on which there were very few houses. Here the regiment would bivouac and send out sentries, one to the intersection of every cross-street with 4½ Street, and our instructions were general to watch and quell any unusual disturbance. My quarters were usually on the floor of an unoccupied house in front of which the regiment bivouacked, and although I had neither quarters nor mess here which afforded me much comfort, I had the range of the city for meals. After the guards were detailed, the reliefs posted, and the morning duties were done, I used to ride up to Pennsylvania Avenue or elsewhere in the city and spend such part of the day as was agreeable, and then meet my horse (brought up by my boy Charlie on my lead horse) at 4½ Street and ride back to camp for the night. Once, and perhaps oftener, I went into the court and stayed awhile, but this was not my habit. My boy Charlie used to be quite a swell when he buckled on my sword belt with saber and pistol attached, and leading one horse rode the other back to the bivouac; and he told me that on one occasion he got exasperated with a cur which habitually came out in the street to bark at the horses, and shot him with my revolver in the street, as he was riding down in this way.

One night my old college mate, Dorman L. Noggle, came to my quarters and was very welcome, and I think rolled down under my blanket, and spent the night with me. I believe also that another, Ed. Conger, called on me here. I believe he was a captain in an Illinois regiment. I also saw H. L. Merriman, another, who was practicing law in Washington. Sallie Bartlett used to watch for the passing of my regiment in Georgetown, and then I had the band play for her benefit.

Colonel Clough had instituted the fashion of carrying the men's knapsacks for them between Tennallytown and the arsenal, in wagons which followed the rear. This galled me, for I could not help feeling that the veterans of both armies, who had carried their knapsacks for years, would look with contempt on a fresh lot of men like mine having theirs carried for a march of six miles, and it was contrary to the rules of the service. However, I stood it until the men began to complain that they did not get their own knapsacks from the wagons, and the row was so great that I abolished the wagons, much to the discontent of the men, who regarded it as a great hardship to carry their knapsacks six miles twice in four days, which, forsooth, is no more than the practice which some regiments get to inure them to work.

In May or June (I think it was May) a review of the Army of the Potomac and Sherman's Army and the cavalry, known as "the Grand Review," took place. On one day the Army of the Potomac and the cavalry, I think, marched through Pennsylvania Avenue from the vicinity of the Capitol to Georgetown or its vicinity, passing the White House, in front of which, on a temporary stand, President Johnson, attended by the commanding generals and other magnates, reviewed the troops as they marched by. The next day Sherman's army marched through. There was a multitude of people from the North present, and Pennsylvania Avenue was lined on both sides with a solid wall of people. The sight was worth coming from the ends of the world to see. During two days, for about eight hours each day, a serried column of weather-bronzed

veterans, foot, horse, and artillery, marched unceasingly through the Avenue, and even to an old soldier this tremendous army of two hundred thousand men, with glittering arms, tattered flags, and all the marks of warlike experience about them, marching with strong and rapid step unremittingly for so long a time by one point, was a novel and impressive spectacle, and it was especially so as it seemed to be a farewell review preliminary to the breaking-up of our great military organization, which had become a part of our lives.

I had prepared my regiment with care for the review, and fully expected to conduct it in the column, but on the morning of the day our army marched, I looked in vain for the regiment which relieved me usually. It failed to come, although my four days' tour had expired, and my regiment was cheated out of participation in the review. As it did not belong to our corps and the time was short, and I could not tell until the last moment whether it was coming or not, I could not represent this breach of orders in time to rectify it, and to my great chagrin I saw the column march without my command.

Early in the morning I had occasion to escort the members of the court on their way to the arsenal across Pennsylvania Avenue, to protect their carriages from the clashing squadrons of cavalry which led the column, and then there was nothing left for me but to look on. My opportunity was excellent, as I not only rode on the Avenue at will, but I also found a place in a stand directly opposite the President's, with Colonel Breck's party, to watch the column as it passed *the* point of all. Half an hour after Sherman's army had passed, my relief came, and I conducted my regiment alone in its glory through the Avenue with colors flying and band playing, and as the spectators yet lingered, I had something of a review all to myself.

Among the duties I performed was the presiding over a board to ascertain and report the amount of damage suffered by citizens in the vicinity of our division, under an order dated May 27.

Although orchards and fences were unavoidably injured to some extent, our troops as a rule had injured but little.

I also observe that by an order, dated May 25, I was detailed to act with Colonel Marshall, 14th New York, and Colonel Maxwell, 100th Pennsylvania, to prepare a list of officers below the rank of major in our brigade, under General Orders No. 88, War Department, but I forget whether this was a list of officers for muster out or retention in the service. I think it was one of the two. June 8, I was detailed as president of a general court-martial at division headquarters composed of one lieutenant-colonel, one major, three captains, and two first lieutenants, besides myself. I observe that this court was at first to include Lieutenant-Colonel Clough, of my regiment, but a second draft of the order omitted him. This was, I suppose, because he was about to accompany the six eldest companies of the regiment home, they being selected to be mustered out at this time. June 9, the news of the order for muster out was disseminated through camp, and this encouraged some of my men to commit an act of insubordination which pained me greatly, and which has only lost its disagreeable features to some extent by reason of information which I have received since the war. It happened in this wise: There was employed as a cook for my mess a private soldier whose name I have forgotten, but who was relegated to the ranks during my stay in the hospital. On my return to duty I found that some of my underclothes were gone. Major Potter's servant, a steady, and as I believe honest, mulatto, described some to me as having been seen by him in this cook's possession, which I recognized as mine. This, taken in connection with the fact that he had been believed to be a thief in his own company, and the fact that he sent a box home by express at about the time I lost my underclothes (the contents of which box I think he could not or would not disclose to me), and the fact that a private soldier in his situation had no legitimate means of acquiring clothes to send home or anything else bulky enough to require a box, led me to the conclusion that he, who, by reason of his employment near my

tent, had peculiar facilities for taking my things, was the thief. I called him up and accused him of it. He denied it, and I ordered him tied up by the thumbs until he confessed it. This tying up by the thumbs in this case, as always when I directed it, permitted the man to stand squarely on his feet, and was not painful, but was efficacious because it put the man in a constrained position and was disgraceful and public. I mention this to do away with the impression that it might have been cruel. It was not an unusual punishment. The man was tied up by the thumbs in front of the guard tent. He had been there maybe an hour, and I was lying in my tent with my coat off, when I heard an unusual noise near the guard tent. I asked the sentry who was pacing in front of my tent what the origin of the noise was, and he answered that some men were trying to cut the man down to release him. I told him to call the sergeant of the guard, intending to direct him to suppress the disturbance and then lie down again. I then in a moment fairly realized that this meant mutiny in my own regiment, and the thought of it so exasperated me that I jumped up, put my pistol in my pocket, and strode toward the guard tent. I saw perhaps fifty men assembled there, some with knives out, bent upon releasing the prisoner, and some who probably were looking on out of curiosity. As I rushed toward these men, I called out to them to go to their quarters, and they turned and fled incontinently, and I was so enraged at them that I called them a pack of cowards. I saw at the guard tent the officer of the day, Captain Greenough, and the officer of the guard. I was indignant with them for permitting such a breach of discipline, but said nothing to them. I had the prisoner remain tied half an hour longer, but without extracting a confession from him, and I then released him. I think that if he has a conscience, before he dies he will do me the justice to say that I served him right.

Before this occurrence I had determined to omit the daily drill, as the eight companies were to leave the next day for home, but the breach of discipline made me resolved to keep the men busy until

they went. So I ordered drill by companies. When this order was disseminated among the companies, some insubordinate sneaks, as they lay concealed in the tents, cried out, "No drill!" "Lie down!" — and certain things intended to be derogatory to me. This was the first time I ever had men under me insult me, and to have it done for the first time by men who had no right, from their length of service, to criticize a man who had always been in the front, to say nothing of being their lawful commander, was too bad. To add to the disgrace which they inflicted on themselves, one or more of the captains reported to me that their companies would not turn out to drill. I insisted on drill, and all the companies did turn out and drill, though the ranks were not full.

Now, all this time I did not give vent to the rage that boiled in me except when I sallied out and drove the mutineers away, as I have related, and I communicated with the officers chiefly through the adjutant, and consequently the insubordinate ones may have supposed they had triumphed to some extent. But I would have marched into the jaws of death before I permitted these men to leave my command without making them come under the most complete subordination, and this not only for the sake of my own reputation, but also for the sake of theirs, for it would have been an ineffaceable stain on the name of the regiment if they had left the field in a state of insubordination. Now, I can see, after long reflection, that I could have taken a course which would have inflicted a greater punishment than what I imposed upon the insubordinate ones, and indeed upon the whole regiment, by resorting to the delay of a court-martial, but I desired the eight companies to go home without a disappointing delay to the innocent ones, and I also desired to teach the discontented ones, even at the last moment, how they had mistaken me, if I knew myself, and so I took the following course; and in all I did, after my first outbreak, I strove (and I believe succeeded) to do everything in a soldierly and dignified manner.

I sent word to all the company commanders that I desired par-

ticularly to have every man excepting the sick at dress parade that evening. So when the call sounded, the regiment turned out with very full ranks, and after going through with the prescribed parade ceremonies, I formed the regiment in a hollow square facing inwards, or double column, I forget which, so that I could reach every man distinctly with what I had to say. I was somewhat sorry to see Colonel Marshall, who then commanded the brigade, ride down to us in time to hear it, because I did not like to have the news of a family quarrel go outside, hoping that it had not done so already; but I was reconciled to his visit somewhat because his presence would add force to what I said, and I believed he would fully sympathize and support me. Whether he did or not, I was determined to say what I had predetermined upon. Now that very morning I had been told at division headquarters that the orders for the muster out of the eight companies should be suspended as long as I desired. I had declined, however, to disappoint them or delay them; but now I felt warranted in assuming that I had the privilege of delaying them. When the men had come to "parade rest," I told them in measured tones that they had disgraced themselves and their State by their conduct in the morning, and that to the shame of their company officers be it said they had intimidated them; but that they had attacked the wrong man in me; that I had faced the enemy too often to be intimidated by them; that I had intended to let them start for home on the morrow, but that in consequence of their conduct I should keep them until they had come under control; that they should now drill every day, twice a day, until they all learned to turn out and conduct themselves properly; and that if they did not, or if I heard insubordinate cries again, I should have them surrounded by infantry and artillery, should have their colors taken away, and their disgrace published in every newspaper in New Hampshire; and I ordered regimental drill the next morning. I heard no more of insubordination. I was called out of camp by other duties the next morning, so that I was not present to see them turn out for drill, but I rode back soon after the hour and

found the regiment with remarkably full ranks hard at work under the lieutenant-colonel or major.

I then took command, and put them through a long drill. It was a hot day, and I did not allow any languor to show itself in the regiment. In fact, I *snapped* them around, and I had altogether the most satisfactory drill I had seen. They seemed to try to do well. This mollified me, and after drill I told them that they had manifested the proper spirit, and that, therefore, they might start for home. They went that day, I believe, and I heard of no more insubordination.

They went home under Lieutenant-Colonel Clough, and at Concord presented him with a service, and there was almost a row at their meeting in praise of him when an officer proposed cheers for me. They did not know that I had saved their very regiment from dissolution; that to avoid giving pain to their lieutenant-colonel, I had refused the command over him tendered to me while yet a major, because they were so poorly commanded by him; and they would not see how my reforms had improved them. My belief is that now they would acknowledge that my course was right with them.

Several years after the war, when walking up Washington Street, Boston, one day, I passed a young man whom I thought to be Captain Greenough, before mentioned. I looked back and saw him doing the same. We turned and shook hands, and after conversing a few minutes he asked me to call on him. I did so and we developed a liking for each other. One day he said that he had always felt hurt at one thing I did, and that was to ignore him when I dispersed the men as above related. He said that they had been there once before, and he had dispersed them; that the officer of the guard, who was an inefficient person, had stupidly allowed them to assemble again, and that he (Captain G.) had just come up to send them off when I interposed as I did; and that to see me do as I did, ignoring him, as if unworthy of attention, had hurt his feelings. This was welcome information to me, for I had regarded

Captain G. as one of my best officers, and had recommended him for a brevet on account of the reports of his good conduct at Fort Steadman, where he had been wounded, which brevet he received, and I was much disappointed to see him apparently supine before the mutineers. He also said the men who engaged in the disturbance were a disreputable lot of characters. He told me also that Lieutenant-Colonel Clough had constantly tried to create a prejudice against me before my arrival; that such a prejudice had arisen before I came; and that the most of the officers entertained it; that he himself had sometimes felt inclined to approach me in a friendly manner, but was deterred by his friend Captain Wallingford, who disliked me, and that one of the means of inciting the regiment against me was the spreading the report on the day above mentioned that I had termed the whole regiment cowards, when, in fact, I applied the epithet to those who were running before me only. He also said that Wallingford had since confessed to him that they had been foolish to oppose me as they did, and that I had done well by them, or words to that effect. I have heard of other instances of this kind. I afterwards met Captain Wallingford in a friendly manner (he is now dead), and Major Greenough has been my firm friend, as I have every reason to believe.

Looking back at the occurrences of this disagreeable time, I can see that if I had preferred charges against our cook for stealing, I should probably have convicted him by court-martial, but if a commander of a regiment preferred charges for every petty offense instead of punishing it or detecting it himself, he would have courts so numerous as to impede camp duties. If, when I went to the guard tent, I had calmly waited for the guard to suppress the riot, I should probably have suppressed it without the disagreeable misconduct of the officers and men which followed. But I could not tell how general the mutiny was, the guard seemed indifferent to their duties, and in such emergencies instant personal action seems incumbent on a commander who would repress a mutiny if he witnesses it. If I had caused the guard to surround the

rioters and had then tried them by court-martial, I should have prevented them from further misconduct, and should have effectually stopped calumny on their part against me at home, but I should have put a stigma on them for their lives and should have detained the eight companies some days. If I had investigated officially the conduct of the officer of the day and guard, I should have found out that the former did his duty and should have subjected the latter to censure, but that would have delayed the regiment. If I had court-martialed the officers who said they could n't turn out their companies, I should have disgraced one or more, who willingly professed this to me, and should have punished some of the men who did retard the order of other officers. In short, if I had put in motion the machinery of a court-martial, I should have delayed the departing members of the regiment and effectually put the blame where it belonged and prevented the slander of me which circulated uncurbed at home. But I am not sorry that I prevented the misconduct of a few men, encouraged by disaffected officers, being so exposed as perhaps to affix the stigma of mutiny on the regiment.

I ought not to leave this subject without removing any impression which what I have written might otherwise create, that the regiment was a poor one, or made up to any great extent of poor material. More than half the officers were good and some were excellent, and the men for the most part were intelligent and of very good physique; and I cannot doubt that they would have brought the regiment a good name in action.

There were but few who could appreciate the benefit of the military schooling such as I had had, and which I instituted, but I think this was so with every volunteer regiment in the service before the exigencies of march and battle taught them the value of discipline, and I believe that one campaign would have made the officers and men my friends. Some of them *were*, and among them were Chaplain Hardy, Captain Bosworth, Lieutenants Fred Dodge and Haven, and Dr. Shepard.

It was perhaps fortunate for my peace of mind that I did not know of the prejudice against me and who the instigators of it were. I saw only a body of officers and men who seemed reluctant to become good soldiers because it was irksome, and I never thought it consonant with my place nor with the trouble to inquire how I was liked, nor to seek for popularity. I only sought to do my duty as I had seen it done by illustrious examples elsewhere.

Chaplain Hardy, as perhaps I have said before, was a genial man, full of common sense, and fond of a joke and a cigar, and moreover, one who regarded his position as one in which he was bound to do as much good to the men as possible. When I joined the regiment, or when we assembled for the first time in camp, he asked me if I would have religious services every day and what arrangements I would make for services on Sunday. I told him I should like a prayer each day at dress parade if it was a short one, and from that time he, every day at dress parade, made a very short prayer. As to Sunday services, having unpleasant recollections of standing at parade rest many a Sunday, for an irksome half an hour, to listen to the prosy talk of chaplains, I resolved that I would not subject my men to a similar infliction, even though the sermon might be a good one, for I thought public worship ought to be voluntary in camp as well as at home. So I told Mr. Hardy that at the proper hour every Sunday morning I would have the drummers beat the "church call," and that the regiment should then be at liberty to attend such services as he should conduct, but that I would not order any man to attend. From that time, every Sunday morning when the "church call" was sounded, Chaplain Hardy went out on the parade ground in front of the tents with a camp-stool and hymn book in his hands, seated himself on the camp-stool, and began in a composed and serious manner to sing a hymn. Then the officers and men, to the number of hundreds, would come independently of each other and quietly sit down on the ground in front of him, and when enough had come, he would pray and preach in a good and manly fashion, his audience meanwhile preserving an atten-

tive and decorous demeanor. Sometime after the war, when Chaplain Hardy was Superintendent of Education in New Hampshire, I met him one day and in the course of our conversation he said that he had discussed with other chaplains, since the war, their various experiences in the army, and that some complained that the regimental commanders had not aided them as they ought in their duties, but that he had always told the others that he had the best kind of colonel in that respect. This was an agreeable surprise to me, for although I was satisfied in my own mind that my course was a proper one, I never before knew how it pleased the chaplain.

It is my impression that at about the day of the departure of the six companies the remainder of the regiment was ordered to camp in a vacant lot in the midst of Georgetown which was adjacent to a convent. At any rate, we soon went into camp there, and my remaining companies from that time did duty as "provost guard" in the streets.

Colonel Clough conducted the six companies to New Hampshire. The regimental organization still remained with the companies left behind, and consequently the flags were to remain with them. Colonel Clough was very earnest in his desire to be allowed to carry the colors home with the six companies for appearances' sake, and I consented to his doing so upon his engaging to return them to us promptly.

When the remainder of us marched to Georgetown, I took up my quarters in a tent there, but I believe that all my time nearly from that time was occupied in my duties on court-martial or as commander of the brigade, to the command of which I was temporarily assigned by an order from the division commander dated June 15.

Before I leave this camp at Tennallytown, I will record that I sometimes used to see General Grant ride by our tents in the road, on a noble bay horse, accompanied by his little son on a pony so small that he could have ridden under the big horse.

I do not understand the origin of my being retained in the serv-

ice when my regiment was reduced to three companies. However, I was until June 23, when I, with Major Potter, was given a discharge, and we went to Concord, New Hampshire, there to receive a final muster out. This occurred June 30, or the first day or so in July. My horse Charlie was transported home at the same time under the charge of Charlie Fullerton. When I was mustered out, I received pay to about the amount of $700, which I believe was extra pay which became due, under an act of Congress, to those who were discharged. This, with about $300 I had in stocks, and my horse, horse equipment, and uniforms and arms, constituted my fortune. My father's estate had been badly administered upon, and nothing but a lawsuit and expenditure of money finally brought me anything from it. My brother Charlie, fourteen years old, was sent to Milford by his stepmother with no means of support, and it seemed to me that I ought to take charge of him instead of allowing him to be a charge on our relatives.

I found myself then twenty-one years old, with no profession except that of a soldier, with no fortune substantially, and my way in the world to make. I could have obtained a commission in the Regular Army, but although it seemed to me like leaving home to leave the army, yet I was conscious that to remain in it in time of peace would be irksome to me, and I was not tempted to do so. I had for a long time entertained the plan of going to Buenos Ayres to raise cattle and ultimately to establish a factory to condense beef for export, because the accounts that I had seen of a million cattle a year being killed, for their horns, hides, and tallow alone, had impressed me with the idea that the world ought to profit by the meat thus wasted, and because the life of a rancher rather accorded with my taste for life in the open air, horsemanship, and adventure. Mr. Wadleigh had, sometime previous to my leaving the service, written to me a proposition to come and study law with him after the war, and then to go into practice with him in New York. This offer seemed to be a very advantageous one to me, although I had no predilection for the law.

I reached Milford from Concord after muster about July 3. Within a day or two after this, one day when I was in Mr. Wadleigh's office, after some conversation about his offer, he said that he was going to Concord for a day or two, asked me to keep the office during his absence, and handing me the first volume of Kent's Commentaries, told me that if I desired to read any law, that was the book to begin with.

I kept the office for him and began to read the book, and from that time until my admission to the bar in January, 1868, I kept up my reading in that office, and so about July 3, 1865, within a day or two after leaving the army, I found myself once more, as it were, in the ranks as a private. My old experience in the army had confirmed me in the habit of accommodating myself to the circumstances, and my long abstinence from the study of books had given me a zest for it which I never had had before. So without much mental rebellion I graduated from the life of a staff officer and regimental and brigade commander, attended by servants and orderlies, and obeyed by numerous subordinates, to the life of a law student in a country office, where I not only studied, but also copied with the alacrity and assiduity of any scrivener the tasks that were set before me, and also built the fires and swept and dusted the office. And from almost total suspension of study for years, I at once set about reading law six hours a day besides my other duties; also reading history in the evening, and reading Cæsar's Commentaries and Virgil to renew my knowledge of Latin. Mr. Wadleigh greatly ameliorated the seeming hardship of the change in my position by treating me from the first as a companion and prospective partner.

I groomed and fed old Charlie myself, and many a gallop on him operated as a safety-valve for any impatience which possessed me. But the discipline of four years in the army served me a good turn now, for I am not aware that I ever allowed myself to think of relinquishing my career as a law student. There occurred another circumstance intimately connected with my subsequent life which

no doubt aided my habits of discipline in making me contented. But I must not go farther, for I have arrived at the term which I set for this retrospective view of part of my life when I began writing it in 1867.

I am glad to finish. If I had kept a diary of events as they occurred, they would have been much more vivid to me in years to come than these pages can be, for I have forgotten countless incidents, and even the names of many people who in some way were connected with the scenes I have more or less fully sketched. So I have somewhat impatiently written sometimes, because I was conscious that my narrative omitted many interesting particulars, and the consciousness of this and the distaste for writing so much about myself have had something to do with the long intervals between laying down and taking up the pen in this task. I believe that every word has been written on Sunday. I am glad now to feel that I can be utterly lazy on that day. If any one ever reads this, he will observe probably that in different parts the narrative proceeds at very different gaits and in very different styles. This is accounted for by the many times at which it has been written, the long intervals between the various times, and the very long period over which they extend.

THE END

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